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NAPOLEON

AND THE

END OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY CHARLES F. WARWICK

AUTHOR OF MIRABEAU AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION
DANTON AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION
ROBESPIERRE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

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TO
MY WIFE

PREFACE

This book is a sequel to my works on Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre and their part in the French Revolution. The Revolution made Napoleon. He was its embodiment, its natural sequence; it culminated in him; he stood between its chaos and a Bourbon restoration and although a usurper and a despot he saved the salient principles of that great political upheaval and prevented an immediate and a permanent return to the abuses of the ancient *régime*. He brought order out of chaos, organized the government upon a stable basis, re-established the church, fostered a spirit of religious toleration, and compiled a Code which secured equality before the law. His ambition carried France to a transcendent glory and at last left her humiliated, exhausted, and stripped of her conquests; but he had given to her people a better form of government and a more beneficent rule than they had ever enjoyed and this made it impossible for his successors to restore the offensive features of the Bourbon monarchy.

"The Revolution is planted," he declared, "on the principles from which it proceeded. It is ended." The government did not emanate from the sovereignty of the people, but was created and bestowed upon them by an autocrat; it was not

liberty in its broad sense, but in the reaction that followed the Revolution when society was escaping from the violence of that great upheaval and was likely to run to extremes in the opposite direction, Napoleon held in check the mob on one hand and kept the Bourbons at bay on the other.

The illustrations are from the very valuable collection of engravings and etchings belonging to Mr. William J. Latta, of Philadelphia. Many of them are original sketches made by artists contemporary with Napoleon, and have never before been published. I take this occasion to thank him for his kindness in allowing me access to his portfolios and aiding me in making the selections.

CHARLES F. WARWICK.

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NAPOLEON

AND

THE END OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE — BIRTH — PARENTAGE— CORSICA — CHARLES BONAPARTE — CHILDHOOD OF NAPOLEON—ENTERS SCHOOL OF BRIENNE— HIS STUDIES AND READING—ENTERS MILITARY SCHOOL OF PARIS—APPOINTED LIEUTENANT— DEATH OF CHARLES BONAPARTE—NAPOLEON VISITS AJACCIO—HIS WRITINGS.

No man in the history of the modern world has so dominated by his commanding personality the period in which he lived as Napoleon. He looms up out of the stirring events of his era as the one great central figure, like a mighty rock around which surged and lashed the waves of a tempestuous sea. He was the greatest individual, intellectual force of the century, in many respects of all time. The story of his life is an epic, his dazzling and unparalleled career reads like a romance; he makes fact seem but fiction, reality but the figment of imagination.

He was unique; he has no exact counterpart in history. His genius was transcendent, universal. His executive ability and powers of organization were phenomenal. His plans and projects appeared impossible, but while men were predicting failure he accomplished success. His audacity was sublime, his will inflexible, his energy prodigious. "There are no Alps," he cried when he intended to cross their snowy summits and pour his army like an avalanche upon the sunny fields and fertile valleys of Italy.

He changed the geography of Europe at his will, he drew the boundary lines of nations with the point of his sword. With the exception of London, he entered in triumph every capital in Europe. At his command great armies marched, and the earth shook beneath the tread of his mighty legions, capitals fell, thrones crashed and dynasties that seemed secure for all time, were, in the twinkling of an eye, overthrown and destroyed.

The world has stood in amazement marveling at his career, almost bewildered by its intensity of action and its rapidly changing scenes; and it still marvels, for time and distance do not dim the greatness of his character but only delineate its features in sharper outline and bolder relief. A man who could raise himself from obscurity to a throne, whose power of action seemed at times almost superhuman, whose will made nations bend and the terror of whose name sent a thrill through continents and across seas possessed a

superiority of talent and an ascendency of genius unparalleled.

Whence came this man of phenomenal power? On the 15th day of August, 1769, Madame Letizia Bonaparte, while in attendance upon her devotions in a church at Ajaccio, Corsica, felt coming upon her suddenly the pains of labor. She hurried home and barely reached her bedroom in time to give birth there to a male child. The story that the boy was born on a tapestry representing battle scenes from the Iliad, no matter how pleasing to the imagination, must be consigned to the realm of fiction. The mother herself in after years when questioned positively denied the story.

During the greater part of the mother's pregnancy, Corsica was shaken by war, and the child, it may be said, first saw the light of day amidst the clash of arms. "I was born," said Napoleon, "while my country was dying. Thirty thousand French vomited on our shores, drowning the throne of liberty in waves of blood — such was the horrid sight which first met my view. The cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, tears of despair, surrounded my cradle at my birth."

Corsica, an island in the Mediterranean Sea about one hundred miles in length and fifty in width, with a population of one hundred and twenty-five thousand — had been rocked by almost incessant war for centuries. Using again the language of her most illustrious son, "She has been a prey to the ambition of her neighbors,

the victim of their politics and of her own wilfulness." Her people, untamed, vindictive and courageous, were imbued with a spirit of independence, but had been conquered successively by Carthaginians, Romans, Germans, Byzantine Greeks, Moors, Goths, Vandals, Longobards, the Popes, Pisans, Genoese and French. "We have seen her," quoting once more from the same authority, "take up arms, shake the atrocious power of Genoa, recover her independence . . . but then pursued by an irresistible fatality fall again into intolerable disgrace. For twenty-four centuries these are the scenes which recur again and again; the same changes, the same misfortune but also the same courage, the same resolution, the same boldness. . . . If, led by a natural feeling, she kissed, like a slave, the chains of Rome, she was not long in breaking them. If, finally, she bowed her head before the Ligurian aristocracy, if irresistible forces kept her twenty years in the despotic grasp of Versailles, forty years of mad warfare astonished Europe and confounded her enemies."

Sampiero, who had endeavored to shake off the yoke of Genoa, and Pascal Paoli were patriots of a high type whose fame filled the universe, but, after years of glorious effort to gain a national independence, Corsica passed into the control of France, Genoa releasing her hold in 1768 upon the payment by Choiseul of two million francs.

When this infamous pact, by which the island had been sold under their very feet, was made known, the Corsicans sprang to arms against

their new masters, but France, with overwhelming forces, defeated Paoli, who was a better statesman than soldier, at Ponte Nuovo on June 12, 1769, and the heroic Corsicans were compelled to lay down their arms. Embittered by the treatment they received at the hands of their conquerors, the islanders once more rose in rebellion, but were crushed by a savage brutality. These were the prevailing conditions at the time of Napoleon's birth; the new-born child "breathed air that was hot with civil hates."

The inhabitants of Corsica were a primitive and an imaginative people, with a rich folk-lore. It was the land of the unwritten code. The deadly vendetta existed here in its full development, a slight, an injury done to a neighbor would inaugurate a bloody feud which in many instances would drag its dreary, tortuous way through intrigue, conspiracy and murder from generation to generation, until, the principals having been destroyed, the collateral branches would continue the strife and the man who would not avenge the family honor would lose all caste and be looked upon by his neighbors, clansmen and countrymen as a coward beneath contempt.

It was in this atmosphere of war, strife, impassioned effort, vendetta, legend and romance, that Napoleon first opened his eyes, and it was under these circumstances his temperament was molded and his character formed in preparation for his extraordinary career; fitting conditions for the development and training of such a life.

In due course of time the infant was christened.

"The bell," says Dumas, "which sounded his baptism still quivered with the tocsin."

There has been much controversy over the question as to the year of Napoleon's birth. At the time of his marriage to Josephine he was entered in the registry as having been born in February, 1768, but this was done obviously for the purpose of lessening the disparity in their ages. While not a vital or important matter, it is nevertheless an interesting one, for it defines Napoleon's nationality. If born in the earlier year he was a Genoese, for at that period Corsica belonged to the republic of Genoa; if, however, his birth occurred in 1769 he was French, for in the early part of that year the island was annexed to France. The weight of evidence is altogether with the later year. An extract from an original baptismal certificate in the archives of the French war department gives the date of Napoleon's birth as August 15, 1769, while the same date appears in the application made by his father for admission to the school of Brienne and also in an autograph paper written by Napoleon in his early youth. Further than this, investigation has shown that Joseph, the eldest son in the Bonaparte family, was born in 1768. His baptismal name was Nabulione, which is Italian for Napoleon, and this name was subsequently prefixed by Joseph. This fact, doubtless, aided also in giving rise to the controversy. In any event he was very close to not being born a Frenchman.

Charles Marie Bonaparte, the father of Napo-

leon, was a lawyer by profession, whose family had for centuries been prominent in the social and political life of Corsica. The house possessed a proud coat-of-arms and an ancient title of nobility bestowed by the Genoese government and also another granted by the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The Bonaparte family was an honorable one, but after Napoleon rose to distinction and power the ingenious heralds began to trace its genealogy, and some of them, giving full play to their fancy and imagination, to win, no doubt, the favor and tickle the pride of the emperor, ran the line back into the dim and cloudy vista of the past to the Roman cæsars and the Byzantine emperors. One master of his art traced it to the Borgias, while another made the "Man with the Iron Mask," the brother of Louis XIV, the progenitor of the family. In spite of all these romances, careful research has shown that it was both ancient and honorable, being easily traced back to the middle of the thirteenth century, the founder, one William, having been an active and influential Ghibelline.

Charles Bonaparte was a member of the Council of Corsican Nobles, and had been a supporter of the patriot Paoli, but after the French possession had abandoned his cause. It was for this desertion that Napoleon time and again in bitter terms reproached his father. "Paoli was a great man," he exclaimed, "he loved his country; and I will never forgive my father for his share in uniting Corsica to France."

In 1764, when he was eighteen, Charles married a beautiful girl of fifteen, Letizia Ramolino, from a respectable if not noble Florentine family. She was a woman of no education but of great force of character — Napoleon declaring that she had a man's head on a woman's shoulders. Time and again he admitted: "It is to my mother and to the principles she instilled into me that I owe my fortune and all the good I have ever done." She lived to an advanced age, dying in her eighty-fifth year. Often she predicted that her great son would not be able to maintain his elevation and she wisely made provision for a rainy day. She bore thirteen children, five of whom died in infancy. Napoleon was fourth in order of birth, and the second in age among the survivors.

Charles Bonaparte studied law at the University of Pisa, a famous institution of learning in that day, and received his degree of doctor of laws in 1769. He could have lived comfortably on the income from his own and his wife's estate, eked out by the returns from his practice, but a man in his position was required to discharge his social obligations which were necessarily a heavy drain on his purse. He was handsome in both form and feature, most genial in manner, convivial in his tastes and especially fond of the pleasures of the table. He entertained extensively, lived beyond his means, and in consequence was constantly in debt and greatly harassed by duns and importuning creditors. Besides this he had inherited a suit-at-law, to maintain which

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LETIZIA, BONAPARTE'S MOTHER, IN NEGLIGEE COSTUME

From an original drawing by Lefebre
From the Joseph Bonaparte Collection

was not only annoying but expensive. One of his ancestors, on his death-bed under clerical persuasion, gave away by testament his estate to the church, which gift was in direct violation of the provisions of a prior ancestor's will. The church having secured the land upon what it contended was a good and sufficient consideration — the repose of the donor's soul — refused to relinquish or surrender it. A suit-at-law was instituted to recover possession, but after long years of litigation and the expenditure of large sums of money in fees and court charges it ended fruitlessly for the plaintiff. The Jesuits retained the property. This litigation so incensed and embittered Charles Bonaparte against the church that on his death-bed he is said to have refused the consolations of religion and the rite of absolution at the hands of a priest.

Napoleon's childhood was passed without special incident. He was not remarkably precocious; he gave no pronounced signs of his future greatness. He was not the wise child that promises so much and realizes so little. He was in no sense a prodigy.

The story of his early life is very obscure. It is made up of detached incidents. One little romance is that while at school he formed an attachment for a girl about his own age named Giacominetta; so attentive was he that he provoked the ridicule of his companions; but to their gibes he replied with sticks and stones and torrents of abuse. Even at this early age he was not tidy in appearance, his stockings as a rule

were about his heels and one of his little schoolfellows, taking for his subject Napoleon's slovenliness and youthful courtship, indited a couplet which became the song of the school:

"Napoleon di mezza calzetta
Fa l'amore a Giacominetta."

At St. Helena Napoleon delighted to refer to his childhood's scrapes and escapades, and painted himself in the darkest colors as a very madcap. He described how he would abuse Joseph, beat him, scratch him, and when his mother appeared make her believe it was his brother's fault. The statement that his mother likened him to a little imp and predicted a sad end is without substantiation. The fact seems to be that Napoleon as a child was gloomy, morose and solitary, but with a high, uncontrollable temper. On the other hand he was generous, grateful, most susceptible to friendship, and easily won by kind treatment. "Ah, Bourrienne," he said at Brienne, "I like you; you never make fun of me."

The Bonapartes had a country seat called Milleli not far from Ajaccio, situated on the coast. To this estate the family would repair during the summer months, and Napoleon spent much of his time while here in a grotto from which could be had a magnificent view of the sea. Here alone he would spend hours day after day in study and reading.

In 1779, when nine years of age, he left home after a sad parting with his mother, and journeyed with his father to Brienne to enter the military

school located in that town, his father, through the influence of some French friends, having secured for him a cadetship in the institution. For a pensioner the requisites were that he should be without fortune, but have four degrees of nobility. The father had made application for the admission of both Joseph and Napoleon, but the authorities had so long held the matter under advisement that Joseph passed his tenth year, which made him ineligible.

On his way to Brienne, Napoleon spent two or three months in a school at Autun, where Joseph was studying for the priesthood. This was done to acquire the use of the French tongue, for up to this time, he had spoken nothing but Italian. He soon became sufficiently familiar with French to carry on an ordinary conversation, but with a most pronounced foreign accent, and to write short letters. After this preparatory study he journeyed to Brienne, which institution he entered April 23, 1779, a few months before his tenth year.

Here at once his troubles began; his foreign birth and the fact that he was a child of a conquered race made him an object of derision. Shy and diffident in manner, but with an innate pride, he suffered in spirit, but would brook no insolence. His shabby clothes, lack of money, and the position he occupied as a pensioner drew a line between him and the rich, well-dressed sons of the aristocracy, while his broken tongue excited the merriment if not the ridicule of his companions.

"Your father is nothing but a wretched tipstaff," said one of the haughty nobles addressing Napoleon; and the hot-headed young Corsican sent a challenge to his insulter. For his temerity, he was imprisoned in the school dungeon.

Each boy at Brienne was given a small piece of land to cultivate as a garden. Napoleon made his a retreat where he might retire to read and study. His companions in a spirit of fun would occasionally interrupt his seclusion, but he would sally forth and bravely repel any attempt at intrusion.

In this institution he was reported as "taciturn, fond of solitude, capricious, haughty, extremely disposed to heroism, seldom speaking, energetic in his answers, ready and sharp in repartée, full of self-love, ambitious and of unbounded aspirations."

In his studies he excelled in history, geography, geometry and mathematics, but made little progress in the languages and mere accomplishments, or the humanities, as they were called in those days. He never could acquire grammar and orthography, and to the latest day of his life neither wrote nor spelled correctly, although few men have ever equaled him in the clear, terse expression of thought.

He did not confine himself to his curriculum alone. He was a close student of the works of French and other writers. Two of his favorite authors were Plutarch and Ossian; Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul also gave him great delight. He

studied the lives and the campaigns of famous commanders such as Frederick the Great, Turenne and Marlborough, and read with zest the philosophical treatises of Raynal and Rousseau.

Although in early life much impressed by the teachings of the last named author, he subsequently discarded him for Voltaire. In an after-dinner discussion with Roederer, in 1803, he said: "The more I read Voltaire the more I like him; he is always reasonable, never a charlatan, never a fanatic, he is made for mature minds. Up to sixteen years of age I would have fought for Rousseau against all the friends of Voltaire. Now it is the contrary; I have been especially disgusted with Rousseau since I have seen the East. Savage man is a dog."

In the severe winter of 1783–4, the students at Brienne amused themselves by building snow forts and indulging in sham battles. According to Bourrienne Napoleon directed the construction of the walls, and also the methods of attack and defence. This story in itself contradicts many of the statements made concerning the shabby treatment he received at the hands of his school fellows. He must, since his early admission to the college, have grown into favor. Even in their games boys do not give the supreme command to an unpopular member of the class. An incident occurred which revealed in the boy the character of the soldier and the disciplinarian: One of his comrades, while the fight was on, refusing to obey a command was knocked down by Napoleon with a piece of ice. The story goes

that in after years the unfortunate youth in seeking the Emperor's aid showed the scar on his forehead and recalled the occasion when the wound was given. His petition was forthwith granted.

Towards the close of his term an officer who inspected the school made the following report as to Bonaparte: "Constitution: health excellent. Character: submissive, sweet, honest, grateful. Conduct: very regular, has always distinguished himself by his application to mathematics, knows history and geography passably, very weak in accomplishments. He will be an excellent seaman. Is worthy to enter the school of Paris."

On this recommendation, in September, 1784, he passed as "Cadet-gentilhomme" into that institution. No sooner had he entered this college than he drew up a plan of reform which seriously reflected upon the management and in consequence brought down upon his head the censure of his masters. He saw to it, however, in after-life, that his suggestions were put into operation.

In February, 1785, his father died in the house of Madame Permon at Montpelier, where he had taken refuge when overcome by a sudden illness. He passed away at the comparatively early age of thirty-eight, with the same disease that afterwards caused the death of his illustrious son. He left his family penniless, but they loved him, for he had been a kind and an indulgent parent and had struggled hard to get his boys well started in life. His death was sincerely mourned by all

of them. Little did he believe that one of his sons would be an emperor, three of them kings, one daughter a queen and the others princesses. Napoleon at his coronation turned aside for a moment and whispered in the ear of his brother Joseph: "What would father say if he were here?"

Napoleon remained in the school of Paris for a year and graduated in August, 1785, being forty-second in his class, surely not a high standing.

During his short sojourn in Paris after his graduation and before his assignment as sub-lieutenant, he suffered from poverty and truly, it may be said, ate his bread in the salt of his tears. The two hundred francs given to him when he left the college was soon exhausted, and at times without a sou in his pocket, he had to depend for a meal upon the bounty and charitableness of his acquaintances. Napoleon never forgot in his prosperous days those friends who helped him in his adversity. Some writers try to trace in his Corsican blood the spirit of the vendetta, but they signally fail, he was not vindictive, nor was he harsh or at heart cruel, but on the other hand he was one of the most grateful of men; he never forgot a real service or favor rendered him.

At this period of his life Napoleon was described as "dark, swarthy in feature, short in stature, poor physique, head large, full and intellectual." He wore immense "dog's ears," as they were called, a style of wearing the hair then

in vogue. His long lank locks fell over his ears and the sides of his face and almost, if not quite, reached his shoulders. He was exceedingly thin, and his legs did not fill out the tops of his military boots. He presented rather a ridiculous appearance until the gaze of the beholder met the searching and thoughtful expression of his deep-set eyes.

In September, 1785, he was appointed junior lieutenant, but did not receive his commission until the close of October. He set out, at once, to join his regiment of artillery called *La Féré,* stationed at Valence on the Rhone. He left Paris with a young friend named Des Mazis. They reached Lyons on the way, and here indulging in the gayeties of that seductive southern town spent all their money and in consequence had to go afoot the remainder of the distance.

While in Valence Napoleon had *entrée* to the best society; although provincial it was refined and intellectual. He had brought a letter of introduction from the Bishop of Autun to the Abbot of St. Ruffe. His social duties, however, did not interfere with his course of reading and study. During his stay here he met a young woman, Caroline Colombier, for whom he formed a close attachment. It was, however, only a passing devotion, but in after years at St. Helena he recalled with pleasure the delightful strolls he had taken with her at dawn and the eating of cherries together.

It was at this free and joyous time of his life that he made an effort to acquire the art of

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original drawing in black and white by Guerin
Portrait came to present owner through Pierre Morand, a well-known
French resident of Philadelphia

dancing, but he met with no success; he never could waltz with ease and grace.

In 1786, having secured a furlough, he returned to Ajaccio to see his mother and sisters and to visit the scenes of his early childhood. General Marbeuf, who had been the French commandant of the island, and who had been a great friend of the Bonapartes, often relieving them financially when in an exigency, was dead, and the family had to depend upon the meagre salary of Napoleon, 1125 francs per annum, as the principal means of their support.

In October, 1787, he was back in Paris, and in the following year was again in Ajaccio. In 1788 he reluctantly rejoined his regiment at Auxonne and in 1789 he secured another furlough, and on his way home stopped at Marseilles to pay his respects to the Abbé Raynal. Although neglecting his military duties or rather avoiding by leaves of absence the monotonous routine of camp, barrack or garrison life, he devoted himself assiduously to his literary labors. He wrote a story entitled the "Count of Essex," and another one called "The Masked Prophet," but his principal work was a "History of Corsica."

Napoleon was an ardent patriot; he loved his native land, every foot of her soil was dear to him. Her past history and heroic effort for liberty and independence aroused the enthusiasm of his soul, while her heroes created in him a spirit of emulation. It was the dream of his youth to be her savior, to secure for her freedom from

oppression. She was to be the theatre of his efforts, from boyhood his blood tingled at the mere mention of her name, and he was ever ready to resent any aspersion cast upon her fame or her people. It is, at times, touching to read of the love and pure devotion he gave to his native isle. But time gradually effaced his early attachment, and his activities and ambitions found for him ultimately a field that, instead of being confined within the coast lines of a Mediterranean island, was circumscribed only by the limitations of the universe.

CHAPTER II

FRENCH REVOLUTION—BONAPARTE VISITS AJACCIO—DEDICATES HIS HISTORY OF CORSICA TO PAOLI—BONAPARTE REJOINS HIS REGIMENT—DEATH OF MIRABEAU—BONAPARTE RELIEVED OF HIS COMMISSION — DAY OF THE BLACK BREECHES—AUGUST THE TENTH—BONAPARTE RESTORED TO HIS POSITION AS CAPTAIN—REVISITS CORSICA—FLEES WITH HIS FAMILY FROM CALVI—OVERTHROW OF GIRONDINS—SUPPER OF BEAUCAIRE.

Napoleon Bonaparte was in his twentieth year when the States-General met at Versailles, in May, 1789.

D'Israeli, in one of his dazzling phrases, declared that there were only two events in history — the Siege of Troy and the French Revolution; and perhaps there is more truth in this apparently paradoxical assertion than at first appears. Surely the second event he names was the most important and all-absorbing of modern times. It was the culmination of centuries of misrule, a cataclysm that swallowed up dogmas, doctrines, creeds, titles, privileges, and abuses, and distinctively marked the beginning of a new social and political era.

The great philosophers had so impressed the

age with their teachings that France, oppressed for centuries, demanded reforms, and in an effort to obtain them inaugurated the greatest political convulsion of all time.

Prior to the Revolution, France was ground down by a despotism that had well nigh exhausted her revenues and resources in maintaining the extravagance of a dissolute court, and in the prosecution of expensive and useless wars.

To be sure, during the past century, notwithstanding these adverse conditions, France had made advancement in commerce, wealth and general enlightenment. Although the peasant, a mere serf, was still bound to the soil, a strong, prosperous, educated middle class had come to exert an influence on public thought. It was this class that formed an audience for the philosophical and political teachings of Voltaire, Rousseau and their *confréres,* and that was determined to secure, if possible, the needed reforms. To their ranks must be added a number of the gentry and nobility who entertained enlightened views and had compassion for the miseries of the poor. This effort for reformation did not mean a change in the form of government, nor did it even contemplate the grasping of political power; but it aimed at relief from an intolerable oppression and gross inequalities in social, economical, and political conditions. The delegates comprising that portion of the States-General known as the Third Estate were chosen from these upper and middle classes. The peasantry and the proletariat could not read or write, they were steeped in

ignorance; books were closed to them, but they soon appreciated the fact that the struggle was being made against their oppressors, and the very air became charged with revolt. The absolutism of the king, the insolence and arrogance of the nobility, the oppression and exactions of the church, had created a feeling of resentment in the hearts of all the people.

But France was not worse off than her neighbors; in fact, in some respects she was much more fortunate. Everywhere on the continent the so-called privileged classes, consisting of the nobility and the higher ecclesiastical functionaries, were exempt from taxation, and not amenable to the laws. Russia, governed by the czar, was a hopeless despotism; so it was with Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, the smaller German states, and the republics of Venice and Genoa. The king, the nobility, the church, received all the benefits of government while the unprivileged classes, the common people, bore all the burdens and had no voice in the direction of public affairs.

The doctrine of the divine right of kings obtained in its full rigor sanctioned by the arguments and precedents of centuries, until this impassioned struggle was entered upon to secure, in spite of this theory, the rights of man.

That Bonaparte was impressed by the stirring events of the Revolution, there can be no doubt. With his clear and deep political insight he was enabled to read the signs of the times, and to anticipate events. He saw from the beginning the drift towards popular rule, and was deter-

mined if possible to secure under this movement the independence of his native isle. Like all liberal Frenchmen he had long been disgusted with the ancient *régime* and had personally suffered from its taunts.

In the latter part of 1789, he was again in Corsica on furlough, and urged his compatriots in Ajaccio to espouse the popular cause and don the tri-color cockade. He further appealed to them to form a club, republican in character, and to organize a National Guard, as had been done in Paris. The French Governor of Corsica, having royalist affiliations, or fearing that such a programme might give the island an opportunity to effect a severance from France, ordered the club to be closed, and by force dispersed the National Guard. Bonaparte denounced this action and signed a remonstrance which was addressed to the National Assembly in Paris, but that body gave it a mere passing notice.

Bonaparte's ardor seemed to cool after this visit and his antagonism to France to subside. There were several reasons for his change of heart. The great Mirabeau, by his eloquence in the Assembly, succeeded in having a decree passed which allowed the Corsican exiles who had fled the country in 1768 to return and enjoy the full rights of citizens. So tolerant a spirit did much to soften the heart of Bonaparte towards the conquerors of his native isle.

About the time of the arrival of Paoli in Corsica with the banished patriots under the new dispensation, Bonaparte had finished writing his

history of the island and had dedicated it to the famous patriot, but when the manuscript was sent to Paoli for his revision and approval the sturdy old man tartly replied that he had faithfully served his country, and that his glory did not need to be extolled by Bonaparte's panegyric and further that the distinguished author was too young to write history. The manuscript not having been returned to Napoleon, he addressed a letter to Paoli through his brother Joseph, requesting him to send it forthwith, but the answer came back that it had been mislaid and he had not time to search his papers. After treatment so shabby Napoleon desisted from paying further homage at the shrine of the old man. Perhaps it was the remembrance of Charles Bonaparte's desertion of his compatriots that induced Paoli to treat the son with such discourtesy. It seems hardly possible that anyone without some substantial reason could have treated another so disdainfully.

Notwithstanding his rebuff, Napoleon worked most industriously on his history, wrote and rewrote it, cast and recast it and in its latest form, after dedicating it to Necker, submitted it to Raynal and to one of his old tutors, both of whom criticised it severely; but the author in a measure adopting their suggestions persevered in his composition until he finished it to his own satisfaction. Not being able to make arrangements with a publisher, it was never put upon the market.

After remaining away from his post far beyond the limits of his furlough on the ground of ill

health, Bonaparte rejoined his regiment at Auxonne in the winter of 1791.

In the spring of this year Mirabeau died, and all France went into mourning. At this time Bonaparte was in Valence and it is said he assisted in decorating the cathedral where the memorial services were held and made a public address eulogizing the great statesman.

He paid another visit to Corsica in August of this same year with his brother Louis, whom he had been supporting and educating. He became at this time involved in all kinds of political quarrels, made a reputation for trickery, shiftiness, double dealing and unscrupulous self-seeking. Remaining four months over his time, he got into a controversy with the War Department in Paris, and was relieved of his commission, and it was not until the latter part of May, 1792, that he returned to the capital. Without money, without position, without influential friends, he wandered about the city, sleeping in the cheapest lodging houses, and eating in the cheapest restaurants, compelled to pawn his watch to obtain the bare necessaries of life.

While wandering through the streets of Paris, occasionally visiting the Palais Royal, the hotbed of rumor and sedition, he had an opportunity to breathe the very atmosphere of the Revolution and to witness the scenes that marked the gradual fall of the monarchy.

On the " Day of the Black Breeches," the twentieth of June, 1792, he watched with his old school companion, Bourrienne, the rabble to the number

of thirty thousand swarm around the palace of the Tuileries, overcome the guard and penetrate to the very chamber of the king. Bonaparte's blood boiled with indignation as he witnessed the humiliation of the amiable monarch, "whom Nature framed," says Rose, "for a farm house and Fate tossed into a revolution." Napoleon declared that with a few pieces of artillery he could scatter the mob to the winds, but when he saw Louis appear at the window wearing complacently the red cap of the Jacobins, his disgust at such pusillanimity was expressed in a sneer.

Then again on the tenth of August when the Marseillais and an armed mob attacked the royal palace and compelled the king with his family to take refuge in the bosom of the Assembly, Bonaparte witnessed the scene from the windows of a furniture shop in the Tuileries, kept by an old school friend named Fauvelet. He saw the brutal slaughter of the Swiss Guards and by his own intercession saved one of these loyal fellows from murder. He was disgusted with the savagery and obscenity of the rioters and so expressed himself. The scenes he witnessed, however, were important lessons, which taught him how to act on the very same spot in a time not far distant. In a letter to his brother Joseph describing the affair, he declared that if Louis had mounted a horse and led his forces he could have won the fight.

The story that Bonaparte on this memorable day was a leader of the mob at the barricades is without any proof whatever. It is likely true,

however, that he was stopped by a gang of hoodlums who were bearing aloft a gory head upon a pike, and compelled to take off his hat and hurrah for the nation.

Following the attack upon the palace of the king came the domiciliary visits and the dreadful massacres of September.

Napoleon was restored to his position as captain on August 30, 1792, and his commission and pay were made to date from February 6, 1792.

War had already been declared against Austria on April 21, 1792; yet notwithstanding this fact, Napoleon obtained another leave of absence in September of that year only a few days after his reinstatement, for the purpose of escorting his sister Elise home to Corsica. The school of St. Cyr was a royal institution of learning for indigent young ladies of aristocratic blood. It was originally founded in the reign of Louis XIV and was under the special direction and care of Madame de Maintenon. It was maintained at the expense of the state and was charitable in its features, the young ladies at graduation being entitled to a dot to enable them to form a respectable alliance. Such an institution of course fell under the disapprobation of the radicals, and the Assembly abolished it by special decree, gallantly providing, however, a fund for the payment of the traveling expenses of young ladies who lived some distance from the capital. Here was a chance for Napoleon once more to visit Corsica, and although he had been as we have seen but recently restored to his rank and pay as an officer, he

made application for leave, was released from duty, and sailing from Marseilles reached Corsica on the seventeenth of September, 1792.

The fact that he could obtain so many furloughs, remain away beyond the dates of their limitations and escape punishment shows that he must have had great influence or else military discipline must have been very lax.

No sooner had Napoleon landed on the island than he became involved in a controversy with Paoli. He also took part in the unfortunate expedition directed by the French government against Sardinia. Paoli had no sympathy with the Revolution; its violence to him was abhorrent, and he advocated annexation to England if Corsica could not win her separate independence. The Jacobins because of these views openly denounced him as a traitor and at last, in April, 1793, the old man was summoned to the bar of the Convention for trial, but refused to attend. Napoleon defended Paoli in his course, but afterwards deserted him. In the struggle between the French Commissioners and the followers of Paoli, Napoleon took sides with the former, and after several attacks upon the citadel of Ajaccio the French were driven off and Napoleon narrowly escaped with his life. He joined his family at Calvi, to which town they had fled for safety, and on June 11, 1793, under cover of night they embarked upon a vessel and sailed straightway for France. Jerome and Caroline were left behind, sheltered by the Ramolinos.

It is pleasing to escape from these Corsican

imbroglios. It is hard to fathom, at times, the real intention or purpose of Napoleon. He seemed entirely inconsistent in his conduct. He displayed the spirit of the agitator, the self-seeker, the mere adventurer. "You see that little fellow?" said Paoli, pointing to Napoleon. "Well! he has in him the making of two or three men like Marius and one like Sulla."

Napoleon had departed for Corsica just before the dethronement of the king and the establishment of the Republic. Then followed the trial and execution of Louis, and afterwards occurred the expulsion of the Girondins from the Convention, and their political overthrow.

The Girondins had clamored for war, believing that it would arouse the patriotic ardor of the people and hasten the creation of the Republic. They were right in this, but after plunging the country into a conflict with a foreign power, they failed to conduct it successfully, because of their factional dissensions and inefficient methods. The men of "the Mountain," who had from partisan motives opposed the declaration fearing that their adversaries would profit by it, now by extraordinary energy having overthrown their opponents, organized victory under the able direction of Carnot, and put into the field a military force that imbued with patriotic fervor and led by Hoche, Pichegre, Kléber, and Moreau, became the nucleus of the Grand Army.

During this period it was Danton, with his marvelous energy, courage, and audacity, that

dominated the events. He had planned and urged the attack on the Tuileries on the tenth of August, he was responsible for the domiciliary visits and the dreadful massacres of September, he aided in the establishment of the Republic, and voted for the death of the king. He fain would have saved the Girondins, but they spurned his offers of assistance, and in his wrath he wrought their ruin. Although at first opposed to the declaration of war, he afterwards urged the enlistment of troops, and aroused the patriotism of the nation by his stirring and eloquent appeals.

Napoleon doubtless was impressed by the tremendous energy displayed by the radicals, and although disgusted with the violence of the rabble gave his adherence to the Jacobins.

The first actual service he rendered the Republic was at Avignon, which town, being in possession of the Girondins, had arisen in insurrection against the Convention. Bonaparte had been sent from Nice, where his regiment was stationed, to Avignon, to secure necessary stores, and Carteaux in command of the Republican forces appointed him to take charge of a battery.

It was in August, 1793, that the young author published his well-known pamphlet entiled: "The Supper of Beaucaire," one of the brightest political brochures of that day. Two merchants of Marseilles, a citizen of Nimes, a manufacturer of Montpelier, and an officer, Bonaparte himself, meet by chance in an inn in the little town of Beaucaire and while at supper indulge in a general discussion on the political conditions of the

hour. The officer contends that all good and patriotic citizens should support the Jacobin government because it has shown energy and capacity in a contest to the death against the despots of Europe; that so long as a foreign foe threatens the Republic or has a foot upon her sacred soil, there is but one duty for Frenchmen. All personal and political differences should be dismissed for the time being, at least. It would be better to submit to the tyranny of " the Mountain " than to suffer the vengeance of the emigrant nobles. Even Jacobin mob rule and despotism should be condoned if they save the Republic. The officer urges united action, and argues that any one who opposes the government gives aid and comfort to the enemy and is guilty of treason.

These views, doubtless, reveal the thoughts of Napoleon on the current questions; and as a patriot, without endorsing all the acts of the Jacobins, he gives his support to them in their struggle to save France.

This book was shown to Augustin Robespierre, and so cordially endorsed by him that it was published at the expense of the state. Napoleon in after years, during the Consulate, when charged with his early Jacobinism, did everything in his power to destroy the copies extant. His publisher's widow living at Avignon, where the brochure had been first printed and sold, was paid a good round sum for destroying all the copies remaining in her possession. The views expressed by Bonaparte in his pamphlet were the views of the men who saved France.

CHAPTER III

TOULON—THIRTEENTH VENDEMIAIRE

The expulsion and overthrow of the Girondins sent a feeling of indignation through the land, and aroused a spirit of resentment among their followers and supporters in the southern provinces whence they had been sent as delegates or representatives to the National Convention.

Several towns, notably Lyons and Marseilles, rose in revolt against the tyranny of the constituted authorities, Girondins and Royalists joining forces and making common cause against the Revolution.

Charlotte Corday, a beautiful and refined girl, granddaughter of the great Corneille, journeyed alone from Caen to Paris to avenge the overthrow of the Girondins. Reaching the capital, she obtained an audience with Marat, to whom she ascribed all the evils of her country, and while the monster was in his bath stabbed him to the heart. Her heroic deed thrilled all France; it revealed the spirit of the South. But instead of making a victim of Marat, her fanaticism created a martyr whose murder was to be avenged in torrents of blood. Charlotte went to the scaffold and in her wake followed the Girondins.

Toulon, one of the principal cities in the south

of France, raised the standard of revolt. The Moderates and the Royalists, being in the majority, united their forces and flung to the breeze the white flag of the Bourbons, proclaimed the son of Louis XVI, who was lying in prison in Paris, as king of France under the title of Louis XVII, opened the harbors to the entrance of the English and Spanish fleets, surrendered the arsenal and magazines to the British, and then began an indiscriminate slaughter of the Jacobins.

The republicans under General Carteaux, a painter of some renown but a soldier without training or experience, beleaguered the city with a large army and made preparations for a lengthy siege.

About the middle of September Bonaparte arrived at Toulon. Whether he was a mere visitor or had been assigned to the post as he claimed by the War Department is a mooted question. Suffice it to say he was there, and it was fortunate for the government that he arrived in time. He was assigned at once to take charge of the artillery. So much ability did he display that two weeks after his arrival the Commissioners of the Convention recommended his promotion to a majorship.

Upon inspection he found a few field pieces, two or three siege guns, and a couple of mortars. By arduous effort after weeks of ceaseless toil — "when he needed rest," wrote Doppet, "he lay on the ground wrapped in his cloak; he never left the batteries" — he succeeded in securing heavy guns, mortars and ammunition sufficient for his

purpose. He made requisitions for horses, timber, gabions, fascines and whatever he needed to perfect the siege, like an experienced soldier, instead of a stripling who had never been under fire. His first step was to place his guns in so commanding a position as to force the withdrawal of the allied fleets. "The moment they leave the harbor," he explained to a council of war, "the town will be at the mercy of the besiegers."

Carteaux, the artist, having proved his inefficiency, was succeeded in the command by a physician named Doppet. The doctor had won distinction at the siege of Lyons, but when he saw the difficulties that confronted him at Toulon he requested to be transferred to an easier post. He was succeeded by a professional soldier, General Dugommier, as commander-in-chief, and Duteil was made general of artillery.

Napoleon's plans were put in writing, submitted to the war department in Paris, and approved.

He had ordered a battery to be posted almost within pistol shot of the English guns. The British engineers realizing the strategical importance of the position which Napoleon was anxious to gain had strongly fortified it as a redoubt and had named it the Little Gibraltar. So fierce was the English fire on the exposed position where was planted Napoleon's battery that to work the cannon meant almost certain death. Even the bravest men flinched from exposing themselves to so great a danger. It was all important, however, to hold this position, for it was the key to the situation, and Napoleon appealed to the sol-

dierly spirit of his command by calling it "the battery of men without fear." After this when a cannoneer fell there was never wanting a recruit to take his place.

Junot, afterwards Napoleon's aide-de-camp, won his stars at Toulon for cool and consummate bravery. When requested to make a reconnoissance it was suggested that he go in civilian's dress. "No!" he replied, "I will run the risk of being shot as a soldier, but I will not be hanged as a spy." When he brought in his information, Bonaparte directed him to put it in writing; while complying with this order a shell burst close at hand, and covered his report with sand. "Clever," he coolly remarked as he shook the paper, "for those British gunners to send me just what I needed." On one occasion when an unexploded shell fell into a tent in the midst of a group of officers he rose with glass in hand and proposed a toast to those about to die. When the shell burst and killed a comrade, Junot still standing with glass in hand drank a toast: "To the memory of a hero."

The English, feeling the lines closely drawn, stormed the works of Bonaparte on November thirtieth, but they were repulsed with great loss, and their commander, General O'Hara, was taken prisoner.

In the columns of the "Moniteur" of December seventh the name Buona Parte appears for the first time and he is mentioned among the most distinguished officers in the action.

On December seventeenth, between midnight

and dawn, while a heavy rain storm was raging, the French began their assault on the English works; at first the assailants were driven back, but afterwards rallied and in the final charge swept everything before them. Toulon and the vessels in the harbor were now at the mercy of the French guns and the fleets at once made preparations to depart. While the French batteries poured shot and shell into the doomed town, thousands of the inhabitants, men, women and children, rushed through the streets to the quays to be taken aboard the vessels that were already weighing anchor and spreading sail. Fourteen thousand citizens found refuge in the British and Spanish ships. To add to the confusion and terror, the arsenal, store-houses, and docks were set on fire and the magazines filled with great quantities of powder were blown up with a noise and concussion that shook the earth.

The night was hideous beyond description, but the days that followed were even more ghastly, when the Jacobins, under the direction of Barras, Fréron, and Fouché, inaugurated a reign of butchery, until the gutters ran red to the sea. The guillotine was erected in the public square, but not working fast enough, platoons of soldiers were drawn up in line and poured volleys of musketry into crowds of terrified and cowering citizens while the cannon mowed them down in swaths. Groups of men, frantic with liquor and rage, ravaged homes and ravished women. It was as if the lower regions had let loose all the demons at once.

Marmont declares that Bonaparte pleaded for clemency, but in vain. It must be borne in mind that the man who sought mercy or even expressed sympathy for the aristocrats in those bitter days was likely to fall under the suspicion of the Convention and not only lose a chance for promotion but also his head.

"Leave not a single rebel alive," cried the brutal Fréron. Fouché, who had been at Lyons, went down to Toulon to witness its destruction, and in a letter to his friend, Collot d'Herbois, wrote a description of the manner in which they were celebrating the victory. "This night we send two hundred and thirteen rebels into hell fire. Tears run down my cheeks and fill my soul with joy." This is the language of a man who subsequently became chief of police and the Duke of Otranto under Napoleon, and held high position under the Bourbons after the restoration. The fury and hate of the Revolution had transformed men into fiends, but in the heartless Fouché was found a ready subject.

The scenes witnessed in Toulon were hardly surpassed in fiendish cruelty by the fusillades and *noyades* of the infamous and ferocious Carrier at Nantes.

Barras in his Memoirs tries to dim the glory of Bonaparte as the victor of Toulon by alleging that the young captain simply carried out a plan of campaign designed by others.

Dugommier, it is true, in his report to the Convention made no mention of Bonaparte's services, but Duteil in a letter to the Minister of War

speaks of him in the highest terms. "A great deal of science, as much intelligence, and too much bravery; such is a faint sketch of the virtues of this rare officer. It rests with you, Minister, to retain them for the glory of the Republic."

From the moment of his arrival Bonaparte had inspired confidence; he pointed out the vulnerable point in the enemy's position, and from that time the attack converged on that point and its ultimate capture resulted in the surrender of the town. It unquestionably was the opinion of that day that the fall of Toulon was due to his energy and skill, and shortly afterwards, February 6, 1794, in recognition of his services he was appointed by the War Department general of brigade of the Army of Italy.

During the assault on the French works by the English General O'Hara, Bonaparte was wounded in the thigh by a bayonet thrust and afterwards claimed to have had three horses shot under him; he also in that same engagement caught the itch by seizing a rammer in the hands of a fallen soldier, who was troubled with the affliction, and it was not until he became Consul for life that he succeeded in getting rid of that annoying disease.

At the time of the capture of Toulon France was in a frenzy. The "Reign of Terror" was at its height with the guillotine as its right arm. The Revolution had become a factional struggle. Hébert, a ribald scoffer who set at defiance every moral precept of God and man, had inaugurated the worship of the goddess of Reason, and by his dangerous teachings was undermining the very

foundations of society. Arousing the indignation of Robespierre, he was brought to trial, condemned and on the twenty-fourth of March, 1794, sent to the scaffold. Danton, who had evinced a desire to moderate the violence of the Revolution, provoked the opposition of the radicals and paid for his temerity by the loss of his head. This left Robespierre as the leading dominant figure of the Revolution. There can be no question that he was anxious to check the slaughter and to establish the Republic upon a strong foundation of law and morals, but becoming arbitrary in his conduct and exciting the fear and apprehension of his enemies by the passage of an infamous measure known as the law of the 22nd Prairial, which made possible the condemnation of his enemies upon mere suspicion, a conspiracy was formed for his overthrow. He had also given offence to both Atheists and pious Christians by indulging in a silly pageant incident to the establishment of the worship of the Supreme Being.

In a long speech delivered in the Convention on July 26, 1794, he used language that alarmed his foes, he threatened without striking. Suddenly and unexpectedly on the 9th Thermidor, the day after the delivery of his remarkable oration, Tallien, Barras, Fouché, Carrier, Vadier, Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes turned the Convention against Robespierre, outlawed him and sent him to the guillotine.

Bonaparte, who was classed as a Robespierreist, was arrested and thrown into prison at Fort Carré near Antibes. It was fortunate for him that he

was not taken to Paris, for in the wild excitement of the hour he doubtless would have gone to the scaffold. Junot and some of his friends were much distressed at his misfortune and offered to rescue him and carry him away to Genoa, but he advised them not to attempt such an exploit as it would only tend to compromise him. He opened at once a correspondence with some influential friends in Paris, protesting his innocence and avowing his loyalty to the Republic, which fortunately met with a favorable response. After an imprisonment of two weeks he was released, but in the meantime had been deprived of his commission.

After the fall of Robespierre a reaction set in at once. Collot, Billaud, Vadier, Barère and men of that class, not appreciating the fact that a change had taken place in public sentiment, endeavored to keep alive the Terror, but they were soon placed under arrest and banished. During the trial of these men the rabble rose, but the authorities acting promptly, order was restored without bloodshed.

Paris emerging from the gloom of the "Reign of Terror," gradually resumed its former gayety. Crowds of young men called the "Gilded Youth" armed with loaded canes paraded through the streets and drove from the highways the sans-culottes. Girondins and Royalists returned to the capital. Fashionable society resumed its sway in the social world, splendid equipages once more appeared on the avenues. Aristocratic receptions and what were called "Balls of the Victims,"

most exclusive in character, were held in the fashionable quarters of the city. At the latter were assembled only those who had lost a relative on the guillotine. One feature of the dance at these ghastly entertainments was the rocking of the head, simulating its fall into the basket. The participants wore the style of dress and affected the cool and nonchalant manner of those who had gone to the scaffold.

On the 20th of May, 1795, another uprising of the Sections took place. The mobs poured out of the faubourgs clamoring for bread, and for the Constitution of 1793. They invaded the Convention, killed a brave young deputy named Feraud, brought his head on a pike into the hall and pushed it into the face of Boissy d'Anglas, the presiding officer, who coolly and deliberately took off his hat and bowed respectfully as if paying obeisance to the dead.

This was one of the most terrible days of the Revolution, for the mob never before had been in so supreme a control of the Convention, not only interrupting the sessions but at the close of the day calling the delegates of "the Mountain" together and dictating legislation. Towards midnight the mob withdrew, like a wild beast slunk to its lair and for the time being ceased even to growl.

The authorities at once exerted themselves, and six members of the Convention who were charged with having incited the riot were tried and condemned; three of them cheated the guillotine by committing suicide. The murderer

of Feraud was arrested, but was rescued by the mob.

After his release from prison Bonaparte visited his family at Marseilles and found them in the deepest distress. His brothers, like himself, were out of employment. With the fall of the Robespierreists Bonaparte had lost his most influential friends.

While in Marseilles he had secured an appointment to the Army of the West but afterwards was determined not to accept the position, believing it would remove him far away from every avenue of promotion.

On May second he set out from Marseilles to Paris with his brother Louis and his friends Marmont and Junot. They arrived at their destination on the tenth and took cheap lodgings in a house called the Liberty Hotel.

Upon reaching the capital Bonaparte induced the War Department to grant his request to remain in Paris until a general reassignment of officers took place.

Wandering through the city without employment and poor in purse, he became at times almost desperate. Lack of proper food reduced him to a skeleton, his figure was emaciated and his face wan. Madame Permon, at whose house he frequently called, described him as having "sharp, angular features; small hands, long and thin; his hair long and disheveled; without gloves; wearing badly made, badly polished shoes; having always a sickly appearance, which was the result of his lean and yellow complexion, brightened

only by two eyes glistening with shrewdness and firmness."

The following description of Bonaparte about this time in his life given by the Duchess d'Abrantes is vivid and most interesting: "When Napoleon came to see us," she writes, "after our return to Paris, his appearance made an impression upon me I shall never forget. At this period of his life he was decidedly ugly; he afterwards underwent a total change. I do not speak of the illusive charm which his glory spread around him but I mean to say that a gradual physical change took place in him in the space of seven years. His emaciated thinness was converted into a fullness of face and his complexion, which had been yellow and apparently unhealthy, became clear and comparatively fresh. His features, which were angular and sharp, became round and filled out. As to his smile, it was always agreeable. The mode of dressing his hair, which had so droll an appearance, as we see it in the prints of the passage of the bridge of Arcola, was then comparatively simple; for the young men of fashion whom he used to rail at so loudly at that time, wore their hair very long. But he was very careless of his personal appearance, and his hair, which was ill combed and ill powdered, gave him the look of a sloven. His little hands, too, underwent a great metamorphosis. When I first saw him they were thin, long and dark; but he was subsequently vain of their beauty and with good reason. In short, when I recollect Napoleon at the commencement of 1794, with a shabby

round hat drawn over his forehead and his ill-powdered hair hanging over the collar of his gray great-coat, which afterwards became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV, without gloves, because he used to say they were a useless luxury, with boots ill-made and ill-blacked — with his thinness and his sallow complexion — in fine, when I recollect him at that time and I think what he was afterwards I do not see the same man in the two pictures."

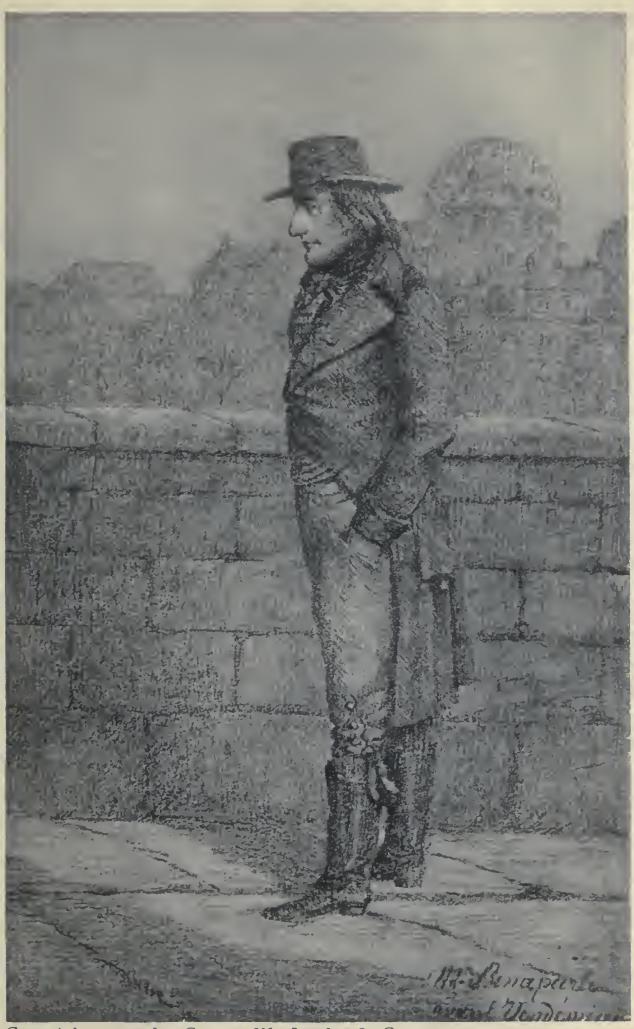
Napoleon when at St. Helena, upon one occasion while in a reminiscent mood, referring to this distressed period of his life, told the following remarkable story: Strolling along the banks of the Seine one evening, tempted to throw himself into the river, he met unexpectedly an old friend, Des Mazis, who noticing his despondency asked him the cause of it. Napoleon unreservedly made a full confession. "Is that all?" said his generous friend, at the same time unbuttoning his waistcoat and unstrapping a belt, "take this," handing Napoleon 30,000 francs; "it may relieve your wants." Napoleon was so overjoyed at his good fortune that he dashed away to send his mother the news without even taking time to thank his benefactor. They did not meet again until after the establishment of the empire, when the emperor, who never forgot a favor, repaid the sum many times over and provided for his old friend a lucrative position under the government.

On the 22nd of August, 1795, the Convention decreed the new Constitution. The republican members, fearing the results of a general election

and desirous of controlling the Convention, disgusted the entire community by decreeing that the provision of the Constitution which required the election of one-third of the deputies every year should apply to the existing Convention. And thus by a legislative enactment in contravention of the Constitution the Convention imposed itself on France for two years longer.

The Constitution was the work of the conservative republicans, and vested the executive power in the hands of five directors and the legislative in two chambers, a Council of Ancients and a Council of Five Hundred. It was not democratic enough to meet with the approval of the red republicans, and not aristocratic enough to suit the Royalists. Accordingly on the fifth of October, 1795, or in the republican calendar the thirteenth of Vendémiaire, Year IV, a mob of 40,000 men, including 20,000 of the National Guard, with the Lepelletier section as the rallying point, marched against the Convention, which was holding its sessions in the Tuileries. It threatened to be a second Tenth of August, the government was to be overturned by mob force as was the monarchy. The battle ground was the same.

On the fourth of October, the Convention had placed Barras, a strong man in an emergency, in command of its forces and while planning a defence he said to Tallien: "I know just the man for our purpose. A little Corsican officer who will not stop on ceremony." During that evening diligent search was made for Bonaparte, at the direction of Barras, who was exceedingly



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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original sketch in red crayon by Guerin

anxious to secure his services, but he could not be found in any of his usual haunts. Later in the night he strolled into the Tuileries, and Barras induced him after some persuasion, to accept the commission. The young general entered upon his task with his usual energy and before the morning dawned had converted the palace into a veritable fortress; it bristled with cannon and every avenue of approach was guarded. Hearing that a number of pieces of artillery were at Sablons, he dispatched Murat with a troop of 300 horse to bring them at once to the Tuileries. The cavalry arrived just in time to save the guns, which were about to be seized by the Insurgents, and under their very eyes Murat whirled them away to the palace. The total force under Napoleon consisted of 5,000 regular troops, 1,500 volunteers, and 200 cannon.

General Thiebault, in speaking of Bonaparte at this time, says: "From the first his activity was astonishing; he seemed to be everywhere. He surprised people by his laconic, clear, and prompt orders, imperative to the last degree. Everybody was struck also by the vigor of his arrangements and passed from admiration to confidence and from confidence to enthusiasm."

On the morning of the thirteenth Vendémiaire, the Insurgents were confronted at every point by a complete defence. The crowd set up a shout but hesitated to begin an attack. The day wore away without a movement being made on either side. At last, about half past four o'clock in

the afternoon, a musket shot was fired, and at a signal from General Danican, commander of the Sections, the attack upon the palace began. The mob showed some courage, but could make no headway against so formidable a defence. The cannon swept every avenue and at six o'clock the battle was over. The total loss was estimated at about two hundred on each side. The actual loss of the Insurgents must have been much greater than this number, but it was evidently minimized, doubtless out of political considerations.

This "Day of the Sections," as this episode was designated, was the first time in the Revolution when the army defended the constituted authorities against the people. It was the ending of the era of mob rule and in the dim vista could now be seen approaching "the man on horseback."

On October 12, 1795, Napoleon was restored to his position as general of artillery. A few days later, by the resignation of Barras, he was made commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior. While in this position there were frequent difficulties and disturbances in the sections and faubourgs which he attempted in many instances to allay by pacific means. One day while he was addressing a crowd, a fat woman interrupted him by calling upon his hearers to pay no attention to these "smart officers who so long as they keep fat on eating the best and richest food do not care for the poor and starving." Bonaparte, who was very thin, turned the tables quickly

on his interrupter by comparing his shadow of a figure with hers. "Look at me, good woman," he said, "and then tell me which of us two is the fatter." The mob good-naturedly dispersed.

CHAPTER IV

ROBESPIERRE—BARRAS—JOSEPHINE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE—VISCOUNT BEAUHARNAIS—BONAPARTE ADDRESSES DESIRÉE CLÉRY — MADAME PERMON—BONAPARTE MEETS JOSEPHINE BEAUHARNAIS.

During the "Reign of Terror," when Bonaparte was stationed at Toulon, he cultivated the friendship of Augustine, the brother of Maximilien Robespierre, who had been sent to the army as the representative or commissioner of the Convention. Augustine showed to Bonaparte several letters he had received from his brother, and Bonaparte was much impressed with their contents. He looked upon the elder Robespierre as a man of high ideals and believed it was his purpose to end the "Reign of Terror" and establish a government upon a strong foundation of law and morals. Bonaparte, too, believed that Robespierre was the coming man in the politics of France, and the young soldier, with an eye for the main chance, was anxious to secure so valuable a patron.

The events of the 9th Thermidor, as we have seen, resulted in the complete overthrow of Robespierre and his party, ushered in a new era, and brought other men to the front. Among them

was Paul Jean, Comte de Barras, one of the leaders in the conspiracy to destroy Robespierre. Barras was to become in time a valuable patron of Bonaparte, was to open up a career for the young Corsican's ambition and to introduce him to Josephine Beauharnais, who subsequently became his wife.

Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie was a beautiful Creole, born in 1763 on the island of Martinique. She was taken by her father in 1778 to visit an aunt in Paris, by whom she was subsequently adopted. Josephine developed early into a charming, voluptuous woman and her hand was sought in marriage and won by Viscount Beauharnais. She bore him two children, a boy and a girl, named respectively Eugéne and Hortense. Before the birth of the daughter, the viscount and his wife had domestic disagreements, which resulted in an action for divorce, instituted by the husband, who lost the suit and was ordered to pay alimony. It is not known what was the cause of the trouble, but gossip, as usual, putting the worst construction on the case, whispered that it was the wife's infidelity. If this were so the order of the court, after a full hearing, that the plaintiff should pay alimony for the respondent's support, is a strong presumption in favor of her innocence. After separating from her husband, the wife went back to Martinique.

When the war for independence broke out in America, the viscount sailed to that country with the army of Bouillé, where he remained until the opening of the French Revolution. Upon his

return to France he warmly espoused the popular cause, and was chosen a delegate of the Third Estate to the States-General. Having taken up his residence in Paris, he opened a correspondence with his wife, and requested her to return to his home. She seems to have complied willingly with his wishes, for she came at once, and they lived together, under the same roof, as "brother and sister." Having been appointed commander of the Army of the Rhine, he went to the wars and served efficiently, if not brilliantly, the cause of the Republic.

During the "Reign of Terror," his title of nobility bringing him under the suspicion of the Great Committee, he was arrested, haled before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and sentenced to death. He went to the guillotine with composure and courage. In a farewell letter to his wife, he feelingly acknowledged his fraternal affection for her, and committed to her care the children that had blessed their union, hoping that in their companionship she would find that consolation that in some measure would reconcile her to his death.

At the time the viscount was guillotined Josephine herself was in prison, having been arrested as a "suspect," but she was released almost immediately after Robespierre's execution.

Had Robespierre, to whom Bonaparte was anxious to attach his fortune, lived, Josephine doubtless would have gone to the scaffold and the same fate would have overtaken Barras. These two persons were important factors in the career of

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JOSEPHINE, IN NEGLIGEE COSTUME

From an original drawing by R. Lefebre
Joseph Bonaparte Collection

Napoleon and their demise might have changed the whole current of his life.

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

During her incarceration Josephine had formed an acquaintanceship with Thérèse Cabarrus, known as "Notre Dame de Thérmidor," because love for her had inspired Tallien to assail and overthrow Robespierre. Thérèse was a most fascinating and accomplished woman, but of doubtful reputation; for a time she was the mistress of Tallien though subsequently she became his wife. She was of Spanish blood, ravishingly beautiful and the leader of the gayest and most fashionable set in Paris.

After her release from prison, finding herself in straitened circumstances, Josephine took her children from the care of Madame Eglé, an aunt in whose house they had been living during the imprisonment of their parents, and apprenticed them to trades. Eugéne was indentured to an upholsterer, and Hortense to a dressmaker. The widow having placed her children at useful employments, formed an alliance with Barras, that enabled her to indulge in a life of ease and luxury. Seemingly indifferent to her own fame, and to the reputation of her husband, and at the same time forgetful of the duty she owed her children, she plunged into a career of gayety and dissipation, and became one of the reigning beauties of the court of Barras, where she divided the honors with her friend Madame Tallien, both women, it

is said, living on his bounty and sharing his affection.

Paul Barras was born in Provence. He was tall and commanding in appearance, pleasing in address, most gracious in manner, and versed in all the arts of polite society. These gifts and accomplishments, however, were but a veneer that covered a nature that was both mean and ignoble. He was a sensualist, a voluptuary. As a politician he was of moderate ability, although in an emergency he displayed at times great energy and decision of character. Morally he was utterly unscrupulous: his fortune having been acquired by bribery, extortion and corruption. His influence was always on sale to the highest bidder; at one time it was purchased by the Venetian ambassador for 500,000 francs.

He early advocated the cause of the people in the Revolution and was elected a delegate to the Convention. He became prominent as a member of the Jacobin Club, and allied himself with the faction of the Dantonists.

The Convention sent him during the "Reign of Terror" as a commissioner to Toulon, and his conduct while there was so infamous, that it required, upon his return to Paris, all the influence he could command to prevent an investigation. His administration in that doomed city had been not only corrupt but cruel. The guillotine was set up in the public square, and blood flowed like water, many of the rich citizens purchasing safety by the payment of large sums of money; even the innocent, if well to do, against

whom no charges could be justly preferred, found it to their interest and ease of mind to pay tribute. The commissioner returned to the capital enriched by his infamy. Robespierre was especially bitter in his denunciation of Barras, and openly designated him as a rascal. St. Just described him in his characteristic style as one of those men who make Liberty a harlot.

Barras, having come into great prominence as one of the leaders in the revolt against Robespierre, was chosen a member of the Directory, when that executive department was organized under the Constitution of 1795, and thus became one of the actual rulers of France.

Barras's hand, as we have already observed, had always been open for contributions; but now, being one of the chief executive officers of the Republic, he had a broader and a richer field for his operations. Notwithstanding his reputation and vile practices, he was not the meanest nor cheapest thief in the Directorate, for it is related that one of his colleagues, Rewbell by name, filched something every day for his purse and "would have pocketed the candles if he had not been watched."

The rooms of Barras in the Luxembourg were the centre of all that was gay in the social world. He endeavored to establish a court, known as that of the Directory, after the style of the old *régime*, and he succeeded in keeping close to the original in so far as a reproduction of its extravagance, luxury, licentiousness and vice were concerned. His receptions were so brilliant and magnificent

that they excited even the envy of Saint Germaine, the fashionable quarter in Paris, where the nobles and the aristocracy had resided before the Revolution, and to which many of them now were returning from exile, and restoring their exclusive social functions.

Barras, after the fall of Robespierre, was the man of the hour, and Bonaparte, a soldier of fortune, a young artillery officer, full of ambition, but out at the elbows, early courted his favor. Bonaparte, in referring to this matter afterwards, and offering a sort of excuse for his association with this demagogue, for he was rather ashamed of it, said: "I lived in the Paris streets, without employment. I was well received at the house of Barras. I went there because there was nothing to be had elsewhere. Robespierre was dead, Barras was playing a rôle: I had to attach myself to somebody or something."

But Bonaparte, after his success at Toulon and his victory over the rabble on the 13th Vendémiaire, developed into a man of the world. He had no need now to haunt garrets, patch his clothes, mend his stockings, pawn his watch or eat his dinners in a six sou restaurant. He was no longer the shy and reserved youth who, in his shabby uniform, had induced the laughter of the gay circle that met in Barras's parlors, but had become far more particular in his dress and had suddenly acquired the arts of the beau and man of fashion. Besides by speculation or otherwise he had accumulated quite a fortune, some friends possibly having given him pointers on the stock

market. No matter, however, what the cause he underwent a complete change in dress and deportment.

Thinking it was about time to choose a wife and to form a union that would give him an influential social position, he began by proposing for the hand of the rich and beautiful Desirée Cléry, the sister of his brother Joseph's wife; but after some correspondence, in which he complained that the young lady was too coy, the negotiations were broken off and he was rejected. Then he was presumptuous enough to pay his addresses to Madame Permon, the lady in whose house his father had died. She was a woman of great wealth, exceedingly vain of her ancestry, of most exalted dignity and old enough to be his mother. She did not know, so surprised was she at his conduct, whether to smile at his audacity or to rebuke his impudence.

He was living in a gilded, sordid age. A great revulsion in public feeling followed immediately upon the death of Robespierre. France, escaping from the influence of his puritanism, weary of the gloom that prevailed during the rule of this ascetic and virtuous dictator, plunged straightway into gayety and dissipation. Extravagance ran riot; bankers, brokers, speculators, successful *bourgeoisie,* came to the front. On every side there was seen an ostentatious display of wealth. "The riches of those who had made fortunes in the Revolution," says Lacretelle, "began to shine with unprecedented lustre. Splendid hotels, sumptuously furnished, were embellished by mag-

nificent fêtes." The hoarse roar of the mob, the terrifying voice of the Revolution, had temporarily subsided and was fast dying out into an echo, and Paris, recovering from her fright, began to assume the gay appearance that distinguished her in the days of the old *régime*.

Bonaparte saw that money was the "sesame" that opened every door. Perhaps in no heart ever burned more fiercely the fires of ambition and doubtless he thought that the great wealth of Madame Permon, together with her high and influential social station, would secure the opportunity he sought. That he was in earnest in his suit there can be no doubt. Evidently, he was not fascinated by the beauty of a woman twice his age, but he may have been induced to lay siege to her heart in order to secure her influence and dower as stepping stones to his promotion.

At the time of the fall of "the Mountain," Madame Permon had concealed in her house Salicetti, a fellow countryman of Napoleon and a prominent Robespierreist, and fled with him in disguise, his identity being concealed under the garb of a lackey. In June, 1795, Bonaparte wrote a letter to Salicetti in which he treats him as a rival, stating: "I could have denounced thee but did not, although it would have been but a just revenge so to do." To Madame Permon he complainingly declared that although she had not taken him into her confidence he knew all the while that she was harboring Salicetti. The letters evince the spirit of a disappointed lover.

About this time, however, he met a woman who fairly bewitched him and whose life, it may be said, became interwoven with his destiny. It is generally believed that it was in Barras's house that Bonaparte first saw Josephine. There is a story, thought to be somewhat apocryphal in character, that the initial meeting between them came about in the following fashion: Eugéne Beauharnais, a beautiful boy, called on General Bonaparte the day after the disarmament of the Sections, and with tears in his eyes requested the return of his father's sword. His request having been granted, Madame Beauharnais called on the general, shortly afterwards, to thank him for his courtesy and kindness in the matter. It was then, so the story goes, that he was won by her grace and charm of manner, and lost his heart at first sight.

This is a very pretty little romance that Bonaparte himself loved to relate, for he was naturally very chary about admitting his association with Barras in this matter, knowing full well it was common gossip that he had received Josephine as a gift from the Director, and that he had agreed to accept the siren, under the inducement of his appointment as commander-in-chief of the Army in Italy.

CHAPTER V

BONAPARTE WOOS JOSEPHINE—BONAPARTE WEDS JOSEPHINE—CHARACTER OF JOSEPHINE—BONAPARTE DEPARTS FOR ITALY.

When Bonaparte met Josephine he began at once to lay siege to her heart, with such ardor and "with so violent a tenderness" that he terrified her. This woman of the world, who had made commerce of her love, did not understand such devotion and earnestness of purpose. She hesitated to accept him, for fear so intense a passion would soon burn itself out. In a letter to a friend asking advice as to whether or not she should receive the attentions of her ardent suitor, she admits that she does not understand him, and though she does not love him she feels no repugnance. "I admire," she writes, "the general's courage, the extent of his information about all manner of things, concerning which he talks equally well, the quickness of his intelligence, but I confess I am afraid of the power he seems anxious to wield over all about him. His piercing scrutiny has in it something strange and inexplicable, that awes even our directors: think, then, how it frightens a woman."

Josephine still retained much of her beauty, although she was in the early autumn of her

womanhood. She had fine brown or chestnut hair, large full expressive eyes, a small *retroussé* nose, a pretty, sensuous mouth, and though she was slightly under the average size, her figure was so well proportioned as to give the impression of height; she seemed taller than she really was. She dressed with exquisite taste, and studied every art that added to the attractiveness of her person. She was six years older than Bonaparte. She had neither wealth nor social station, although she must have made him believe she had both, else how could she have accounted for her extravagant and luxurious mode of living, especially in view of the fact that she was residing in one of Barras's houses.

At this time her beauty had lost some of its early bloom, her teeth were beginning to show signs of decay, but her elegance of manner still retained its charm. "She possessed," said Bonaparte, "the calm and dignified demeanor which belongs to the old *régime*," but what impressed him the most was her sweet and gentle voice. Upon his entry into Paris after his Italian campaign, when the streets were ringing with the cheers and plaudits of the people, he turned to Bourrienne and remarked: "That greeting is almost as sweet to my ears as is the voice of Josephine." Time and again he referred to the music of its tones and it seemed ever to ring in his memory, even relieving the solitude of his imprisonment at St. Helena.

That Bonaparte was in love with Josephine there can be no doubt; at the same time, however,

he was not the man to lose any of the advantages that might go with the alliance, and Barras having promised to secure for him, in lieu of the bride's dower, an appointment as commander of the Army of Italy, he took care to see that the agreement was carried out to the letter.

Bonaparte was not blind; he did not offer his hand in marriage to this woman with his eyes shut; nor was he lured to destruction by a siren, for he did most of the wooing himself. He must have known Josephine's character. He was informed of her past history; the very house she occupied was shady in reputation; she was suspected, and there was every reason for the suspicion, of being the mistress of Barras; and her companions were women of the world. Although these Aspasias considered themselves far above the demi-monde, they moved in a circle that was higher only in the social, not in the moral scale. Madame Hamelin, whose reputation was notorious, was one of the leaders in this fashionable set, as was also the clever and bewitching Madame Recamier. Thérèse Cabarrus, Josephine's boon companion, was a woman of easy virtue; her drawing-room receptions were most brilliant and crowded with men of the highest distinction, whose wives, however, insisted upon remaining at home.

This coterie of women who surrounded Barras, like moths around a candle, set the modes and fashions of the hour. On one occasion Thérèse appeared upon the streets in a costume that was, to say the least, vulgar and immodest, even for

that period when the dress of women was most suggestive. The under garment was of pink or flesh-colored silk, which closely fitted the body and limbs. Over this was worn a robe that fell in graceful folds, and was so diaphanous that it revealed the beautiful contour of the figure it was used simply to cover not to conceal, and so transparent and fine was it in texture that it did not dim the lustre of the jewels in the bracelet that encircled the thigh. Crowds of hoodlums followed and jeered her until at last she had to seek safety in a milliner's shop. Of course it may be said that Josephine was not responsible for the conduct of her friend, but it shows the character of the women with whom she associated.

When Napoleon became First Consul he dropped the names of Madame Tallien and many of her gay and charming companions from his invitation list, declaring, much to the disgust and chagrin of his amiable wife, that such women should not cross the threshold of St. Cloud.

Finally, Josephine, after some hesitation and delay, accepted the hand of her devoted lover and on February 9, 1796, their bans were proclaimed.

A short time before the wedding, on motion of Carnot and at the instance of Barras, Bonaparte, who had seen but little actual service in the field, whose military experience, in the main, had been the scattering of the mob by "a whiff of grapeshot" in the streets of Paris, and who knew nothing but what he had learned in books of the handling of large masses of infantry

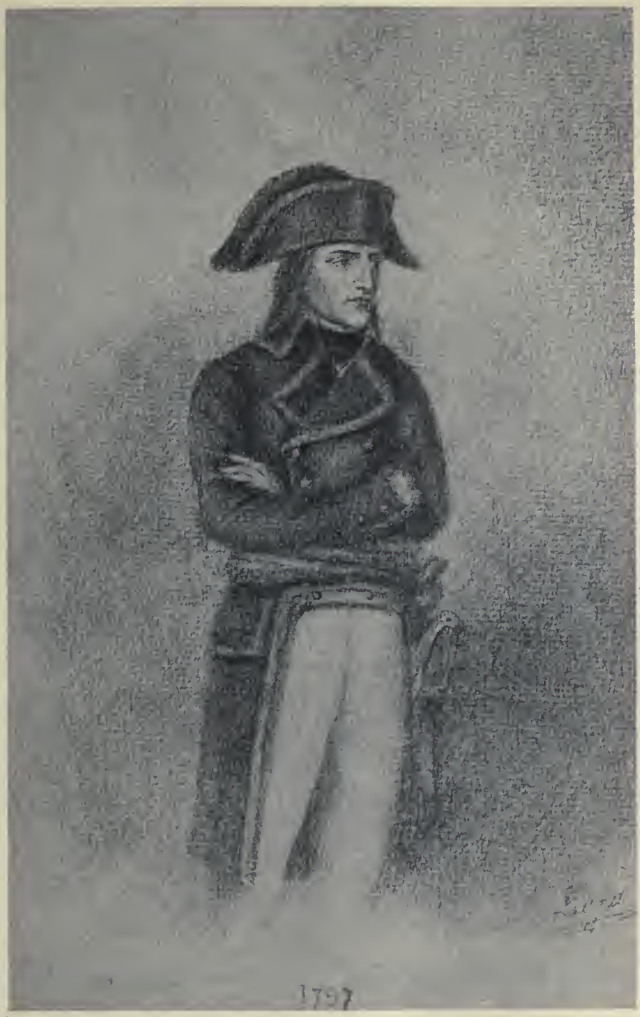
and cavalry, was given the command of the Army in Italy.

Carnot, "the organizer of victory," did not act, however, without reason in this matter, for he had studied with much care a plan of campaign for the Army in Italy as prepared and submitted by Bonaparte, and was greatly impressed with its clearness and simplicity and especially with its handling of detail. The plan was forwarded to General Schérer, then commander of the Army in Italy, whose tart reply was that the man who had prepared the plan should be sent to the seat of war to carry it out. Carnot, taking the crabbed soldier at his word, had Bonaparte appointed in his stead, Barras with his influence as a member of the Directory, doing of course all in his power to aid in the matter.

If this appointment was the dowry brought by Josephine to Bonaparte, it was indeed a rich one, for it gave an opportunity to the young soldier to open a career of military glory that was to dazzle the world and to immortalize his fame.

The marriage by civil contract took place March 9, 1796. The bride gave her age as three years younger than she actually was, and Bonaparte, with a gallantry that under the circumstances was to be commended, had himself registered one year older than his real age, so as to make the disparity appear less noticeable. It was because of the actual difference between the ages that the gossipy old ladies of both houses predicted the union would be barren.

The wedding was without ceremony; a pair of



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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original drawing by Ledru, 1797
From the Joseph Bonaparte Collection

peasants could not have had one simpler. There was no member of either family present. There were no groomsmen, nor bridesmaids; only the subscribing witnesses attended. There was nothing to suggest that in eight years the contracting parties, who in a notary's office were being so plainly united in wedlock, would be crowned in the cathedral of Notre Dame, amidst the greatest splendor, emperor and empress of the French.

Josephine signed her name to the record as Detascher, ignoring Beauharnais altogether, while the groom wrote Bonaparte instead of Buonaparte, thus dropping all trace of his Corsican and Italian origin.

After indulging in a honeymoon of two days, Bonaparte, on March eleventh, took his departure for Italy.

Josephine, a born coquette with her light and frivolous nature, did not really appreciate the intellect, the great force of character, the genius of Bonaparte, and at times appeared to be annoyed by his attentions.

After he left for Italy, his letters, so warm with affectionate longings, simply worried her and failed to excite her love. There may have been a reason for this, for during his absence she renewed acquaintance with her old friends, and led a life of gayety and pleasure. Under such circumstances letters so ardent as Bonaparte's must have to such a woman seemed only a rebuke rather than a consolation for his absence.

"I awake full of thee," he wrote; "thy portrait and yester eve's intoxicating charm have

left my senses no repose. Sweet and matchless Josephine, how strange your influence upon my heart! Are you angry, do I see you sad, are you uneasy, my soul is moved with grief, and there is no rest for your friend; but is there then more when, yielding to an overmastering desire, I draw from your lips, your heart, a flame which consumes me? Thou leavest at noon; three hours more and I shall see thee again — Meantime, *mio dolce amor,* a thousand kisses; but give me none, for they set me all afire."

This surely was ardent enough for the warmest nature, and should have induced a loyal devotion, but it failed to secure the fervid response to which it was entitled.

When Bonaparte was in Italy winning victories and covering himself with glory, his chief thought was for Josephine, and he sent his fiery love letters to Paris one after the other by the swiftest couriers.

While at Tortona, in June, he received word that his wife showed symptoms of pregnancy. The delighted husband was overwhelmed with joy.

"I care for honor," he writes, "because you do, for victory because it gratifies you, otherwise I would have left all else to throw myself at your feet. Be sure that I love you, above all that can be imagined — persuaded that every moment of my time is consecrated to you; that never an hour passes without thought of you; that it never occurred to me to think of another woman; that they are all in my eyes without grace, without

beauty, without wit; that you — you alone, as I see you, as you are — could please and absorb all the faculties of my soul; that you have fathomed all its depths; that my heart has no fold unopened to you, no thoughts which are not attendant upon you; that my strength, my arms, my mind are all yours; that my soul is in your form, and that the day you change, or the day you cease to be, will be that of my death; that nature, the earth, is lovely in my eyes, only because you dwell within it. If you do not believe all this, if your soul is not persuaded, saturated, you distress me, you do not love me. Between those who love is a magnetic bond. You know I could never see you with a lover, much less endure your having one: to see him and to tear out his heart, would be for me one and the same thing, and then, could I, I would lay violent hands on your sacred person. . . . No, I would never dare, but I would leave a world when that which is most virtuous had deceived me. . . . A child, lovely as its mother, is to see the light in your arms. Wretched man that I am, a single day would satisfy me. A thousand kisses on your eyes and on your lips. Adorable woman! what a power you have! I am sick with your disease: besides, I have a burning fever. Keep the courier but six hours, and let him return at once, bringing to me the darling letter of my queen."

It was unfortunate for both Bonaparte and his wife that the signs of motherhood disappeared.

Again he wrote: "Adieu, my adorable Josephine! Think of me often. When you cease to

love your Achilles — when your heart grows cold towards him — you will be very cruel, very unjust. But I am sure you will always continue my faithful mistress as I shall ever remain your fond lover. Death alone can break the union which sentiment, love, and sympathy have formed. Let me have news of your health. A thousand and a thousand kisses."

In another letter, still writing from Italy, just on the eve of battle, he says: "I am far from you, I seem to be surrounded by the blackest night; I need the lurid light of the thunderbolts which we are about to hurl on our enemies to dispel the darkness into which your absence has plunged me. Josephine, you wept when we parted; you wept! At that thought all my being trembles. But he consoled. Würmser shall pay dearly for the tears which I have seen you shed."

It indeed would be strange if her "Creole nonchalance," as she was pleased to designate her indifference, did not yield to such rhapsodies. Her lover threatens to shed torrents of blood to avenge her tears, tears which were wiped away and succeeded by smiles so soon as he was out of sight.

The warrior surely was in love, his letters were aflame with passion, but in them can there not be traced an undercurrent of fear, of doubt that Josephine may not be altogether true? The lines "You know I could never see you with a lover or endure your having one" and the threat "to tear out the heart" of the intruder and "to lay violent hands on her sacred person" would

scarcely have been written by Bonaparte if he had had implicit confidence in the integrity of his wife.

While Bonaparte was in Italy a glass in a frame covering the portrait of Josephine was accidentally broken; his face at once turned as pale as death and, addressing Marmont, he exclaimed: "That's a bad omen; Josephine is either dead or false." This dread of his wife's treachery seemed ever present to his mind.

He knew her light, frivolous and coquettish nature, her love of admiration, and, recalling her past history, there was perhaps a reason for his doubts, and his absence from her only increased his jealousy, especially in view of the fact that her letters were as cold as steel in comparison with his.

While Bonaparte was in Egypt, Josephine lived in open adultery with one of her former admirers, Captain Hippolite Charles, till her conduct became the talk of the town, and a common scandal.

When Bonaparte returned to France, having already heard of his wife's infidelity, he hurried to Paris. Josephine with her son started forth to meet him on the road, but unfortunately by some mishap took the wrong direction and missed him. Bonaparte reached his house in the rue de la Victoire before his wife returned, and when she arrived he refused to see her, retired to his room, and closed the door in her face. For days she lay on the floor outside of his chamber, plaintively sobbing and crying: "Mon ami! Mon ami!" until that voice which once charmed him with its sweetness revived his old-time love.

Bonaparte had held a family conference on the question of her conduct, and had decided to institute divorce proceedings; but when his brothers, after the consultation, returned to advise further upon the matter, they found that Bonaparte had relented, for Josephine was in his arms and both husband and wife seemed to be as happy as children.

Bourrienne, in his Memoirs, relates, that in after years when he and Napoleon were walking along a boulevard in Paris a carriage hastily drove by in which was seated the former paramour of Josephine, Captain Charles. Napoleon caught a glimpse of his rival, but the only sign he gave as to the fact of recognition was a spasmodic clutch of Bourrienne's arm.

It would seem impossible after this flagrant infidelity upon the part of Josephine that Napoleon should ever have had for her the same regard and affection as of old, but nevertheless it is true that she wielded an influence and exerted a fascination over him to the last that no other woman ever did.

They gradually grew to understand each other, and lived agreeably together. Her extravagance, however, gave him great annoyance, for her expenditures were most lavish and her prevarications when he asked her as to the amount of her indebtedness greatly angered him, but this seemed to be their principal cause of disagreement.

Even subsequent to his divorce and his marriage to Maria Louisa, he frequently inquired after

the welfare of Josephine, and sometimes called on her at Malmaison, and she was one of the first to whom he sent news of his good fortune when the king of Rome was born. During his imprisonment at St. Helena she was the only woman, the mention of whose name revived the affection of his heart and Josephine was the last word on his dying lips.

CHAPTER VI

BONAPARTE IN ITALY

Prince Metternich uttered the truth in a simple phrase when he said: "Italy is only a geographical expression and can lay no claim to national existence." And yet nature seems to have drawn her boundaries with the idea specially of creating her a national unit. A high range of snow-peaked mountains separates her from the continent of Europe, and she lies in the embrace of two seas. Like a great spur from the mainland, she extends far out into the Mediterranean, while her eastern shores are washed by the waters of the Adriatic.

"Il bel paese
Ch'Apennin parte, il mar circonda e l'Alpe."

But even mountains and seas could not protect her from foreign and hostile invaders. Her fair plains became the battle fields of Europe, and her states the booty of contending armies, peace congresses mapped out her geographical divisions, and her so-called commonwealths and republics existed alone by royal sufferance. Although her people were of one race, speaking virtually the same tongue, and having a common literature, they, nevertheless, could not be welded

into a homogeneous mass, and the country was broken, politically, into fragments.

In his Memoirs, written at Saint Helena, Napoleon, looking into the future with a prophetic vision, said: "Italy, isolated within its natural limits, separated by the sea and by very high mountains from the rest of Europe, seems called to be a great and powerful nation. . . . Unity in manners, language, literature, ought finally, in a future more or less remote, to unite its inhabitants under a single government. . . . Rome is beyond doubt the capital which the Italians will one day choose." A remarkable prophecy, spoken at a time when nothing seemed so far distant as the unity of Italy, a prophecy which reached its fulfillment only in a comparatively recent period.

In 1796, Genoa and Venice proudly laid claim to the title of republics. Naples and the Milanese groaned under the yoke of foreign masters. Parma, Modena, and Lucca were petty states, the courts of which were nests of intrigue, conspiracy and corruption. The Duchy of Tuscany was ruled by a member of the reigning house of Austria; Piedmont and Sardinia were governed by a prince of Savoy; the southern portion of the peninsula and Sicily were ruled by a descendant of the Spanish Bourbons. The Papal States were steeped in ignorance and dominated by the popes.

It was in this land of the Cæsars, in this land where Rome, seated on her seven hills, had been the mistress of the world, in this land so rich in

historic association, so fertile in example and illustration, so reminiscent of glorious effort and deed, that Bonaparte was to find a stage upon which to begin his marvelous career, and a fitting theatre for the portrayal of his genius and power. The entry of this great actor in the world's history had a most dramatic setting.

Just before his departure from the capital, on taking leave of a friend, he said: "In three months I shall be either at Milan or back again in Paris," intimating his resolve to succeed, and that quickly.

When Bonaparte reached Nice to take command of the army, he issued the first of his famous bulletins which rang in the ears of the troops like a blast from a trumpet. "Soldiers! you are naked, barely fed. The government owes you much, it can give you nothing. Your endurance and the courage you have shown among these crags do you credit, but gain you no advantage, reflect upon you not a ray of glory. I will lead you into the most fertile plains in the world; rich provinces, great cities will be in your power, and then you will find honor, glory, and riches. Soldiers of Italy, can you be found wanting in courage and constancy?"

Heretofore the republican army, animated by the purpose and spirit of the Revolution, had been fighting for principle, for the liberation of men and states from tyranny and arbitrary rule; but now it was to fight for glory and booty. Such a proclamation made by a general in command of the armies of the Revolution, before the over-

throw of Robespierre, would have sent him to the guillotine; then there was a repression of individual effort, a leveling of the mass. Such language would have created suspicion, and would have revealed the spirit of the dictator. In that period of Jacobin rule a general could but carry out the orders of the Great Committee, and any assumption of authority upon his part would have stripped him of his command, and placed him under arrest.

The days of reaction had changed all this, and the people, breaking away from the rigid and austere principles of democracy, were going just as far in the other direction. Wealth and individual power, after a long interval of suppression, were asserting themselves, and ostentatiously making a display that during the "Reign of Terror" was called *incivism* and would have brought the offenders to the scaffold.

Bonaparte represented the reaction, and the people, no longer frightened by the spectre of dictatorship, hailed with joy his victories, in spite of his assumption of authority. No wonder that a keen observer, who had been impressed by his audacity and genius, remarked: "His career will end either on a throne or a scaffold." Did not he himself, upon one occasion say, while tapping his sword hilt: "This will carry me far"? At this time, any clever politician could easily have discerned, looming up above the horizon, "the man on horseback," the military dictator with his legions behind him, his shadow already falling

athwart the pathway of the Republic and threatening its integrity.

The proclamation aroused, as was natural, the greatest enthusiasm among the troops and sent despair into the hearts of the inhabitants of Italy, for it announced plainly that the army of invaders if victorious would lay waste the land, despoil the cities and compel the payment of tribute.

Before Bonaparte started from Paris to take command of the army he was informed by the Directors that the country invaded would have to pay the expenses of the campaign, for the government was without money. The Directory gave him 47,500 francs in cash and good drafts for 20,000 more, which, however, was a very small sum for the undertaking in hand; yet to get even this amount they almost emptied the public coffers. With this meagre sum to carry on the extensive operations in contemplation there was nothing apparently left to do but to forage and loot; but be it said to the credit of Bonaparte that, although he exacted heavy tribute from conquered states and provinces, there was only one town he surrendered to pillage and that was Pavia. In this instance he was induced to yield to the clamors of his troops but he stopped the robbery after three hours' duration.

In the year 1796 the Republic was in deep distress; the treasury was empty, business stagnant, and labor unemployed. The paper currency, because of the vast overissues of assignats, was almost worthless, it had hardly any purchas-

ing value, and in consequence the necessaries of life rose to exorbitant figures. It was a common saying among the housewives that it took a basket of assignats to purchase a purse full of food. The administration of the government was corrupt and inefficient. Speculation ran rife, breadstuffs were cornered. The army contractors, hand in glove with the public officials, were reaping fortunes at the expense of naked and starving soldiers.

The army of the Sambre and Meuse was commanded by Jourdan, that of the Rhine by Moreau, and that of the West by Hoche. Schérer, who had been in command of the Army of Italy before the appointment of Bonaparte, had in the latter part of November, 1795, beaten the combined forces of the Austrians and Piedmontese at Loano; but, not following up his victory, had in consequence given great offence to the Directory. Sulking in his tent and complaining of the neglect of the home government he was but adding to the discontent of the army. The soldiers were in dire want; they had neither food nor clothing in sufficient quantities. The commissariat, for some time past, had furnished them with nothing to eat but dry bread. For months they had received no pay, and during the winter had undergone the greatest suffering and privation. It was this poor scarecrow of an army, half naked and half fed, preferring to cling to the crags and the passes of the Alps, rather than venture out into the open plains and give battle to the enemy, that Bonaparte had promised to lead into fertile

fields. His cheering words electrified the army, and aroused it from its stupor. Through the camps where there had been only lethargy and discontent now rang the hum and noise of preparation. There had been some doubt expressed as to how this pale-faced stripling, a mere academic, book soldier, without military experience save in fighting the rabble in the streets of Paris, would be received by the army; but all doubt on this point was soon dispelled, for the very presence of the young commander seemed to charge the air with enthusiasm.

Upon his arrival at Nice he had to suppress mutiny, and he did it with a firm hand; he found it necessary to disband a battalion for insubordination. He seized his command with an iron grip, and so boldly asserted his power that he inspired confidence in the superior officers as well as in the rank and file.

From the moment of his appointment as commander-in-chief, his manner and conduct underwent a change. He received his old friends, even Decrés, with an air of cool reserve, with a bearing of marked superiority. He knew that many of the older generals, like Massena, Augereau, Sérurier, La Harpe, Kellermann and Cervoni, resented at first his promotion and sneeringly referred to him as *"le général Vendémiaire"* or "general of the boulevards," and that they would be presumptuous at the first sign of weakness or dependence upon his part. So he asserted his power at once, and they soon felt and acknowledged his masterly skill, self-assurance, and over-

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MURAT

From an original drawing in colors by Ledru, 1797
From the Joseph Bonaparte Collection

powering genius. Even the blatant and blustering Augereau, one day after an interview with Bonaparte in his tent, came out remarking: "That little devil makes me tremble all over."

The French army in Italy consisted of 37,000 men stationed along the coast of the Mediterranean in the neighborhood of Nice, and in the passes of the lower Alps.

On the other side of the mountains were two armies. One, the Sardinian army, numbering 20,000 men, under the command of General Colli, watched the passes and protected the roads running towards Turin, which city was its base of supplies. The other, the Austrian army, under the command of General Beaulieu, of 35,000 men, had its line of communication on Alessandria. This last army occupied Genoa and stretched from that city, until its right joined the Sardinian left. The whole distance covered by the extended line of the two armies from Genoa to the passes of the Ligurian Alps was about sixty miles.

To meet these conditions Bonaparte concentrated his forces, and at once began the offensive. He took the road as if marching to Genoa, thus inducing Beaulieu to strengthen his line at that point, when suddenly turning to the left he drove his army like a wedge between the widely separated divisions of the enemy and fought a number of battles, in each instance winning a decisive victory. The principal engagements were Montenotte, fought on April 12th; Millessimo, on the 13th, and Mondovi, on the 22d. Montenotte is interesting in that it was the first battle fought

by Bonaparte in the campaign. At this town Colonel Rampon, with a force of 1,200 men, seized a redoubt and held it against all odds, thus preventing the Austrian General Argenteau from attacking the main army on the flank. The Austrians made charge after charge, hurling themselves with desperate fury against the little band, but without avail. In the midst of the conflict, so the story goes, Rampon called upon his soldiers to swear with uplifted hands on their cannon and colors that they would die rather than surrender. Against such devotion, resolution and courage, the Imperialists fought in vain. Night fell upon the combatants, and the Austrians slept upon their arms, eager to renew the attack the next day; but in the meantime Bonaparte hurried to the relief of the devoted band of defenders and, in the first rays of the morning sun, the Austrians, at a glance, saw that they were all but completely surrounded by a superior force of the French. They fought desperately to break through the net that the masterly skill of Bonaparte had woven around them, while they slept, but they were turned back at every point, until their defeat became a rout. Their loss was 1,000 killed, 2,000 taken prisoners.

Unfortunately for the truth of this thrilling incident, in so far as it relates to the taking of the oath by the soldiers under Rampon, the records show that there were no cannon and flags in the redoubt upon which the men could have sworn, that the commander of the force was an officer named Fornésy, and not Rampon, and

that the words of the former were simply: "*C'est ici, mes amis, qu'il faut vaincre ou mourir.*" "My friends, it is here we must conquer or die." Although the matter has given rise to considerable controversy, there is, after all, not much difference between the two versions after the correction is made as to the names of the officers.

Having separated the forces of the enemies, Bonaparte now turned his back on Beaulieu, resistlessly drove the army of the Sardinians away from its ally, and defeated it in every encounter. The king of Piedmont asked for an armistice, which Bonaparte refused, all the while, however, pushing the Sardinians so fiercely that he did not give them time to rest, and kept them almost constantly on the run. So closely did he follow them that often as the rear guard of the retreating army left a village the vanguard of the French entered it.

Turin was not far distant and the Sardinians were endeavoring to prevent the cutting of the lines of communication and to cover the roads leading to that city, but Bonaparte was determined to force if possible its capitulation. The king of Piedmont, Victor Amadeus, being convinced, at last, that further resistance to so persistent and indomitable a pursuer as Bonaparte was useless, agreed to surrender, and on April 28th, at Cherasco, a treaty of peace was signed which was most favorable to the French.

The conference arranging the preliminaries was a long one. Bonaparte met the envoys in

a manner that was coldly polite, and, growing impatient because the negotiations were proceeding so slowly, took out his watch about noon and said in the most nonchalant manner: "Gentlemen, I warn you, that a general attack is ordered for two o'clock, and if I am not assured that Coni will be put in my hands before nightfall the attack will not be postponed for one moment. It may happen to me to lose battles, but no one shall ever see me lose minutes either by over-confidence or sloth." The terms were forthwith signed. By the treaty Victor Amadeus yielded up Savoy and Nice and renounced the alliance with Austria. The Imperialists upon receipt of this information waxed wroth, and their camp rang with denunciation of their cowardly and traitorous ally.

The young soldier was now the idol of his army. Strategy so brilliant, victories so glorious aroused the greatest enthusiasm and elicited the warmest admiration, not only in the army but throughout all France, and Bonaparte was hailed everywhere as the first captain of his times. "Hannibal," he said one day to his staff, "took the Alps by storm; we have turned their flank."

Yet Bonaparte had fallen into disfavor with the home government. He had unquestionably violated his orders, in that he had entered into a treaty of peace without the authority or even the sanction of the Directory, and he had given offence in many quarters because he did not destroy utterly the kingdom of Piedmont and Sardinia and annex the territory to France; but he

was on the ground, and knew how far he could go better than those who were hundreds of miles away from the seat of war. To waste time in advising with the Directors as to what terms should be enforced would only have given an opportunity to delay the settlement and have enabled the Austrians, with whom he yet had to battle, to strengthen their forces and provide means of defence. It must be borne in mind that it took the swiftest courier about seven days to cover the distance between Nice and Paris.

He had also been directed to destroy the Austrian army before advancing against the Sardinians, but these orders he had absolutely ignored, and, following his own bent, had proceeded first, after separating the two armies, to bring the Sardinians to terms. Such conduct of course provoked the opposition of the Directory and to break his power it was suggested to him to share his command with another officer; but he soon killed that project by threatening to resign.

In his communication to Carnot on this matter he wrote: "Kellermann would command the army as well as I; for no one is more convinced than I am of the courage and audacity of the soldiers, but to unite us together would ruin everything. I will not serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe; and it is better to have one bad general than two good ones. War, like government, is decided in a great degree by tact."

In answer to this letter Carnot wrote: "The Directory has maturely considered your argu-

ments; and the confidence which they have in your talents and republican zeal has decided the matter in your favor. Kellermann will remain at Chamberry, and you may adjourn the expedition to Rome as long as you please."

So strong had he grown in public favor that the matter of dividing his authority, as will be seen by Carnot's letter, was hastily and quietly dropped.

He was his own press agent, and the dazzling bulletins he sent home announcing his victories and praising the valor of his troops set the Parisians wild with excitement. After the campaign was over he dispatched Murat to Paris with a score of flags captured from the enemy. At the sight of such trophies of victory the joyous acclamations of that glory-loving people soon silenced the grumblers.

"Soldiers! in a fortnight," said Bonaparte, addressing his victorious army in one of his famous bulletins, "you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one pairs of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, several fortresses, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont; you have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men; you had hitherto been fighting for barren rocks, rendered glorious by your courage but useless to the country; you now rival by your services the army of Holland and of the Rhine. Destitute of everything, you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, crossed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without

brandy, and often without bread. The republican phalanxes, the soldiers of liberty, alone could have endured what you have suffered. Thanks be to you for it, soldiers! Your grateful country will owe to you its prosperity, and, if your conquest at Toulon foreboded the glorious campaign of 1793, your present victories forebode one still more glorious. The two armies which so lately attacked you boldly are fleeing affrighted before you; the perverse men who laughed at your distress and rejoiced in thought at the triumph of your enemies are confounded and trembling. But, soldiers, you have done nothing, since more remains to be done. Neither Turin nor Milan is yours; the ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trampled upon by the murderers of Basseville. There are said to be among you some whose courage is subsiding, and who would prefer returning to the summits of the Apennines and of the Alps. No; I cannot believe it. The conquerors of Montenotte, Millessimo, Dego, and Mondovi are impatient to carry the glory of the French people to distant countries."

CHAPTER VII

BONAPARTE IN ITALY—CONTINUED

Bonaparte had yet another enemy to meet before his victory was complete, and he straightway set about the task.

After the Treaty of Cherasco, which was signed April 28th, Beaulieu retreated to the north side of the Po, and made preparations to defend Lombardy and Milan. Bonaparte headed his forces directly for that river, and ostensibly made preparation to cross it at Valenza. He deployed a large force at that point and acted as if he were bringing into requisition all the boats he could find in that vicinity to be used in the transportation of his troops. The ruse succeeded even beyond his expectations, for Beaulieu never suspected that while these extensive preparations were going on at Valenza the French army without molestation was crossing the river at Palenza, fifty miles away. Beaulieu, finding that he had been outwitted and that his line of communication was threatened, abandoned the defence of Milan, and hastened to Lodi. Marching hurriedly, Bonaparte reached that town only a few hours after the arrival of Beaulieu. The Adda, a branch of the Po, a shallow but rapidly flowing stream, was crossed here by a wooden bridge 200 yards in

length, which bridge the Austrians had not had time to burn, so quickly had the French come upon them. It was, however, strongly defended, and swept by Austrian artillery. Bonaparte had placed behind the town, concealed from the Austrians, a large body of grenadiers, about 6,000 in number. He had given orders to the cavalry to ford the river, and after reaching the other side they were to attack at once the flank of the Austrians while the grenadiers would charge over the bridge and assail them in front. Bonaparte, seeing that the horsemen had safely crossed below, hurriedly, but just in the nick of time, marched his grenadiers out from behind their shelter and ordered them to charge. They responded promptly and with a cheer; but when half way over the bridge, so fierce was the hail of missiles from the Austrian musketry and artillery, that for an instant they faltered and began to recoil. At this moment Bonaparte, Lannes, Massena, and Berthier rushed upon the bridge in the face of almost certain death, steadied the column, and led the charge. The Austrians, attacked in front and on the flank, gave way, and were routed at every point. In the charge across the bridge Lannes was the first and Bonaparte the second man over.

The young commander had shown his skill as a strategist, and in that he had won the confidence and reliance of the troops, but they had never before seen him under fire, and they did not know whether he had that personal courage that so commands the admiration of the common soldiers.

Now they knew the quality and spirit of the man, and he was endeared to them more than ever. Besides his bravery on the bridge, he had shown superb courage by coolly sighting a cannon under a terrific fire during the artillery duel, before the grenadiers charged.

It was his almost miraculous escape from death at Lodi that induced him to believe that he was "destined to accomplish great things." "Vendémiaire and Montenotte," he said, "never induced me to look on myself as a man of a superior class; it was not till after Lodi that I was struck with the possibility of becoming famous. It was then that the first spark of my ambition was kindled."

In the evening after the battle, a number of sergeants of the regiments of grenadiers called at his tent and informed him that they had elected him *"le petit caporal."* He evinced the greatest pride and satisfaction in being honored, by the conferring of so distinguished a title, for he looked upon it as a term of endearment. It was proof that he had won the hearts of his soldiers. After the ceremony the camp rang, far into the night, with shouts of "Long live the little corporal."

Lombardy belonged to Austria and was nominally governed by Duke Ferdinand, who lived in great state in Milan, maintaining a court that equaled in magnificence that of Vienna. It was one of the richest fiefs of the house of Hapsburg and one of the brightest jewels in its crown. This was the fertile land to which Bonaparte had promised to lead his troops, and every step of

the way had been marked by victories. It was a region rich in harvests of grain and fruit, its barns were bursting with fulness. A valley in the highest state of cultivation, watered by streams flowing from the Alps and the Apennines and enriched by an alluvial deposit almost as fruitful as that of the Nile, it was a province of great wealth and a storehouse of art.

The duke and his court fled at the approach of the French, and at once Bonaparte, without the loss of a man or a gun, entered the city in triumph amidst the acclamations of the people. Never did richer booty fall so easily into the hands of a conqueror. "Fortune is a woman," exclaimed Bonaparte to Marmont as they rode side by side through the gates of the city; "the more she does for me the more I shall exact from her. . . . In our day no one has conceived anything great; it falls to me to give the example."

The French did not present the fine military appearance of the Austrians. The latter marched in regular order, were well drilled, and handsomely uniformed; while the former, in shabby, often ragged clothes, the officers in many instances not wearing boots, swung along with a swaggering air, the fifes playing and the drums beating the wild strains of the "*Ça ira*" and the soldiers at intervals singing in chorus the inspiring words of the Marseillaise, the battle hymn of the Republic. Their air of abandon diffused on all sides the spirit of freedom, independence, and patriotism, the result of a new birth of lib-

erty. They were the children, the proud heirs, of the Revolution. At their head rode a young commander, boyish in appearance, with long lank hair falling over his temples and ears and reaching to his shoulders, with a cold, impassive face and with eyes deep set and searching and as impenetrable as those of the Egyptian Sphinx. With hat off and bowing to the people, the young Bonaparte was the centre of attraction; every finger pointed him out, every lip mentioned his name.

He had led a half-starved, half-clothed army from the cheerless, barren passes of the Alps into the sunny, fertile fields of Italy; he had scattered the armies of Piedmont and Austria, driving the former out of the field, had revolutionized the science of war, had won for himself immortal fame, and had covered France with a lustrous glory. "He knows nothing, this boy general of yours, of the regular rules of war," said a Hungarian officer, taken prisoner by the French; "he is on the front, next moment on the rear, then on either flank. You know not where to look for him; such violation of rules is intolerable." War up to this time had been conducted by stiff and starched martinets in accordance with rules as precise as those laid down in a dueling code, but Bonaparte had changed all this; he was a law unto himself. He planned his battles to meet conditions. He did not move his men as a player would his pawns in a game of chess.

On May twentieth, Bonaparte issued another one of his famous proclamations to the army. His

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original water color in brilliant colors by Victor Adam
From the Joseph Bonaparte Collection

force had been considerably reduced by the desertion of soldiers who, forming marauding parties, were scouring the country and despoiling it. "Soldiers!" he said, "you have rushed like a torrent from the summit of the Apennines; you have overthrown, dispersed everything that opposed your progress. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian tyranny, has returned to her natural sentiments of peace and friendship for France. Milan is yours, and the republican flag waves throughout all Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena owe their political existence to your generosity alone. Your families at home, your fathers, your mothers, your wives, your daughters and sweethearts, are rejoicing in your achievements and boasting with pride that you belong to them. Yes, soldiers, you have done much; but is there nothing more left for you to do? Do not let posterity reproach us for having found our Capua in Lombardy. Rome is yet to be liberated; the eternal city is to renew her youth and show again the virtues of her worthy sons, Brutus and Scipio. Then, when France gives peace to the world and each of you at his own hearthstone, under his own vine and fig tree, will be enjoying the prosperity won by your valor, your fellow-citizens will point at you with affectionate and patriotic pride and exclaim: 'Behold! he was of the army of Italy.'"

Las Casas says that "on reading over this proclamation one day at St. Helena, the emperor exclaimed: 'And yet they have the folly to say that I could not write.'"

Bonaparte had exacted the payment of large sums of money from the Italian states, and had replenished the coffers of the Directory and the chests of the armies on the Rhine and the Sambre. He was already beginning to adorn the capital with the paintings of the old masters. Whether it was a Cæsar embellishing Rome or an Attila despoiling Italy depended entirely upon the point of view taken by the observer. "The Republic had already received and placed in its Museum," says Thibaudeau, "the masterpieces of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The Romans carried away from conquered Greece the statues which adorn the capitol. The principal cities of Europe contained the spoils of antiquity, and no one had ever thought of imputing it to them as a crime."

Nor must we forget that Lord Elgin, under the sanction of the English government, trespassed on the sacred precincts of the Acropolis and despoiled the Parthenon, and that the friezes sculptured by the immortal Phidias are to-day on exhibition in the British Museum.

The walls of the Italian churches, museums, private palaces and public galleries were stripped of the priceless and incomparable paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Raphael, Correggio and Titian. The Duke of Parma offered Bonaparte 1,000,000 francs if he would relinquish his hold on the famous painting of Jerome by Correggio, but Bonaparte declined to consider the offer. Ancient manuscripts, books of inestimable value, were packed away in the holds of frigates and shipped to France. Learned men,

scholars of the first rank, were brought from Paris to examine the collections, both scientific and literary, and make selections for the museums and libraries of the French capital. During all this period of spoliation, Bonaparte kept his fingers clean. He of course was entitled to vast sums of prize money but from no other source did he derive any personal profit. The Duke of Modena sent him a present of 4,000,000 francs, which munificent gift he promptly declined to accept.

Some of his officers were not so particular as their chief, and lined their purses with ill-gotten wealth, and many of the soldiers of the rank and file let no opportunity pass to help themselves, carrying heavy treasure in their knapsacks, at great personal inconvenience, during the entire campaign. The big army wagons that at the beginning were as empty as a beggar's wallet now fairly groaned under the weight of the rich booty they contained, and were guarded with as much care as if they carried the ark of the covenant.

For a week and more the army rested in Milan and then, after the establishment of a provisional republic, Bonaparte moved his troops forward to begin the invasion of Austria. He reached Lodi on the 24th. During this time insurrections broke out in several of the cities, and Bonaparte had to adopt desperate measures to suppress them, hostages chosen from the distinguished and wealthy citizens resulted in restoring order and securing the peace.

An incident happened about this time that might

have had a serious ending. Bonaparte, while at Valeggio, stopped in a cottage to take a foot-bath in order to relieve a headache. The Austrian horse reconnoitring in the neighborhood suddenly appeared in sight; an alarm, none too soon, was given, and Bonaparte hastily beat a retreat through the garden, with only one boot on, leaped into the saddle of his horse and galloped away with all speed, followed by the Austrians in full chase, until he reached the camp of Massena. After this adventure a bodyguard was chosen for his personal protection and placed under the command of a brave young officer, Colonel Bessières, which organization ultimately became the Imperial Guard of the Grand Army.

On the 30th of May, 1796, Bonaparte forced the passage of the Mincio, where Beaulieu had taken up his position. The Austrians, thinking it wise not to give battle, retreated into the Tyrol, and the French began the siege of Mantua, which town had been strongly garrisoned and provisioned by Beaulieu.

Between the Po and the Adige is a vast tract of land known as the Quadrilateral, marked at its four corners by the towns of Legnago, Verona, Peschiera, and Mantua, all of which were strongly fortified and made together at that time the most famous strategical position in Europe, no doubt in the world. Bonaparte, to command the approaches to Austria and to be in a position to oppose successfully any relieving army sent to Mantua, had seized three out of the four towns forming the Quadrilateral which were located in

Venetia and had done this in direct violation of neutrality laws.

Beaulieu, having shown himself utterly unable to cope with Bonaparte, was succeeded in command by General Würmser, a brave and valiant officer but a soldier of the old school.

In the space of about six months, from the summer of 1796 to the winter of 1797, Austria sent out four armies under the command of her most skilful and experienced officers to dislodge Bonaparte and raise the siege of Mantua.

Before the first Imperial army took the field, however, Bonaparte made an incursion under the order of the Directory into the Papal States, and seized Bologna. The relations had been strained between the Republic and the Papacy since 1793, when the French envoy, Basseville, was brutally assassinated in Rome, and it was upon this ground that the attack was made. The matter reached a speedy solution, for the Pope had no military force sufficient to repel the invaders, and the anathema was a poor weapon with which to fight a man like Bonaparte. The terms of the treaty were that the States should be closed against the commerce of England and that a French garrison should guard the port of Ancona. Besides this the Pope consented to deliver to the French Commissioners, as they should determine, "one hundred pictures, busts, vases or statues, among which were specially included the bronze bust of Junius Brutus and the marble bust of Marcus Brutus, together with five hundred manuscripts." The raid cost the Papal States in money and kind

about 35,000,000 francs. The murder of Basseville was avenged.

A visit to Leghorn brought Tuscany to terms, and a heavy requisition was made on her wealth and treasures.

The first army sent forth by Austria to relieve Mantua and to recover Lombardy, advanced in two divisions, one led by Würmser and the other by Quosdanowich. Bonaparte at once concentrated his forces, and after skilful manœuvring completely outwitted his opponents, kept the divisions apart, and defeated them in a number of brilliant engagements, one after the other, Castiglione, fought on August the fifth, being the most important; in fact, it was the decisive battle of the campaign and resulted in the loss of Italy to the Austrians.

The second victory at Lonato was won without firing a gun. The French troops had massed at Lonato and had defeated the Austrians at that place on the 31st of July. Bonaparte following up his victory was anxious to bring the enemy to an engagement on the plain of Castiglione, and had pushed his troops forward as rapidly as possible, leaving a force in Lonato of only a thousand men. He had galloped in post haste across the country to give final instructions and reached Lonato about midday, when, greatly to his surprise, an Austrian messenger bearing a flag of truce entered the town and summoned the French to surrender. Bonaparte was put to his wits' end. He had not time to fight a battle with so small a force of the enemy as confronted him, in

view of the great preparations he had made at Castiglione to bring Würmser to an engagement, and so he resorted to an artifice and succeeded in his trick by sheer audacity. He immediately ordered all the officers about him to mount their horses, and then directed that the eyes of the messenger be uncovered. "Wretched man," said he, "do you not know that you are in the presence of the general-in-chief and that he is here with his whole army? Go to those who sent you here and tell them that unless they surrender at once I shall put them to the sword." The messenger, believing it was as Bonaparte stated, hurried back, and four thousand Austrians laid down their arms. During this period, that is from July 31st to August 5th, inclusive, Bonaparte neither took off his boots nor lay on a bed. His energy was sleepless.

After the battle of Castiglione there was a cessation of active hostilities for about a month. The armies then were put in motion, and, on the 8th of September, met at Bassano, where the Austrians again suffered a severe defeat. Würmser was now in a desperate situation; his army was almost surrounded by the French, while the Adige cut off his retreat; a bridge, however, which should have been destroyed, gave him a chance to escape and after defeating some French forces that attempted to intercept his march he reached Mantua.

The Republic was not so successful elsewhere as in Italy, for the young Archduke Charles, who was just beginning his military career, defeated

the armies of the Rhine under the command of Moreau and Jourdan. His victories gave great encouragement to the Imperial government in Vienna and preparations were at once made to begin another campaign to wrest Lombardy from Bonaparte.

Würmser was sent out with a new army and, although he took a different route from that in his first campaign, his tactics were about the same. He advanced in two divisions. Bonaparte, virtually abandoning the siege of Mantua, gathered all his available forces and after a most brilliant campaign in which his genius as a soldier was never displayed in a higher degree, inflicted disastrous defeats on both divisions. Marching and countermarching, striking unexpectedly in one quarter and then in another, covering in eight days 114 miles, Bonaparte at last drove Würmser with a remnant of his army, shattered and defeated, into Mantua. In this brief campaign the Austrians lost in killed and wounded half their number.

The Emperor of Austria, still determined to recover Lombardy, if possible, sent out another army, this time under the command of General Alvintzy, who advanced, as was characteristic of the Austrians, in two widely separated divisions. The wise military maxim: "March in separate columns; unite for fighting," did not seem to have a place in the rules of Austrian tactics and warfare of those days.

One division of the advancing army was under the command of Alvintzy and the other under

Davidowich. Bonaparte at first was not so successful in this campaign as in the others; on the 12th of November he sustained a severe defeat at Caldiero and it looked as if he could not prevent the junction of the two Austrian divisions. But with superb audacity and with marvelous skill, he extricated his army from its perilous position and without the loss of an hour, while his adversaries were studying plans for his capture, he crossed and recrossed the Adige and suddenly appeared on the flank and rear of Alvintzy's troops. The key to the situation was the town of Arcola, which was desperately defended by the Austrians. Bonaparte here, as at Lodi, rushed upon the bridge with colors in hand to lead the charge, but a counterstroke by the Austrians threw him into a swamp up to his waist in water and it was with difficulty and only after a rally by his troops that he was extricated from his peril.

It was not until November 17th, after three days of the bitterest fighting, that a passage was forced and then Alvintzy, seeing that his lines of communication were threatened, decided to retreat.

The emperor, still persistent in his attempts to relieve Mantua, launched forth another army under the command of Alvintzy. The combatants met at Rivoli on January 14, 1797, where the Austrians sustained a crushing defeat after the loss of 13,000 men. Bonaparte forthwith marched to the Adige just in time to intercept Provera, who was about to enter Mantua, and

compelled him to surrender with a force of nine thousand men. After reverses so terrible there was nothing to do but capitulate, the gates of the city were thrown open to the besiegers, and Würmser's force of twenty thousand men laid down their arms on February 2, 1797. Bonaparte, with a noble-mindedness that did him credit, declined to be present at the surrender so as not to add to the mortification of the old Austrian general.

After the fall of Mantua a new army of fifty thousand men took the field under the command of Archduke Charles, and so relentlessly did Bonaparte push forward his columns and so skillfully did he manœuvre his troops, outgeneraling the youthful duke at every point, that on the 7th of April, 1797, he reached Leoben, less than a hundred miles from Vienna, where an armistice was agreed upon.

At this time, while negotiations were pending with Austria, the inhabitants of Venetia rose in insurrection to expel the French invaders. Bonaparte repaired at once to Venice, entering that city on the 10th of May, and the ancient republic, its rich treasures falling as booty into the hands of the despoiler, ingloriously ended its career. The Lion of St. Mark and the famous Corinthian horses were carried to Paris.

During the summer Bonaparte spent his time in the castle of Montebello near Milan, negotiating with the Austrian commissioners or envoys the terms for a treaty of peace. The chief concern of the representatives of the court of Vienna at

the preliminaries was to settle the all-important question of etiquette. According to time-honored custom it was contended that the emperor had precedence before the kings of France, and that he was always named first in the preamble of treaties or conventions. The two envoys of the house of Hapsburg would deign to acknowledge the French Republic if this ancient etiquette were preserved: "The French Republic," proudly answered Bonaparte, "has no need to be acknowledged; it is in Europe like the sun above the horizon; so much the worse for those blind wretches who can neither see nor profit by it." It was agreed finally that France and the emperor should stand on an equality and take turns in precedence.

While at Milan Bonaparte established a court and was eager to have Josephine adorn it with her presence. His letters to her were afire with love, and he dispatched courier after courier, on an average about eight a day, begging her to come to his side at once, but her replies were few, short, and far apart, and as cold as ice when compared with his passionate epistles.

After his great victories, when he was recognized everywhere as the coming man of the Republic, Josephine's society was sought and courted by the most fashionable and aristocratic classes in Paris. She was fêted and feasted and was the centre of attraction and attention at every reception, her easy, graceful, and charming manner winning admiration on all sides. This was just the kind of life that suited her gay and frivolous

nature and she was loath to leave Paris for what she supposed would be but a dull routine in Milan and what some of her friends intimated would be accompanied by the inconveniences and hardships of camp life. Bonaparte, however, became importunate, and at last his wife, after an outburst of weeping, started for Italy. Upon her arrival in Milan she found, much to her surprise as well as delight, that the court established by her husband was brilliant enough to satisfy even her fastidious taste, and would afford her every opportunity for the display of her charms, and so well did she play the rôle of hostess that her victories in the *salon* were as great as her husband's in the field.

This haughty pro-consul of the Republic surrounded himself with almost regal state. Three hundred Polish soldiers in brilliant uniforms guarded the approaches to the castle. His generals and staff officers formed a superb and brilliant retinue. Foreign envoys and ambassadors, Italian nobles, scholars and artists crowded his ante-chamber, waiting for an audience.

The following interesting pen portrait of Bonaparte at this period was drawn by the Comte d' Antraigues, who was a close and critical observer: "Bonaparte is a man of small stature, of sickly hue, with piercing eyes and something in his look and mouth which is cruel, covert, and treacherous; speaking very little, but very talkative when his vanity is engaged or thwarted; of very poor health because of violent humors in his blood. He is covered with tetter, a disease of

such a sort as to increase his vehemence and activity. He sleeps but three hours every night and takes no recreation, except when his sufferings are unendurable. This man wishes to master France and through France Europe. Everything else even in his present successes seems to be but a means to an end. Thus he steals without concealment, plunders everything, but he cares for his gold and treasures only as a means. This same man who will rob a community to the last sou, will without thought give a million francs to any person who can assist him. This man abhors royalty; he hates the Bourbons. If there were a king in France other than himself he would like to have been his maker and would desire royal authority to rest on the tip of his own sword, that sword he would never surrender but would plunge it into the king's heart should the monarch cease for a moment to be subservient."

While the conferences over the treaty were dragging their slow length along, while experienced and adroit diplomats were resorting to subtlety, finesse, and all the arts of their profession, Bonaparte grew very impatient at what he considered needless delays, and the story goes that upon one occasion he jumped from his chair in the midst of a conference and exclaimed in a furious rage: "Very well, then! Let the war begin again, but remember, I will shatter your monarchy in three months as I now shatter this ornament," the irate soldier at the same time dashing to the floor a precious vase that stood on a table close at hand. It was a rare and valuable piece of

porcelain highly prized by Cobentzal, one of the Austrian ambassadors, for it had been given to him personally by Catharine II of Russia.

While the negotiations were pending in Italy, the political situation in France was reaching an acute stage. The elections of 1797 had returned many royalists as members to both chambers of the Councils, so that, forming a combination with the moderates, they controlled a majority of votes in each chamber and on joint ballot. The presiding officers were pronounced royalists, and it was the open boast that an effort would be made to overthrow the Directory and restore the Bourbons. General Pichegru, the conqueror of Holland, having abandoned his Jacobinism, was deep in the conspiracy and was scheming with a club of royalists which met at Clichy near Paris, and was also in correspondence with Austria. Carnot and Barthélemy, two of the Directors, went over to the opposition. Barras, Rewbell and Lareveilliere-Lepeaux remained united and called on Bonaparte for assistance. The young and ambitious general saw it was greatly to his interest to balk every attempt made to effect a Bourbon restoration and so, without showing his hand too openly, he responded promptly by sending Augereau to the capital while he himself kept in the background by stating in a note to the Directors that Augereau had requested leave to go to Paris, "where his affairs call him." No one would suspect under this cover that Augereau came as the instrument to carry out the wishes of Bonaparte and to effect the *coup d'état*.

This burly, blustering soldier made known his purpose at once by declaring that he had come "to kill the royalists." He organized the government forces, surrounded the Tuileries, seized the malcontents, threw them into prison and broke up the conspiracy. This was the famous *coup d'état* of the eighteenth of Fructidor (September 4th), 1797.

Carnot fled, and Barthélemy was arrested at the Luxembourg. Pichegru was also apprehended. His secret correspondence with Austria was captured by General Moreau before his (Pichegru's) arrest, but for reasons never fully explained Moreau did not make it known until some time afterwards. Great numbers of the conspirators were transported to the poisonous, pestilential swamps of Cayenne in French Guiana.

On October 17, 1797, the Treaty of Campo Formio was signed. It gave to France the Rhine as a frontier. Austria recognized the Ligurian and Cisalpine republics: Genoa, Lombardy, Modena and Bologna. For the loss of Lombardy, Austria was given Venice and her Adriatic provinces. San Marino, one of the oldest and smallest republics in the world, perched aloft in its mountain home on the Apennines like an eagle in its eyry, was not disturbed. One interesting feature of the negotiations was that Bonaparte insisted upon and secured the release of General La Fayette from the prison of Olmutz, where he had been confined since his arrest in 1792.

Thus ended the campaign in Italy, one of the most brilliant in the annals of war either in ancient

or in modern times. Perhaps Napoleon in his whole military career never displayed greater genius as a soldier. He was in the heyday of his youth, his energy was tireless, his enthusiasm and ambition were keen, and the confidence he had in himself was superb. The skill in his strategy, the certainty of his combinations, the rapidity of his movements were never surpassed by him at any later or more experienced period of his life. Had his career ended here, his reputation as a soldier would have been secured and his name enrolled among the greatest and most successful captains of the world.

Briefly to recapitulate: He took command of an army, discontented, and impoverished, and revived their enthusiasm and courage. He had two armies to meet the length of whose line covered a distance of sixty miles, he concentrated his troops and struck suddenly and with force the point where the two armies joined and after several decisive victories hurled them back upon their respective bases of supply. These bases being divergent and far distant from each other, the two armies were drawn further apart the closer they approached them; in other words, the Sardinians retreated towards Turin and the Austrians towards Alessandria. When the allied armies were thus separated so as not to be able to assist each other, Bonaparte left a force sufficient to hold the Austrians in check and then turned to give his attention alone to the Sardinians. He followed them so rapidly, so persistently, so relentlessly, that he finally forced them to lay

down their arms and renounce their alliance with the Austrians.

One army having been destroyed, Bonaparte united his forces and again assumed the offensive. By a clever piece of strategy, he crossed the Po, invaded Lombardy and inflicted at Lodi a crushing blow on the Austrians who, having abandoned the defence of Milan, gave an opportunity to Bonaparte to enter that city in triumph without firing a gun. Having rested his army for a week, he again took the field, crossed the Mincio and laid siege to Mantua, one of the fortified approaches to Austria. Four armies, as we have heretofore seen, were sent against him, which he defeated in order, one after the other. Mantua having fallen and the road now being open to Vienna, he proceeded towards that city, when he was intercepted by an Austrian army of 50,000 men under the command of Archduke Charles, whom he quickly defeated and compelled to sue for peace at a town called Leoben about ninety miles from Vienna. The world stood in amazement and marveled at the signal power and genius of so consummate a captain.

Not only had Bonaparte shown his ability as a soldier, but also as a politician, diplomat, and statesman. He modeled and constituted the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics, erected and organized the kingdom of Lombardy, inaugurated a system of public improvements, introduced administrative reforms in all the departments of government, fostered a spirit of religious tolerance, created a sentiment of patriotism and a

desire for progress and enlightenment. Although he spread liberty throughout Northern and Central Italy, his ceding to Austria of Venice, that, as a republic, had enjoyed her independence for a thousand years, awakened profound indignation. The provisional government of Venice earnestly remonstrated against the transfer, but Bonaparte declared that the necessities of the case compelled the abandonment of the ancient republic, that France no longer could be expected to shed her best blood in merely a moral or sentimental cause.

A converted Venetian Jew, who had assumed the name of Dandolo and who was a man of great wealth and influence in his community, was sent for by Bonaparte and urged to persuade his fellow-citizens to submit with resignation to the conditions. But the Venetians, unwilling to have the heavy hand of Austria laid upon them, sent secretly three envoys, among whom was Dandolo, with deep purses of gold to bribe the Directors in Paris to reject the Treaty of Campo Formio. No doubt the envoys would have been successful with the corrupt home government had Bonaparte not captured them. When he heard of their departure, he sent Duroc in hot haste to overtake them and they were caught before they crossed the Maritime Alps. When brought before Bonaparte at Milan, he upbraided them for their conduct, declaring that if they had succeeded in securing the rejection of the Treaty it would have frustrated all his plans and humiliated him in the face of all Europe; but they maintained a dignified silence under all his reproaches until Dandolo,

appealing to his generosity, moved his heart to compassion. The patriotic envoys were dismissed, but Venice fell. It was the only surrender that marred the phenomenal career of Bonaparte in Italy.

In his first proclamation he declared that he came to free the country and yet his final act was to abandon a sister republic to the oppression of a foreign despot. The sigh of the dying republic, however, was not heard amidst the jubilant acclamations of the French people nor did the surrender, at the time, dim the glory of the young general who now turned his face homewards

CHAPTER VIII

INVASION OF EGYPT

When Bonaparte after his Italian campaign returned to Paris in November, 1797, he received a great ovation, a triumphant reception. The Directory, to show him honor, changed the name of the street on which he lived from rue Chantereine to rue de la Victoire and made him a member of the Institute. He had won a score of pitched battles and forty-seven smaller engagements, had captured 170 colors, 1,500 cannon and 150,000 prisoners. Besides this he had enriched his capital with incomparable masterpieces of art taken from the churches, galleries, and museums of conquered cities. No Cæsar ever brought to Rome richer booty than Bonaparte brought to Paris or was entitled to a greater triumph.

Who was this boy who, disregarding the scientific tactical rules of warfare, had overthrown the armies of renowned and grizzled veteran generals and startled all Europe with the originality of his tactics? "What meant this splendid ignoramus," says Victor Hugo, "who, having everything against him, nothing for him, without provisions, ammunition, guns, shoes, almost without an army, with a handful of men against

masses, dashed at allied Europe and absurdly gained impossible victories?"

A new force had arisen in the politics of the old world, and like a comet it now flamed across the horizon, blinding in its brightness, illuminating, dazzling, scorching, burning. It was yet in its early phase, but holding its course steadily.

Bonaparte, at this time, was but twenty-eight years of age. He had clean-cut classic features, just the face in profile for a medallion. His hair was long and hung loosely over his ears or else was plaited at the sides and tied behind in a queue or what was called a cadogan. His features were bronzed by exposure to wind and sun. His uniform was plain, not adorned with medals and resplendent with gold lace, as were the uniforms of many of his generals; around his waist was wrapped a silk sash about which was clasped his sword belt. He wore top boots and a cocked hat, on the side of which was fastened, at least at the beginning of the campaign, for his soldiers were loyal Jacobins, the tri-color cockade of the Republic. "This child and champion of democracy," as Pitt delighted to call him, led an army whose soldiers were inspired by a spirit of patriotism — the greatest incentive to victory. This was a new sentiment created in the hearts of the common soldiers by the Revolution, and no one knew better how to appeal to it than Bonaparte.

This was the man who, at an age when many have not even chosen their vocations in life, returned to France as the first captain of his time.

This upstart of a Corsican did not lose his head; he held his poise, he knew how fickle the Parisians were; that, like children, when they grew tired of a toy they threw it aside. So, fearing he might grow stale, he took off his military uniform, donned the dress of a member of the Institute and retired to the seclusion of his home, where he enjoyed the companionship of Josephine and cultivated the society of scholars, scientists, and authors. Even when he attended the theatre he avoided all public demonstrations and sat in the darkest corner of his box out of the eye of the audience. Such retirement and modesty so apparent only increased his fame and more closely endeared him to the people.

The Directory, shortly after his return, gave him a magnificent public reception at the Luxembourg. On this occasion he appeared carrying a scroll containing the Treaty of Campo Formio, which in a characteristic speech he presented to the government. During this impressive ceremony there stood back of him, in order to make the scene more dramatic, a beautiful tri-color flag, the standard of the Republic, bearing upon its folds in gilt letters the list of his victories. The Directors were most effusive in their greetings, under which they concealed their fears. "Go there," said Barras pointing towards England, "and capture the giant corsair that infests the seas." Their anxiety to find employment for him abroad only revealed the dread they felt at his presence in the capital.

The wild enthusiasm of the spectators did not

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original drawing by Dubrez

turn the young general's head. He took his honors meekly and bided his time. He was the idol of both soldiers and civilians, but he knew that enthusiasm could easily wear itself out when devoted too long to the same object and his seeming desire to avoid a demonstration only made the people more anxious to give it. He was a good judge of human nature and the game he was playing was a deep one, requiring both skill and wisdom. The politicians tried hard to fathom his purpose and they watched him at the turn of every card. He was too famous and too popular to be safe and they dreaded his rivalry.

What was Bonaparte to do? Europe was in repose, there was no present opportunity for the young soldier to win fresh laurels on the field of battle. "The cankers of a calm world and a long peace" gave his ambition no scope, no chance. His appetite had only been whetted by his past successes and he yearned for more fields to conquer. "The people of Paris do not remember anything," he said to Bourrienne. "Were I to remain here long doing nothing, I should be lost. In this great Babylon everything wears out, my glory has already disappeared." At another time he exclaimed: "I must get away. Paris weighs on me like a leaden mantle."

There was no political opening, at present, and he did not want to lose public favor or waste it by bidding for popular support when there was nothing to gain by it. His age precluded him from membership in the Directory, for one was not eligible to that body until he was forty.

Bonaparte cast his eyes longingly in that direction, but, to use his own words "That pear was not yet ripe."

The members of the Directory were anxious to find some military employment for the young general that would take him out of Paris, or better still out of France, so that when he suggested the practicability of an invasion of England they gladly gave him every encouragement. With a small staff he inspected the forts and defences on the French coast facing the British channel as far north as Dunkirk. The result of the inspection was that he believed the invasion was not feasible, so long as England maintained her command of the sea.

In his report to the government, February 23, 1798, he wrote: "Whatever efforts we make, we shall not for some years gain the naval supremacy. To invade England without that supremacy is the most daring and difficult task ever undertaken." He concludes: "If we cannot invade England, we can at least undertake an eastern expedition which would menace her trade with the Indies."

Being convinced that the invasion and conquest of England were next to impossible so long as she was mistress of the seas, Bonaparte turned his gaze longingly to the Orient.

"I must have more glory," he said to Bourrienne. "This little Europe does not supply enough of it for me. I must seek it in the East; all great fame comes from that quarter." Gigantic projects were seething in his brain, schemes

of mighty conquest that would lead to glory far beyond the dreams of men.

The Directory gladly listened to his propositions, more than anxious to get rid of so formidable a rival, and at once equipped a large fleet and placed under his orders a fine army of 35,000 men. The invasion of Egypt was considered as a flank movement on England. The real purpose of the expedition was the exclusion of Great Britain from all her possessions in the East. It was in contemplation to cut the isthmus of Suez and to secure the exclusive control of the Red Sea to the French Republic. Then, after conquering the East, to overthrow the Turks, seize Constantinople, and "take Europe in the rear." A grander and more comprehensive scheme of conquest than even Alexander ever contemplated!

Great inducements were offered the savants to join the expedition and a number volunteered to go along, among whom were Monge, Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, Berthollet and Fourier, scholars of the highest distinction. Science was to open the East which, up to that time, had been a closed book, to explore its treasures and to study its mysticism. In some quarters the enlistment of these learned men on such a scheme of conquest was greatly ridiculed, but in the end they were found to be a very valuable adjunct to the expedition.

Before sailing, Bonaparte carefully selected a library consisting of one hundred and twenty-five volumes of historical works, among which were translations of Thucydides, Plutarch, Tacitus and

Livy, and books that threw light on the times and lives of Turenne, Condé, Luxembourg, Marlborough and other famous military commanders. Poetical works also constituted a considerable part of the collection. Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, and the French dramatists were found in the library, but the poet who seems to have appealed most to the youthful soldier was the so-called Ossian, whose turgid and declamatory style is often reflected in the writings of Bonaparte, especially in the famous addresses he made from time to time to his soldiers. He carried along forty English novels, "Cook's Voyages," the Bible, the Koran, the Vedas, a book of ancient mythology, and Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws."

At last the fleet was ready to set sail, but the winds continuing to blow from an unfavorable quarter delayed its departure. It was not until May, 1798, that the armada weighed anchor and sailed out of the port of Toulon bound, as some supposed, for the invasion of England. The fleet was under the command of Admiral Brueys, and consisted of thirteen ships of the line, fourteen frigates, seventy-two corvettes and nearly 400 transports carrying the 35,000 troops. The principal army officers were Kléber, Desaix, Bon, Menou and Reynier, under whom served Marmont, Murat, Davoust, and Lannes.

Bourrienne says: "During the whole voyage Napoleon passed the greatest part of his time below in the cabin, reclining upon a couch which by a ball and socket joint at each foot rendered the ship's pitching less perceptible and conse-

quently relieved the sickness from which he was scarcely ever free." In fine weather he would occasionally stroll upon the quarter-deck.

Nelson had sent a fleet into the Mediterranean to watch the movements of the French, but it kept in the offing and made no attempt to give battle, so that the French ships without hindrance sailed on their way and appeared before Malta on the 10th of June. Russia had been looking with longing eyes on the island, hoping to make it a naval base of supplies in the Mediterranean, and had tried, though ineffectually, to make a treaty with its owners, the Knights of St. John, in order to acquire its possession. Bonaparte, fearing the presence of so formidable a rival as Russia so close to the shores of France, decided to seize the little island and annex it to the French Republic. This was the only excuse for its capture. The Knights of St. John were the descendants of those warriors who had, as Christian crusaders, fought in Palestine to rescue the Holy Land from the hands of the infidels. This beautiful island, strongly fortified and surrounded by the Mediterranean, was looked upon as the outpost of Christendom against the Saracen, but the knights on guard were a sorry lot of sentinels. The order was in its decrepitude, weakened by indulgence and luxury; its courage was only a memory. It possessed, however, great wealth and treasure and Bonaparte easily found an excuse for opening hostilities. The fortifications of the island were all but impregnable and the knights, if they had possessed a modicum of the

courage of their ancestors, could easily have kept their assailants at bay. Divided, however, by internal disputes, they soon surrendered one of the strongest fortresses in Europe without making even the show of a defence. After the French troops entered into possession, General Caffarelli, observing the strength of the fortifications, said to Bonaparte: "General, it was lucky there was some one in town to open the gates to us."

Bonaparte, with his wonderful organizing ability, set the government upon a new basis, garrisoned the town with French troops, and then enriched by the vast treasure of the order sailed away to the East. All the gold and silver, whether coin, bullion or vessels, in the treasury of the order and in the Church of St. John, were ruthlessly appropriated and stored away in the flagship of the fleet, the *Orient*. Everything was taken but the massive silver doors of the church and they were missed only because they were painted or colored with some material that concealed their real value.

Nothing further of any moment occurred while Bonaparte was on the way to his destination. He was fortunate in escaping the pursuit of Nelson, for that old sea dog was following with all haste and once almost got upon his heels. The two fleets passed each other in the night. History perhaps would have had another story to tell, and Napoleon's great career doubtless would have been out of it, had the French fleet, while at sea, been overtaken by the English. Never did Bonaparte's star of fortune shine with greater

refulgence. On July 2, 1798, after a successful voyage, but one fraught with great suspense, he landed his troops at Marabout, near Alexandria, and, marching with all haste to that city, thus giving the inhabitants no time to strengthen their defences or to prepare for an assault, assailed and captured it with but slight loss. From a military point of view this unquestionably was a wise move. The soldiers were weary from inaction and a long sea voyage and the victory gave them incentive and aroused their enthusiasm, but from moral and political considerations it was a grave mistake; for he had violated the law of nations by entering upon neutral territory and, without excuse or reason, waging hostilities. He revealed to Europe the spirit of the marauder, the buccaneer, the freebooter. In fact, this whole eastern campaign was without excuse. The peace of the world was disturbed to gratify the inordinate ambition of a restless adventurer.

Bonaparte knew how deep-seated were the bigotry and fanaticism of the Moslems, and he began, at once, to allay their suspicions by assuring them that their religion would not be disturbed. So well did he succeed in quieting their fears that in a short time the tri-color floated over the public buildings side by side with the crescent, while the mosques resounded with prayers for France as well as for Turkey.

As a wise politician and statesman Bonaparte paid respect to all religions but really without having a sincere belief in any of them. Creeds to him were the toys of conscience. He could

with the appearance of orthodox piety and devotion attend a service in a mosque or a synagogue and impress with his reverential air the surrounding worshipers. He made peace with the Egyptians by promising that in his contemplated warfare with the Mamelukes he would protect and defend the Moslem religion. Many stories have been told about his appearing in public in oriental costume, and about his having repaired to a mosque where, sitting cross-legged and swaying his body to and fro, he took part in the worship of Mahomet like a true Moslem. Although these stories, doubtless, were greatly exaggerated, there must have been something in his conduct that gave rise to them. Bourrienne admits that Bonaparte upon one occasion donned the turban and the loose trousers of the Turks, but simply for the amusement of his friends. "I never," said Napoleon, "followed any of the tenets of the Mahometan religion. I never prayed in the mosques. I never abstained from wine, nor was circumcised, neither did I ever profess it. I said merely that we were the friends of the Mussulmans and respected their Prophet, which they really believed, as the French soldiers never went to church and had no priest with them, for you must know that during the Revolution there was no religion whatever in the army."

It was a standing joke among his soldiers that to gain the favor and the confidence of the Moslems he had told their chiefs and priests that he had destroyed the Association of the Knights of Malta because the Order of St. John had for its

purpose the waging of war against the followers of Mahomet.

This man who in after years could imprison the pope, angrily kick over a chair in his presence and force him to sign the Concordat, or who could insolently at his coronation seize the crown from the aged pontiff's hands and place it on his own brow, had not much regard for the church when it stood between him and his ambition; and to gain his point such a man would flatter, deceive or denounce either Christian or Moslem.

Shortly after his arrival he issued a proclamation in which he described the tyranny of the Mamelukes and promised to rid the land of these marauders. "Are we not true Mussulmans?" the address read. "Have we not destroyed the power of the Pope whose declared purpose it is to overthrow the Moslem religion? Thrice happy they who are on our side. Happy those who are neutral, for they shall have time to understand us and shall array themselves with us. But woe, thrice woe to those who shall take up arms for the Mamelukes. They shall perish."

Menou and a number of his companions made open avowal of the faith of Islam and these conversions created a good impression among the Orientals who thought it possible, inasmuch as the French soldiers had no religion, no services, and no chaplains to proselyte the whole army.

Placing Kléber in command of Alexandria, Bonaparte on July 4th, only two days after the capture of that city, marched with his troops

across the desert into the interior on his way to Cairo.

The sky was cloudless, the sun pitiless, the landscape shadeless. The sand, into which the feet of the men sank at every step, was burning hot, the atmosphere was like the breath of an oven; even the shades of night brought but little if any relief, the soldiers were stung by pestiferous insects and scorpions and consumed by an intolerable thirst, for water was scarce and the little that was found in the wells had been polluted by the Arabs. The supply of food gave out, for it was impossible to keep it fresh in so hot a climate. To add to all these miseries, crowds of half-naked felaheen assailed the marchers by firing from behind the low sand hills, while ferocious Bedouins hung on the flanks and rear, cutting off the stragglers. Men grew mutinous, even officers of high rank, tormented almost beyond endurance dashed their hats to the ground in a rage and cursed the day that had brought them to this burning hell. "Are we here," sneeringly asked the common soldiers, "to get the seven acres of land promised to us by Bonaparte when we were in Lombardy?"

When General Caffarelli, a most popular officer who had lost a leg in the Rhenish campaign, rode down the lines endeavoring to cheer the drooping spirits of the troops, a witty soldier in the ranks cried out amidst the laughter of his comrades: "Ah! he does not care, not he! he has one leg in France."

Through all these trying days Bonaparte pre-

served his usual composure and suffered with the rest without complaint.

"Well! General!" said one of the soldiers addressing Bonaparte, "is this the way you take us to India?"

"No," was the quick retort, "I would not undertake so glorious an enterprise with such warriors as you."

The soldier's honor was stung to the quick and, touching his hat, without saying another word, he turned aside, mortified and humiliated.

At last the river Nile was reached, where after having quenched their thirst the troops renewed their courage and for a time ceased their murmurs. While on their march to Cairo and when at Chebreiss, but a short distance from that city, they met a troop of Mamelukes, 800 in number, which they scattered to the four winds. They then pushed their way along the banks of the Nile to a small town called Embebeh, opposite Cairo. Here the Mamelukes were strongly fortified but their army consisted almost solely of cavalry, having neither infantry nor artillery worth mentioning.

Egypt belonged nominally to Turkey, but really it was under the rule of the Mamelukes, a military caste that, it is said, found its origin in the bodyguard of the famous Saladin. They were broken into factions and made constant forays which kept the country in a state of fear, suspense and tumult. They even defied the power of the Porte.

They were superb horsemen, born to the sad-

dle, and the bits in the mouths of their steeds were so powerful that the most fiery animals were easily checked at full speed. Their stirrups were short, which gave them great command in the use of the sabre, while the pommel and the back part of the saddle were very high, thus providing the rider a comfortable seat and enabling him while on a journey to sleep without falling. They inhabited a burning desert and lived with their wives and children in flying camps, seldom remaining more than two nights in any one place. They looked with contempt upon the French foot-soldiers and confidently made preparations to sweep them from the plains.

The battlefield was most spectacular. The waters of the mysterious Nile flowed by in sight of both armies, the minarets of Cairo in the distance glistened in the sun above the walls of the city, while the Pyramids to the south, with their forty centuries, calmly looked down on the combatants.

The French opened the battle by attacking the fortifications, which they easily captured. The soldiers not engaged in this assault were formed in solid squares with the savants, the asses, and the baggage in the centre. Suddenly from behind the sand dunes came a body of ten thousand horsemen. The earth shook beneath the tread of these mighty squadrons. The horses, the finest of their breed — full-blooded Arabians, beautifully caparisoned, and the riders in picturesque costumes, with plumes waving and scimitars flashing in the sunlight, presented a magnificent

spectacle as they dashed against the solid phalanxes of the French infantry; but it was like the sea beating against a rock-bound coast. The Mamelukes fought with the desperate courage of fatalists, all the while crying: "There is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet;" but when they got within musket range of the French they were mowed down in swaths.

Failing to force their horses through the squares they would wheel them around and try to make an opening by kicking. In despair and frantic with rage they threw at the heads of the French their pistols, carbines and poniards while the wounded crawled along the ground and slashed at the legs of the soldiers with their curved swords. The dead and dying lay in heaps, hundreds of riderless horses were galloping in every direction over the plain, the intelligent beasts neighing and looking for their masters.

The beys who commanded the Mamelukes, crestfallen and dismayed by their unexpected defeat, gathered their shattered and scattered forces and hurriedly left the field.

Such was the famous battle of the Pyramids, a battle in which superb courage was shown by the Mamelukes against the order and discipline of trained soldiers; but it was not war, it was mere slaughter. The veterans, fresh from the hotly contested fields of Italy, found it child's play. In truth, the open battles in this campaign in Egypt were so easily won that a victory did not seem to be a triumph.

The losses of the French in this engagement were not more than thirty killed and about one hundred and fifty wounded, while the Mamelukes lost several thousand, many hundreds being drowned. The day after the battle the French soldiers fished the Nile with bent bayonets for dead Mamelukes to strip them of the jewels and treasure which it was their custom to carry concealed about their persons. It is said that each body was worth about 10,000 francs to the fortunate finder.

The battle not only struck terror into the inhabitants of both Asia and Africa, but also created great wonder and admiration. The news was carried into the interior by caravans and many of the people at heart really rejoiced at the defeat of the Mameluke cavalry that so long had tyrannized over the country. The flaming squares which had destroyed the charging squadrons so impressed the imagination of the Orientals that they called Bonaparte Sultan Kebir, Sultan of Fire.

CHAPTER IX

INVASION OF EGYPT—CONTINUED

While Bonaparte was at Cairo he received news of the destruction of his ships in the so-called battle of the Nile. It came like a bolt from a clear sky.

Nelson, in his pursuit of the French fleet, had for weeks scoured the seas and at last came upon it suddenly in Abouker Bay, lying at anchor close under a lee shore. The ships were stretched out in a line forming a semicircle, one end of which was protected by land batteries, under ordinary conditions rather a safe bunk. But, after reconnoitring, Nelson decided quickly upon a plan of battle and although the night was falling orders were given to prepare at once for action. Five British ships were rammed between the French fleet and the shallows, while the other British ships engaged the enemy in front on the seaward side. The French vessels, thus placed between two fires, were swept fore and aft, their decks becoming literally pools of blood. During all the night, for the battle raged continuously for fifteen hours, the carnage was dreadful, and when the morning dawned the sun looked down upon a scene that beggared description; it was a ghastly sight, death, wreckage, and destruction every-

where. Two French ships of the line and two frigates were the only vessels that escaped. The rest of the fleet was burnt, sunk, or captured. The *Orient* had been sent to the bottom by an explosion, carrying with it all the spoils and treasure that had been taken from the Order of St. John at Malta. Admiral Brueys, in command of the French, bravely met a sailor's death, going down with his flag ship as it sank.

This famous battle settled the question as to naval supremacy. There was a grave controversy over the point as to who was responsible for the disaster. Bonaparte placed the blame upon the shoulders of Brueys, but the poor admiral was under the waters and could make no answer. It was, in truth, more a question as to the superiority of naval commanders than anything else. The fight was won by the skill and courage of Nelson, and if he had been in command of the French fleet the victory doubtless would have been with it, for Nelson was on the sea what Bonaparte was on land.

Although much depressed by the news, Bonaparte soon recovered his wonted composure.

All communication with Europe being severed, he turned his attention alone to Egypt. "Well!" he exclaimed, "here we must remain or achieve a grandeur like that of the ancients." To be sure, Europe was cut off, but the way to India was yet open and he still conjured in his mind the idea of building an eastern empire even surpassing in its greatness the wildest dreams of Alexander. The fact that he sent a letter to Tip-

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original drawing in blue by an unknown artist

poo Sahib, an Indian prince then at war with Great Britain, entreating him to hold out and promising him assistance, is a fair indication of his ultimate purpose.

The great power of Bonaparte lay in adapting himself to conditions no matter how adverse, and never did he display more resolution and fortitude of soul than in this distressing period, a period with its difficulties that would have broken the spirit of any man with less courage. By his example he inspired confidence in the weak and revived the spirits of the strong.

When the soldiers realized how far they were from home, now that the French fleet was destroyed, their murmurs greatly increased. Even some of the highest officers complained of their lot; among the latter was General Alexander Dumas, commander of the horse. Dumas was a tall, powerful mulatto, whose complaints were loud and deep, whose despondency had become contagious and whose example had created a spirit of discontent among the troops. "Take care," said Bonaparte, addressing the burly negro, "that your seditious utterances do not compel me to perform my duty: your six feet of stature shall not save you from being shot."

To quiet the discontent Bonaparte offered passports to those who were anxious to return to France. He was very careful, however, to see that those whom he desired to retain did not go.

He strove to divert the thoughts of his men from the great disaster, and on the seventh anniversary of the founding of the Republic, the first

of Vendémiaire, issued a stirring address, among other things saying: "Five years ago the independence of the French people was threatened, but you took Toulon. A year afterwards you defeated the Austrians at Dego. The following year you were on the summits of the Alps. Two years ago you were engaged against Mantua, and you gained the famous victory of St. George. Last year you were at the sources of the Drave and the Isongo. Who would then have said that you would be to-day on the banks of the Nile in the centre of the old world? From the Englishman, celebrated in the arts and commerce, to the hideous and ferocious Bedouin, all nations have their eyes fixed upon you. Soldiers, yours is a glorious destiny because you are worthy of what you have done, and of the opinion that is entertained of you. You will die with honor like the brave men whose names are inscribed on this pyramid, or you will return to your country covered with laurels and with the admiration of all nations. On this day forty millions of people are celebrating the era of representative governments, forty millions of citizens are thinking of you. All of them are saying, 'To their labors, to their blood we are indebted for the general peace, for repose, for the prosperity of commerce, and for the blessings of civil liberty!'"

In commemoration of this great festival of the Republic, and in order to pay tribute to the valor of the dead and to stimulate the courage of the living, he had cut on Pompey's pillar the names of the first forty soldiers slain in Egypt. "These

forty names of men sprung from the villages of France," observes Thiers, "were thus associated with the immortality of Pompey and Alexander."

Upper Egypt showing signs of mutiny, Desaix had been sent forth with a body of troops to restore order and obedience and he accomplished his mission. The country was laid bare as if swept by a tornado. "When they make a solitude they call it peace," was the incisive language of Tacitus in referring to the conquests of the Romans, which in this instance may truthfully be applied to the French. "To plunder, to slay, to harry they miscall empire."

Accepting his fate and acting as if the East were to be the only theatre of his future operations, Bonaparte began, at once, to reorganize the government. He set up printing presses and published a newspaper, erected foundries and factories, planned the construction of canals and dams for the purposes of transportation and irrigation, laid out vineyards and extended and improved the cultivation of corn and rice, built windmills for the grinding of grain and great ovens for the baking of bread. He established a brewery and manufactured a native beer, which to the soldiers in that torrid, sun-beaten land was a most refreshing beverage. To provide for the pleasure and amusement of the officers and men there was opened a public resort called the Tivoli Gardens which in its features resembled the Palais Royal.

The engineers drew plans and began a series of surveys; the savants took astronomical observa-

tions and made celestial discoveries, explored the country and studied it archæologically, geologically and geographically, established a laboratory and organized at the suggestion of Bonaparte himself a learned society called the Institute of Egypt.

It was about this time that a French officer of engineers, M. Boussard, while digging the foundations of Fort St. Julien near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, found a stone tablet about three feet, seven inches long by two feet, six inches wide, containing inscriptions in three different characters, the Greek, the mystic or hieroglyphic of the Egyptians, and the demotic or the writing of the common people. This so-called Rosetta stone was an invaluable discovery and threw a flood of light upon the history of ancient Egypt. It became the key that enabled oriental scholars to interpret the inscriptions on tombs, monuments and obelisks that without this aid would have been undecipherable.

Among other things Bonaparte formed and organized a fleet-footed camel corps for the purpose of making forays across the desert and attacking the distant tribes of marauding Bedouins, camels being able to endure much better than horses the hardships of such campaigns. Dromedaries of the finest strains were selected for this service.

Never did the genius of this remarkable man have a broader or more fertile field for its activity, and never did its versatility shine with greater lustre.

Amidst his arduous labors news was brought to him of Josephine's infidelity. Captain Hippolite Charles was living with her in Paris in open adultery. Her conduct had become a public scandal and Junot, the faithful friend of Bonaparte, thought it advisable to be the bearer of bad tidings and informed him of the condition of affairs. Bonaparte was thrown into despair, but he soon rallied, and emerging from his despondency plunged into libertine excesses to such an extent that he scandalized the army. Up to this period in his life, taking into consideration the low moral tone of the times and his temptations, Bonaparte had been fairly chaste in his conduct, but now he broke away from all restraint, and became openly licentious. In the afternoons frequently he could be seen riding through the streets of Cairo with his mistress, Madame Foures.

The French, lulled into security by the apparent acquiescence of the Egyptians in their rule, were taken quite by surprise when the natives revolted in Cairo. Preparations for an outbreak had been going on for some time. The priests had been quietly appealing to the fears, superstition, and religious prejudices of the people until they had been wrought up to an uncontrollable fury. Just before the uprising, the muezzins, calling from the minarets at the hour of prayer, urged the faithful to arms.

On October 21st, the French garrison was suddenly and fiercely assailed and for a time was in grave danger; but courage, discipline, and

artillery soon quelled the tumult. With no half-hearted measures, Bonaparte dealt summarily with the insurgents. They were shot and beheaded without mercy. Donkeys laden with sacks were driven to the public square and when the sacks were untied ghastly heads rolled out upon the pavement and were piled up in heaps. This warning struck the natives dumb with terror and insurrection in Egypt ceased.

The battle of the Nile resulted in effecting a coalition between Great Britain and Turkey and at once the Porte declared war against France. English, Turks, Mamelukes, and Arabs united their forces to expel the invaders.

Achmet, Pacha of Acre, surnamed Djezzar, the Butcher, was raising an army in Syria, and without delay Napoleon marched against him, hoping to overthrow him before he could form a combination with his allies. Town after town fell into the possesion of the French until Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, was reached; here the French messenger, who was sent into the town under a flag of truce to demand its surrender, was killed. The fury of the French soldiers because of this cruel assassination was beyond control and when they stormed the walls and fortifications of the town they butchered the inhabitants, men, women, and children, without discrimination. For days the massacre continued, when Bonaparte, sick at heart, sent a messenger with orders to stop the slaughter. Two thousand prisoners that had escaped the sword were brought to his tent and as he saw them approaching, he impatiently ex-

claimed: "Why do they bring them here? What do they suppose I can do with them?"

When his order was given to stop the massacre he intended it to apply to women and children, that was only to non-combatants and not to those who were in arms. Under the usages of war it was claimed the prisoners who were taken in actual battle could be shot down in cold blood, if necessity required. A council of officers being held, it was decided that as there was no fleet to carry the captives away and no means with which to provide them with food, they should be shot, and the poor wretches, whose only crime was that they had stood in defence of their homes, were taken to the beach and slaughtered. Bonaparte very reluctantly gave his consent to this hideous butchery and yielded only after the troops evinced signs of mutiny. Many historians have denounced this massacre as the blackest in the annals of civilized warfare. The apologists for this inhumanity, however, and there are many of them, contend that the safety of the army required this method, that the invaders could not take the prisoners along with them on the march, and could not release them on parole, for no dependence could be placed upon their promises. The question has two sides, however, and we will leave it for settlement to the casuists.

The army of invasion, having wiped out the male population of Jaffa, now took up their march and laid siege to Acre. This town was more strongly fortified than Jaffa and besides the English were there under the command of Sir Sidney

Smith to help in its defence. The massacre of Jaffa had taught the natives that they might expect no quarter at the hands of the French; made desperate by fear, the defenders were determined to die rather than surrender. Deeds of valor were performed on both sides. Lannes, in leading the assaults, displayed a personal bravery that was incomparable. The French time and again scaled or breached the walls and penetrated to the centre of the town, once even reaching the palace of Djezzar, the Butcher, but every house was a fortress, and from every window and crevice blazed the fire of musketry, while the streets were swept by the English artillery manned by the blue coats. The women, frenzied with fear, urged their husbands and sons and brothers to the combat. Against such courage the French fought in vain.

An incident, rather amusing than serious, occurred during the progress of the siege when Sir Sidney Smith challenged Bonaparte to a duel for some language the latter had used in the correspondence that passed between them. Bonaparte replied that if the English could produce a Marlborough he would consider the proposition.

Kléber had been sent out with a small division detached from the besieging army to keep at bay a large body of Turks and Mamelukes who were marching to the relief of Acre. The armies met in battle on the plain at the foot of Mount Tabor. The Turks had a force of 15,000 foot and 12,000 horse, while the French numbered only 3,000 infantry.

Bonaparte, hearing that his marshal was in danger, withdrew a portion of his troops from the siege to go to his rescue and as he approached Nazareth he saw Kléber's small army enveloped in a dense volume of smoke and dust through which, as they kept their assailants at bay, flashed the incessant fire of their musketry like lightning from a storm or thunder cloud. Surrounded by an innumerable host of foot soldiers and cavalry, the French were fighting desperately against overwhelming odds. Bonaparte, taking in the situation at a glance, marched on in silence and so disposed his troops that in conjunction with the small army of Kléber he gradually enveloped the enemy, who, finding no way of escape, dashed wildly to and fro and were cut down by thousands. Murat, posted on the banks of the river Jordan, slaughtered the fugitives in great numbers. After the battle Kléber embraced Bonaparte, exclaiming: "O General, how great you are!" Immense booty fell into the hands of the French, including the pacha's standard of three tails and four hundred camels. This defeat left no organized army of natives in the field.

But Acre had not yet fallen, and so long as it held out it blocked Bonaparte's road to the East. Week after week went by, month after month, and still there were no signs of surrender and Bonaparte at last, after a loss of 5,000 men, was compelled to abandon the siege and take up his retreat, which began on the night of May 20, 1799.

This was his first real repulse, up to this point

his whole career had been wonderfully successful, virtually without a break in the line of victories; but now the charm of his invincibility was broken, and this to him was the most disastrous feature of the campaign, for it taught the soldiers that his star of destiny was not always in the ascendant. "That miserable hole," he exclaimed in disgust, "has thwarted my ambition." *"J'ai manqué ma fortune à Saint Jean d'Acre."* No longer could he dream the dreams of Alexander, no longer could he look upon India as his booty and Constantinople as the capital of his new empire. In after years, even when in the zenith of his power, he referred reluctantly to his failure to force the surrender of this town.

The retreat from Acre to Cairo was worse than the march from Alexandria to Cairo, if that were possible, for in addition to the terrible suffering from heat and thirst the army was attacked by plague and pestilence.

To prevent Djezzar from harassing the retreat, the French laid waste the country on all sides, every hamlet was fired, every harvested crop and every field of standing grain destroyed. Amidst such scenes and surroundings, the dispositions of the soldiers underwent a change, they grew indifferent and turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the sick and wounded.

Miot gives a melancholy picture of the indifference and apparent heartlessness of the soldiers on the retreat in regard to the sufferings of those who were unable to keep up with the march. Fearful of falling into the hands of the Turks,

a man who, forced by weakness and fatigue, had lain down by the roadside would in desperation snatch up his gun and knapsack and take his place in the line. Too weak to walk steadily, he would stagger and stumble along like a drunken man, exciting the fear of some of his comrades and the ridicule of others. "His account is made up;" "He will not make a long march of it," were the comments heard on all sides, and when at last the poor fellow, unable to go further, would sink to the ground the observation would be made that "he had pitched his tent for eternity."

Bonaparte ordered all the able-bodied men to dismount and go on foot so that every horse, mule, and camel could be used in the transportation of the sick and wounded. Bonaparte's groom addressing him asked: "What horse shall I reserve for you, General?" "Out with you, you rascal!" cried Bonaparte, at the same time striking the man with his whip. "Did you not hear my order, every man on foot?"

When Jaffa was reached, all the hospitals were filled with the plague-stricken. Bonaparte visited the sick and encouraged them with kind words. To inspire confidence and to allay fears he even touched the invalids to remove the impression that the disease was contagious. He suggested the advisability of resorting to the use of opium to put the victims out of their misery and to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy, but the doctor in charge, Desgenettes by name, to whom he made the suggestion, re-

torted that it was his duty to cure, not to kill. And yet there was nothing inhumane in the thought of Bonaparte, he was not a cruel man; he believed under the circumstances that in those instances where death was certain it would be merciful to put an end to the suffering of the victims rather than have them fall into the hands of a cruel enemy.

Before leaving Jaffa, Bonaparte passed through the wards of the hospital and called out in a loud voice: "The Turks will be here in a few hours and whoever is strong enough to follow us, let him do so."

The line of march was again taken up and after dreadful hardships Cairo was reached June 14, 1799. Bonaparte had set a noble example by going the whole distance on foot. Shortly after his arrival he received information of the landing of Turkish troops at Aboukir. Hastily organizing his forces, he started forth to meet the enemy, taking along with him Lannes and Murat. On July 25th he came up to the Turks, who, having formed their line of battle, stood ready to receive him with their backs to the sea. Bonaparte, seeing the mistake of this formation, began the attack at once and when the battle was over the Turkish army was almost annihilated, their loss being twelve thousand men, thousands of riders and horses having been driven into the sea and drowned. Their commander, Mustapha, was captured by Murat, who in a personal encounter almost severed by a stroke of his sabre the Turk's hand from his wrist. When taken before Bona-

parte the general said in the kindest tones: "I will take care to inform the sultan of the courage you displayed in this battle, though it has been your misfortune to lose it." "You may save yourself the trouble," was the prisoner's haughty answer; "my master knows me far better than you can."

Aboukir was the last battle fought by Bonaparte in the East. While at Alexandria he received a bundle of English newspapers and a copy of the Frankfort *Gazette*. He sat up in his tent all night reading them. They acquainted him with the condition of affairs at home. "The fools," he cried, "have lost Italy. I must forthwith return to France," and he made arrangements to start at the earliest possible moment. A wind from the southeast, an unusual quarter for it to blow from in that locality, at that season of the year, seemed an invitation for him to return to France and so he set sail August 22, 1799, taking with him some chosen commanders and savants. He also carried along two faithful body servants, Roustan and Ibrahim, both Mamelukes.

His conduct in so suddenly abandoning the expedition was pronounced as treacherous by those who were left behind; the deserted officers and soldiers did not hesitate to stigmatize his act as a betrayal.

After an uneventful voyage, fortunately escaping the British cruisers, and stopping for a few days at Ajaccio, his old home, he landed at Frejus on October 8, 1799.

Thus ended his personal participation in the invasion of Egypt, a project that was conceived in iniquity and born in sin. It was arranged simply to furnish a field for the ambition of Bonaparte, and without patriotically considering the justice of such a plan, the Directory supplied an army and a fleet merely to get rid of an irritating and a formidable rival. The laws of nations and of humanity were violated, neutral states invaded and their rights ignored, dreadful losses and suffering inflicted upon an innocent people who had given no offence to France and against whom she had no *casus belli.* Towns were burned, harvests were destroyed, the whole country was laid waste; men, women and children were butchered in cold blood; all this to realize one man's dreams of conquest, glory, and ambition. And after this great loss of life and treasure the campaign ended in failure and disaster and had to be abandoned. Kléber made a valiant effort to retain Egypt, but both it and Malta were ultimately lost to France.

Bonaparte in his letters and dispatches had dazzled the imagination of the French people by his tales of oriental conquest; he had exaggerated the victories, minimized the defeats, extolled the bravery of his troops and promised to the Republic the annexation of an empire, so that when he landed on the shores of France his journey to the capital was a continued ovation.

CHAPTER X

NINETEENTH BRUMAIRE

After the Treaty of Campo Formio and the departure of Bonaparte for Egypt, the Directory by bad management lost about all that had been gained in Italy, reversed the peace policy of Bonaparte, and without reason provoked the Powers.

Rome and Naples both were occupied by French troops, and the inhabitants were urged by emissaries of the Directory to overthrow the existing governments and establish republics. Austria and Russia having formed an alliance with England at once took the field, and Suvaroff won several battles in northern Italy. Not only abroad was the Directory unfortunate, but it was equally so at home. The finances were in a wretched state; the paper money in circulation was worthless, and gold had entirely disappeared as a medium of exchange. France in 1798 was bankrupt. The administration was inefficient and corrupt. The armies were unpaid, and were again ill-supplied. It is stated that one company used one pipe and one bag of tobacco, and restricted the number of puffs each man was to take. The public roads and canals were out of repair, police protection was unprovided, and

highwaymen held up and robbed the mail coaches within a few miles of Paris.

In this contingency advice was sought of Abbé Sieyès, who at this time was occupying the post of ambassador at the court of Berlin. He had made a great reputation as a philosophical statesman in the early sessions of the States-General in the French Revolution, and was looked upon as one of the ablest politicians in that body, but his reputation seems to have gone far beyond his real merit. He was witty and learned, and in that congress of orators had the exceptional faculty of being sententious in expression. He looked wiser than he really was. When some one in the presence of Talleyrand remarked that Sieyès as a thinker was profound, the caustic politician and brother churchman replied: "Yes! you are right, he is a cavity, a perfect cavity."

The abbé, however, whatever else may be said of him, was a shrewd and clever man, and managed to avoid the pitfalls of the Revolution, and to escape the guillotine during the "Reign of Terror." Bonaparte disliked him, and according to Bourrienne declared that "when money is in question Sieyès is quite a matter-of-fact man. He sends his ideology to the right-about and becomes easily manageable. He readily abandons his constitutional dreams for a good round sum, and that is very convenient."

The old directors, keeping a weather eye open for squalls, had accumulated a sum of money amounting to 800,000 francs, which they put in a separate fund and laid by for a rainy day.

Shortly after the establishment of the Consulate, Sieyès blandly proposed that the fund should be divided among the three members, but Bonaparte said to his two colleagues, "You may do with it as you please, but I do not want nor shall I touch a sou of it." Bonaparte had no faith in the abbé's integrity or loyalty and frequently referred to him as "that priest sold to Berlin."

The selection of a man of the calibre of Sieyès as a leader to meet a crisis such as was then menacing France shows what a dearth of real statesmanship there must have been in the Republic at that time.

Sieyès, however, did not hesitate to assume the Herculean task, and until supplanted by Bonaparte was the great protagonist in the drama. He undertook to institute methods of administrative reform, while General Joubert was to retrieve the misfortunes in Italy. The latter was forthwith put in command of the army, but in his first fight at Novi, on August 15, 1799, he was defeated and killed. This disaster left the frontiers uncovered from both Germany and Italy. An Anglo-Russian army in Holland and an Austro-Russian army in Italy threatened invasion. The future of the Republic looked dark, and the royalists made ready to aid in the restoration of the Bourbon *régime*. Just at this juncture, however, Massena won several brilliant victories in Switzerland, which momentarily dispelled the gloom, revived the hopes of the people and saved France from immediate invasion. It was at this point of time that the frigate bearing Bonaparte cast

anchor in the harbor of Fréjus. The general's arrival was heralded throughout France as if it were a divine dispensation. He could not have stepped ashore at a moment more propitious. The planets were in auspicious conjunction, and again the star of this child of fortune was in the ascendant.

The harbor was soon crowded with innumerable small craft of every character and description flocking around the little ship to give it welcome. The fleet of Bonaparte consisted of four vessels, and it was most remarkable as well as most fortunate that it escaped capture while crossing the seas, for England's navy was on the lookout and Nelson's eye swept the horizon every minute of the day. Although the vessels had come from an oriental, plague-stricken port, the people, disregarding all quarantine regulations, crowded aboard and overran the decks. Bonaparte himself did not wait for any inspection by the health officers, but landed at once and hastened to Paris by speedy relays. Couriers already had preceded him, carrying the glad news and spreading it on all sides, and every step of his way to the capital was an ovation. Bells were rung and at night villages and towns through which he passed were illuminated and people joyfully danced in the public streets.

When Paris was at last reached he went at once to his home on the rue de la Victoire. Josephine, whose welcome above all else he would have appreciated was, as previously told, not there to meet him. For days he kept in seclusion and

carefully studied the political and military condition of affairs at home and abroad.

The Directory feared his presence, and to get rid of him offered him his choice of armies, but he declined on the ground of ill health and that he needed rest after his excessive labors in the East and especially after his perilous sea voyage. He had, without first obtaining permission of the Directors, abandoned his army in Egypt and at the time of his landing in France had violated the quarantine regulations, so that he was both a deserter and a law-breaker. The question of arresting him for these offences was held for a time under advisement but was soon dropped, for such action would only have increased his already great popularity.

Bonaparte had been absent from France a year and five months all but a few days, and during that time he took every care to see that thrilling and dramatic accounts were given through the papers and otherwise of his brilliant victories and achievements in the East. The whole campaign was covered by a halo of romance. It was more like an oriental tale, an adventure of knight errantry than a simple military invasion. On the banks of the mysterious Nile his army had marched; in the shadow of the eternal pyramids it had camped; and under the eye of the inscrutable Sphinx it had fought. Bonaparte had been a Cæsar on his return from Italy; he was an Alexander when he came back from the East. Is it any wonder that a people so sensation loving as the French saw looming up through this haze

of glory the figure of the coming man and so welcomed him?

During all this interval Bonaparte acted with great discretion. He had been time and again invited to review the troops, but he wisely declined. His reputation up to this time was that of a soldier, not an administrator of public affairs, and he saw that it would be most unwise to reveal even in the most remote way any desire to assume a military dictatorship. To rattle his spurs and sabre would simply startle the people. He emphatically announced that France must have peace.

There was a popular demand for Bonaparte to take to the saddle, and retrieve the losses in Italy, but affairs were in so deplorable a state in France that he declared in addressing Marmont that before victories are sought abroad the home government should be placed upon a solid and safe basis; or, to use his own words: "When the house is crumbling is it the time to busy oneself with the garden?"

As we have already seen, the executive and legislative branches of the government, under the Constitution of 1795, consisted of a Directory composed of five members and two chambers, the Council of Ancients and the Council of Five Hundred. In the last election the Jacobins had been successful in returning to the lower or popular chamber a majority of delegates. This revival of a revolutionary party was used as an argument to startle the Conservatives, it being claimed that it indicated a return to the violence of the "Reign

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From a painting by Gerard; engraved by Richomme

of Terror"; and although a vast majority of the people were anxious to avoid such a condition they were on the other hand bitterly opposed to a Bourbon restoration. The conservative parties could not agree upon any man as a leader. This gave the opportunity to Bonaparte for a *coup d'état;* he had been so long out of the maelstrom of politics that he was not identified with any faction and this made it possible to form a combination that could unite upon him and seize the reins of government. Talleyrand, Cambacérès, Roger Ducos, Roederer, Cabanis, the old friend of the great Mirabeau, Murat, Lannes, Marmont and Macdonald were a few of the chief conspirators. Fouché, whose services were secured by Talleyrand, was a very important acquisition, because of his influence with the police.

The plan agreed upon was to win over to the project a majority of the members of the Council of Ancients. This was comparatively a very easy matter, and was quickly accomplished. At a meeting of their chamber they were to decree that the two legislative bodies should hold their sessions at St. Cloud, a suburb of the city, about five miles distant from the capital. This was to effect a withdrawal of the councils from Paris, where the Jacobins were in strength, and to avoid mob interference with the plot. Bonaparte was to be placed in command of the troops in Paris, and, after the Directors had been induced to resign, a provisional Consulate was to be created, consisting of Bonaparte, Sieyès and Roger Ducos. The plan then was to win over the Five Hundred, or

if there were no other alternative to scatter them by force. After the passage of the decree by the Council of Ancients, placing Bonaparte in command of the troops, it was understood that the responsibility would be upon him to effect successfully the *coup d'état.*

The Directors at this time were Sieyès, Barras, Roger Ducos, Gohier and Moulins. Sieyès and Ducos were in the plot with the promise of being named in the Consulate, so their resignations were forthcoming on request. Barras was loath to quit office voluntarily, but after an interview with Talleyrand, who either threatened or bribed him, or perhaps both, he surrendered. It is said that Talleyrand in paying over the bribe kept a portion of it for himself. This is the last scene in which Barras figures prominently. At this very time he had in his possession a written agreement to aid in the restoration of the Bourbons, and had been paid his price. When Bonaparte heard of this he declared that if he had known it, he would have pinned the paper to the traitor's breast and had him shot. It would have been a punishment well deserved.

The two other directors, Gohier and Moulins, were weak vessels and were shattered in the struggle. Josephine tried to seduce Gohier, and invited him to breakfast with her and Bonaparte, but he was prudent enough to remain away. To show how little he understood the real situation, he remarked, even after the Consuls were installed, that they could not carry on the government because he had the seals of the Republic,

altogether. Leaving the hall of the Ancients he proceeded, without taking time to cool, to the chamber where the Five Hundred were in session. The doorways and aisles were crowded, and he had to edge his way in. So soon as he was discovered struggling in the mass of people, the cry went up from every quarter of the hall: "Down with the tyrant! outlaw him!" The same cry, "*hors la loi,*" had paralyzed the courage and the energy of Robespierre. Murat, seeing the peril of the general, forced his way with a score of grenadiers to the side of Bonaparte and rescued him from the crowd.

When Bonaparte came from the hall his face was scratched and bleeding, and his uniform was torn. One of the members had seized him by the throat and attempted to strangle him while a man named Arena had brandished a dagger in his face. Still nervous and trembling with excitement, Bonaparte exclaimed, "Why, the rascals would outlaw me." He knew full well the meaning of those terrible words, and they had brought the pallor to his cheeks. "Why do you not outlaw them?" said Sieyès, seated comfortably in a coach to which six horses were harnessed, ready to fly in case the conspiracy should fail. This admonition revived the courage of Bonaparte, and he was again the soldier, the man of action, not of words.

All the while the air rang with the ominous and dreadful cry: "Outlaw him," which, had it been heard in Paris, might have been his doom.

It was again fortunate that brother Lucien was

in the chair, for he refused to put the motion. Through all the excitement he kept cool, held the Council in check, and sent word to the conspirators to act at once. Surrounded by a bodyguard of grenadiers he was escorted into the courtyard, where he harangued the soldiers of the Council and declared to them that if his brother "should attempt to betray the Republic he would stab him with his own hands."

Bonaparte was now in the saddle, and his call "to arms" only increased the impatience of the soldiers, who were eager to act. In the midst of the confusion some one ordered the drums to roll. Murat, Leclerc and the grenadiers appeared immediately at the door of the Council chamber and at once the delegates scampered for their lives, most of them jumping out of the windows. Fortunately the orangery was on the ground floor and no one was seriously hurt.

In the evening a rump parliament was held at St. Cloud, composed of members of both Councils, representing the victorious factions, and this body voted certain decrees to give the appearance of legality to the acts of the conspirators. The Directory was deposed and Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Ducos were named Consuls. The two legislative bodies then adjourned for four months. The *coup* was accomplished without bloodshed and this point distinctively marks besides the overthrow of the Directory the end of the so-called French Revolution. The prophecy of Edmund Burke, that far-seeing politician and statesman, was fulfilled: "The first great general," he de-

clared, "who draws the eyes of men upon himself and inspires confidence, will be the master of the Republic."

Many thought the Directory would be overthrown, but few that the revolution would carry with it the destruction of the legislature.

The Consuls met in the Luxembourg and at the first meeting Sieyès foolishly asked the question, "Who will preside?" Ducos, pointing at Bonaparte, who had taken his seat at the head of the table, replied: "Do you not see the president is already in the chair?" In truth he had as of right assumed command. It was his revolution. Sieyès had been used by Napoleon only as an instrument in its accomplishment, and it did not take the wily abbé long to find that out. He was satisfied to lay down his power in consideration of the conveyance to him of a lovely estate at Crosne, to which he retired to spend the remainder of his days in elegant leisure.

Bonaparte soon became First Consul for life, got rid of both Sieyès and Ducos, and had Cambacérès and Lebrun named as their successors.

The Sections immediately after the *coup* began to show signs of insurrection, but Bonaparte sent word to Santerre, the leader of the mob, that if the district of St. Antoine made a movement he would have him shot.

The government from the first was a success. Confidence was restored and every interest in the community felt that a master pilot was at the helm.

CHAPTER XI

MARENGO.

Bonaparte having patched and supported the crumbling house now turned his attention to the garden. On Christmas day, 1799, he wrote letters addressed personally to the king of England and the emperor of Austria (he had already disengaged the czar of Russia from the coalition) asking them to agree to an armistice in order if possible that a treaty of peace might be entered into. Austria no doubt would have accepted such a proposition, but England was engaged in a struggle to wrest Malta and Egypt from French possession, and would not release her ally from the coalition. So there was nothing to do but renew the fighting.

In the spring of 1800 Massena in Italy with a small French force was covering Genoa, while a much superior body of Austrians under Melas had its centre between that city and Nice. In southern Germany General Kray with a large Austrian army of 150,000 men, having Ulm as its base of supplies, menaced the Rhine. Opposing him was General Moreau with a French army about equal to the Austrians in numbers and with his headquarters at Basle in Switzerland.

The original intention of Bonaparte was to

join the army of Moreau, and supervise its movements. He was, however, as Consul prevented by law from assuming command. His plan of campaign was to march to Schaffhausen and threaten the Austrian lines of communication and thus throw the enemy at once upon the defensive. But Moreau strenuously opposed so bold a project, and above all he specially objected to divide his command with Bonaparte, knowing full well that the supreme command would soon be arrogated by the First Consul. About this time Massena was driven back by the Austrians, and took refuge in Genoa, where he made preparations to withstand a siege. On receipt of this news, Bonaparte changed his plans and began with great ostentation to mobilize his troops at Dijon in France, close to the Swiss border. He personally visited the camp, and reviewed the small army already massed at that point, and a poor, ragged, inexperienced body of soldiers it was. The spies from England, Austria, and Russia sent reports to their governments that they had nothing to fear from an invasion by so insignificant a rabble. The army of Dijon became the laughing stock of Europe, but this was only a blind, for Bonaparte was quietly and expeditiously, for no man ever knew the value of time better than he, massing his real army of invasion at other points and putting forth stupendous efforts to equip it. The money chests of the Republic were empty, but Bonaparte had so inspired public confidence in the government that loans were made possible.

As a Consul was not permitted by law to com-

mand in person an army of the Republic, Bonaparte named Berthier commander-in-chief. Upon leaving Paris, May 6, 1800, he publicly announced that he would be absent from the capital only a fortnight and that in the meantime his diplomatic receptions would not be discontinued.

Upon reaching Geneva he took command without ceremony, and at once the army entered four passes of the Alps, the principal one being that of St. Bernard. After a week of hard travel and climbing, from the 14th of May to the 20th, over snow-clad and precipitous mountains, an army of 60,000 men with horses and cannon debouched upon the plains of Italy. It was a wonderfully successful undertaking. Suvaroff had attempted it a short time before, but he lost half his force and his pathway was marked with wreckage and death.

Bonaparte crossed on the back of a sure-footed mule that was led at the bridle by an Alpine peasant. On his way along, the guide told Bonaparte of his love affair and that he would be the happiest man in the world if he could only purchase a cottage, marry the girl of his heart, and settle down. It is said that the general, although his mind was burdened with a thousand cares and perplexities, was so impressed with the simple story of the lad that he gave him a purse with gold sufficient to gratify his wish.

After a rest for a day or so, giving time to shoe the horses and to mount the cannon, which had been conveyed over the mountains in hollow logs, the army took up its march. Instead of

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

The painter and the engraver of this portrait (R. Lefebre and A. Desnoyers) are two of the best known artists in the Napoleon and subsequent periods. Considered one of the best portraits of Napoleon ever made.

going at once to the relief of Massena, who was now closely shut up in Genoa and suffering all the horrors of famine and disease, Bonaparte sent word to the doughty general to hold fast and then proceeded to Milan, which city he entered amidst public rejoicings, and was welcomed with every demonstration of joy. Here he indulged in a few days of festivities and then took the field in earnest. Word reached him, much to his surprise, that Massena had capitulated, and upon the receipt of this unwelcome information he once more changed his plan of campaign. The surrender of Genoa released a considerable force under Massena that immediately joined the main army, likewise a great body of Austrians relieved from the siege augmented the army of Melas.

Bonaparte, fearing that the Austrians would escape from the net he had woven around them, manœuvred to bring on a speedy engagement and at Marengo, on June 14, 1800, the Austrians with greatly superior forces answered his challenge by suddenly making an attack upon the French centre in order to break through the line. The French detachments unfortunately were widely separated and could not relieve each other and after hours of desperate fighting the Austrians pierced the French centre, which was under the immediate command of Victor, and gradually compelled it to give way. Lannes for a time steadied the column, but overwhelmed by superior forces the retreat soon became a rout. Bonaparte stood on the side of the road, swishing a riding whip, and calling upon the troops to halt,

but by this time the flight had grown into a panic, and even the presence of the great commander could not stem the tide. Melas, believing the battle was won, hurried to his headquarters to send dispatches to Vienna of his victory, leaving General Zach in command.

Desaix, early in the morning, hearing the booming of the distant cannon, believed that both armies were engaged and at once hastened to the relief of Bonaparte. He came upon the field about four o'clock in the afternoon, just in the nick of time. Bonaparte at once began to rally his forces and made arrangements to renew the battle. At the sight of reinforcements the fleeing soldiers halted and the fresh troops of Desaix renewed the conflict. Twelve pieces of cannon were massed and opened on the Austrians who were advancing *en echelon* along the road; the artillery cut their ranks to pieces, and a charge of French infantry on the front with fixed bayonets, while Kellermann at the head of his cavalry assailed the flank, sent them flying in every direction.

The Austrians were without a commander. Zach had been taken prisoner, and Melas was absent in his tent, sending congratulatory dispatches and letters. The whole battle line of the Austrians was shattered, their defeat was complete. Sixteen thousand were killed, the losses being about equal. The brave Desaix, whose timely arrival saved the day, was mortally wounded while leading the charge. It was truly snatching victory from the jaws of defeat.

Bonaparte looked upon it as one of his greatest battles, and always referred to it with the greatest pride. The battle was lost until Desaix came upon the field with reinforcements, the French being in full flight. Bonaparte was unquestionably taken by surprise, he was not well informed as to the enemy's numbers and location, his battle line was too extended and it was because of this that his weak centre, not within reach of support, was pierced and broken by Melas. If Desaix had not come in time, the defeat of the French would have been overwhelming. It was surely a lucky escape.

It is not contended for a moment that the defeat of the French would have brought the campaign to an end; it would only have prolonged it, for even if the Austrians had won a victory it would not have extricated them altogether from their peril. Bonaparte still would have held the key to the situation, and with his superior strategical position he doubtless would ultimately by a combination of his forces have overthrown his enemy. The Austrians were thoroughly demoralized and Melas sued for peace, agreeing to give up Genoa and all the fortresses recently taken, and to abandon forthwith northern Italy.

Bonaparte returned to Milan, reorganized the Cisalpine republic, and put himself in touch with the Vatican in anticipation of future treaty negotiations. Massena was placed in command of the army. Bonaparte returned to Paris in June, 1800, having been away from the capital about six weeks. He was given a glorious welcome,

at no time in all his career did he ever receive a more joyous or generous one. The city was illuminated and the Parisians, all classes, went wild with excitement. He afterwards declared there was no prouder moment in his life than when, seated on his white charger, bowing on all sides in answer to the rapturous applause of his people, he returned and was honored as the Conqueror of Marengo.

Bonaparte was always fond of producing dramatic effects and he had it so arranged that a battalion of the Consular Guard should reach Paris on the 14th of July, the national fête day held in commemoration of the fall of the bastile. These veterans direct from the field of Marengo, grim fellows under their tall bearskins, tanned with the sun of an Italian summer, covered with the dust of their march, bearing proudly aloft their tattered and bullet-rent battle flags, keeping in step with the roll of the drums, marched through the gates of the city, along the boulevards to the Champ de Mars, where the people in holiday attire were celebrating the national festival of the Republic. Could anything have so aroused the patriotic enthusiasm of the people? Tables were spread for the soldiers, toasts were drunk and the air rang with cries of *"Vive Bonaparte," "Vive le Consular Guard."*

Austria still kept alive the conflict, but without having much heart in it. In September England captured Malta, and on December 3, 1800, Moreau gained a decisive victory over Archduke John at the battle of Hohenlinden.

News reached Paris that Kléber, commander of the French forces in Egypt, had been assassinated on June 14th, the day on which was fought the battle of Marengo. Menou succeeded him in command.

The war between France on one side and England and Austria on the other still proceeded, but it was very evident that the last named country was growing tired of a coalition that was kept alive only to enable England to continue its strife with France in the East. At last Austria broke away from her ally and concluded a treaty of peace at Luneville in Lorraine on February 9, 1801. This left both nations, France and Austria, about as they were at the signing of the Treaty of Campo Formio.

England, after a vigorous campaign, having succeeded in driving the French out of Egypt, now evinced signs of willingness to enter upon peace negotiations. The bone of contention between the two powers was Malta, which bore on the question of the maritime control of the Mediterranean. Great Britain, at the point when it seemed as if the negotiations would come abruptly to an end, agreed to withdraw from the island in favor of some neutral power, and eventually, after much controversy, a treaty was agreed upon at Amiens on the 27th of March, 1802. This was the first time since 1792 that universal peace prevailed throughout Europe.

CHAPTER XII

THE CONSULAR GOVERNMENT—THE CODE—THE CONCORDAT—NAPOLEON'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS—LEGION OF HONOR—EDUCATION

Great as Bonaparte was as a soldier, he was greater, if that were possible, as a civil administrator. He came to the task of reorganizing the government with an intellectual power that was prodigious, with a marvelous constructive ability and with an energy that was indefatigable. Besides these attributes he already had had great experience in state-craft and diplomacy. He had organized several republics in Italy, had created local administrations for a number of towns and cities, and had negotiated the treaties of Campo Formio and Luneville in which he had acquired great acquisitions of territory and had, at every point, vitally protected the interests of France. He had met and successfully parried the thrusts of some of the ablest diplomats in Europe, and in not a few instances had shown himself superior in resources and subtlety to many of them. After his return from the battle of Marengo he entered as Consul upon the work of reconstructing and reorganizing the government of France. It was, however, with no fear of failure he un-

dertook solving the problem, for his confidence in himself was supreme.

It was fortunate for Bonaparte that he was not and had not been identified with any political faction, for he could now, untrammeled by any party obligations, call for the support of all classes. It made no difference to him in selecting men to do his work whether they were Jacobins, Girondins, Feuillants, or royalists; Roman Catholics, Protestants, atheists or Jews. The simple question was: "Can the man do the work?" He knew the treacherous, time-serving characters of Talleyrand and Fouché, but he used them both. Cambacérès, his colleague in the Consulate, had voted for the death of Louis XVI; he was designated a regicide, as also was Carnot, but that made no difference to Bonaparte in the matter of their selection as officials. "I cannot create men," he said, "I must take them as I find them." Time had brought about a change in the order of things. "Brumaire," he declared, "marked the beginning of a new era; it is a brass wall that stands between the present and the past."

Bonaparte was a tireless worker; he toiled twelve to eighteen hours a day, and when necessity required there seemed to be no end to his energy. "I have never found," he declared, "the limit of my capacity for work." "Come, gentlemen," he would say, "it is early yet; we must earn the money the state pays us," and it may then have been far past midnight. No question was unimportant if it in any way affected the interests or the well-being of the state. Agri-

culture, commerce, manufactures, education, internal improvements, social reforms, art, science, literature, all received his attention and stimulation. He was equally interested in the cultivation of the beet for the manufacture of sugar, in the construction of an embankment for the river Seine, in the creation of the Legion of Honor, in the complaint of a neglected grenadier, in the improvement of the waterways, in the establishment of schools, museums and hospitals, in the founding of a national bank, and in the codification of the laws. There was nothing too small for his mind to consider, nothing too great for his intellect to grasp.

After the 19th Brumaire the provisional Consuls, assisted by a committee composed of members of the Council of Ancients and the Council of Five Hundred favorable to the Bonaparte government, took up the framing of a new Constitution. The executive department was to be a Consulate, comprising three members chosen for an official term of ten years. They were to reside in the Tuileries and the salary for each was to be 150,000 francs per annum. Bonaparte was to be First Consul, and he was to name the two other members of the body. Further than this the new instrument provided that no executive act should be undertaken without the First Consul consulting with his colleagues, but they should have no vote and the final decision should rest with him.

There were created a Council of State, a Tribunate, a Legislative Body, and a Senate.

The Council of State, in the nature of a cabinet, was to advise the executive in the preparation of legislation, on law, finance and administration. The Tribunate, a popular body, in a measure representing the tribunes of old Rome, discussed the laws but had no voice in their passage. They simply stood guard over the interests of the people. The Legislative Body voted on the laws without discussing them, and the Senate sat as a court to decide constitutional questions raised by the Tribunes. The Constitution was promulgated December 5, 1799. A proclamation submitting it to the people closed with the following language: "Citizens, the Revolution is confined to the principles which commenced it. It is finished." A plebiscite held in the early days of 1800 accepted the constitution by an overwhelming majority; 3,011,007 votes against only 1,562. This would seem to be all but a complete ratification by the electorate of the usurpation. Such a ballot, however, is not always a fair expression of public opinion because the question is so framed that it means either the acceptance of the *de facto* government or no government, which is chaos or what is worse than that, civil war.

"The vain titles of the victories of Justinian are crumbled into dust, but the name of the legislator is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument. . . . The public reason of the Romans has been silently or studiously transfused into the domestic institutions of Europe, and the laws of Justinian still command respect or obedience of independent nations. Wise or fortunate is the

prince who connects his own reputation with the honor and interest of a perpetual order of men." This pompous and laudatory language of the great Gibbon may be used by the future historian of the Decline and Fall of the French Empire in his reference to Napoleon.

If the First Consul had accomplished nothing more during his administration than the compilation of the Civil Code afterwards known as the Code Napoleon, he would have immortalized his fame, and through all succeeding generations his name would have been linked with the great lawgivers of the world, with Solon, Lycurgus and Justinian. It was due to his stimulating energy and intellect that this great monument was erected. When the glorious victories of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland and Wagram are but memories, this code will live and be the admiration of nations yet unborn, and the basis of legislation for future civilizations. To-day traces of it are found in almost every system of law from the Baltic Sea to the Gulf of Taranto, from the steppes of Russia to the far-distant coasts of Spain. Many of its features have been incorporated into the laws of the Central and South American states. In portions of South Africa and in Louisiana it obtains with the same vigor as it does in France. The English system of equity jurisprudence derives its principles from the Roman law, the source of the French Code.

It was to his colleague Cambacérès, one of the ablest jurists of his day, that Bonaparte assigned

the task of reducing to order the French laws that had fallen into so chaotic a state. The Revolution had brushed away much of the rubbish of the ancient *régime* and made the work somewhat easier for the compilers than it otherwise would have been, but it nevertheless was a vast undertaking. At the opening of the French Revolution the laws were in an almost inextricable confusion. What was law in one district, arrondissement, or province was not in another; there was no common uniform system of judicature, no equality before the courts. Exemptions and privileges resulting from the absolutism of the past, ecclesiastical rights, and feudalism with its oppressive burdens made a system that was unjust, unreasonable, and inconvenient. France was divided into districts that in many instances were as inimical to each other as if they had been foreign states. Custom houses were located on every line separating the provinces from each other. A cask of wine from Languedoc or Rousillon had to pay duties upwards of a score of times before it reached Paris, and even when it entered the capital it had to give an additional sum before it could be placed upon the market. "Excessive duties" were imposed at the gates of Paris "on hay, straw, seeds, tallow candles, eggs, sugar, fish, faggots and firewood." All these rights and exactions were fixed by local ordinances or national decrees. The laws and customs of the ancient *régime* formed a bewildering maze and the National Assembly cut its way through this thicket, this jungle, by general and

sweeping repeals, but no attempt was made to codify or systematize the new legislation. To untangle this mass of ordinances, laws, enactments, customs, regulations, and decisions and to adjust them in a well-ordered code was now the task at hand.

Bonaparte attended many of the sessions of Cambacérès and his associates and took part in the discussions. Especially was he attentive upon those meetings that were called for final revision, and "never did we adjourn a consultation, at which the Consul was present," said one of the committee, "without learning something we had not known before." Although without the technical knowledge of a lawyer, his wisdom, his unerring sagacity, and his intense practicality would intuitively find a solution of many a mooted point. His wise and pertinent suggestions mark the code with his individuality and intellectuality; it was through his exertions it was compiled, and he is entitled to the honor of having it bear his name. "I shall go down to posterity," he proudly exclaimed, "with the code under my arm."

On the questions of the relation of the family to the state, of marriage and divorce, he specially impressed his individuality. The Revolution, wild on the theory of individual liberty, had made marriage a mere agreement, to be dissolved on a simple declaration of incompatibility of temper. Against all such ideas he sternly set his face.

The ablest lawyers, such men as Tronchet and Portalis, were called into consultation to revise

the last draft of the code, and then after a committee of legislation of the Council of State had approved its provisions, it was promulgated as the fundamental law of France in 1804. It had 2,281 articles, covering the family relation, the order of succession, marriage, divorce, last wills and testaments, the rights of persons and the rights of things. It was followed by commercial and criminal codes.

Bonaparte at an early day opened negotiations with the Vatican to adjust the differences between France and Rome and to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion. Of course the pope at first treated with him at arm's length, for the Revolution had stripped the church of her tithes, emoluments and privileges, had confiscated her lands, had devoted even her cathedrals to a profane use, and had compelled her priests, under the threat of banishment, to take an oath to the constitution. During his campaign in Italy, Bonaparte, as the representative of the Directory, had made demands upon the pope which the Holy Father had designated as unchristian. But Bonaparte knew the value of religion from a politician's standpoint, and was determined, if possible, to secure its aid in reaching the realization of his ambitions. "The Cæsars, the Mirabeaus, the Napoleons," Justin McCarthy declares, "seldom obey the morals of the porch or the creeds of the cloister," but as wise men they appreciate the influence of religion on the public mind. The ringing of the church bells, a few days after the 19th Brumaire, had been to Bonaparte a reve-

lation, for it stirred to a remarkable degree the religious and devotional emotions of the people. The bells had been so long silent, religious worship having virtually fallen into disuse, that their tones seemed to awaken and to revive a tender sentiment of devotion in the hearts of the people, a sentiment that for years had lain dormant. The "goddess of Reason" of Hébert and the "Supreme Being" of Robespierre were poor substitutes for the deep consolations of the Christian religion, and the ringing of the Vesperus with all its memories and fond associations moved the stoutest heart to tears if not to prayer. The Jacobins, or the Reds, as they were called, the ultra-revolutionists, and the soldiers in the army murmured against the unrestricted opening of the churches, but the First Consul's bold stand on this question in the main increased his popularity.

Bonaparte was in no sense of the word a man of deep religious convictions. He was unfathomable in all things, but in nothing was he more enigmatical than in this matter of his faith. He was born in the Roman Catholic communion and he died in it, although extreme unction was administered when he was insensible. In his last will and testament he declared that he died in the bosom of the Apostolic Roman Church, and yet upon other occasions he said, "As for me, I do not believe in the Divinity of Christ. He was put to death like any other fanatic who professed to be a prophet or a messiah." "I am a Catholic because my father was and because it is the religion of France." At Elba while talking with

Lord Ebrington he exclaimed: "We know not whence we come, nor whither we go," and more than once he scoffed at the popular creed, and in a contradictory strain to these expressions he told M. Mathues that he had no respect for any religion which did not hold out to the faithful a promise of eternal life.

While aboard ship on his way to Egypt, overhearing the conversation of a group of officers who were discussing the question as to God's existence, he interrupted them by asking, while pointing heavenwards, if those stars and planets were there by chance. This may be taken as proof that he was not an atheist, but it in no way can be argued therefrom that he was a Christian. While at St. Helena he told Gourgaud that he was a materialist, that the sight of myriad deaths in war made him such, and that he would believe in Christianity if it had been the original and universal creed, but that the Mohammedans "follow a religion simpler and more adapted to their morality than ours." He thought that great natural intelligences govern the world, but he time and again declared that God fights on the side of the heavy battalions. At St. Helena the Bible was occasionally read aloud, but Voltaire was the favorite author, and religious ceremony and worship were not observed until towards the close of his life, when the Bonapartes sent two priests to Longwood, and the dining-room was converted into a chapel. It is difficult to define the belief or faith of a man expressing so many contradictory views. But judging from his declarations

and conduct, it may be said that he gave no positive evidences at any time of a devout faith in any creed. He was like many other men who on the all-important question have their doubts, but at last throwing them aside accept the comfort and consolation of that faith in which they were born, the influence of their early religious teaching still lingering in their hearts.

Bonaparte had all the superstition of his race. He believed in omens and would frequently cross himself to avert an impending evil.

In the political testament left for his son's guidance, Napoleon wrote: "Religious ideas have more influence than certain narrow-minded philosophers are willing to believe; they are capable of rendering great services to humanity. By standing well with the pope an influence is still maintained over the consciences of a hundred millions of men." This language is full of significance, and shows why Bonaparte was anxious to get in touch with the Vatican. The reason that induced him to pay respect to the Moslem religion when he was in Egypt was perhaps the same that prompted him to form a coalition with Rome when he was in France. The reasons in both instances were political. In conversation with the poet Goethe at Erfurt he exclaimed: "Philosophers plague themselves with weaving systems; they will never find a better one than Christianity, which reconciling man with himself also assures public order and repose."

The pope, of course, was very cautious at first; although at heart he rejoiced at even these faint

signs of repentance upon the part of an erring child — this heir of the Revolution. On the other hand it was no easy task for Bonaparte to satisfy the public mind on this question of a *Concordat* or an alliance with the church of Rome. Out of a population in France of 35,000,000 there were, according to an estimate made by Thibaudeau, 3,000,000 Protestants, Jews and Theophilanthropists, 15,000,000 Catholics and 17,000,000 infidels or persons professing no religious belief whatever.

The French Revolution in 1790 established what is known as the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, which aimed at making the church independent of Rome. The bishops and priests, in order to retain their benefices and holdings, were required to take an oath of fidelity to the Constitution. The orthodox or non-juring priests and prelates, under a law passed in 1792, were subjected to a penalty of banishment for non-compliance with the act. The Constitutionals or state clericals were supported by the Republic and alone were permitted and authorized to perform mass. Under such a system the churches were abandoned, for the faithful would not attend services conducted by non-orthodox priests, many of whom had espoused Jacobinical principles and had broken their vows by taking to themselves wives. In one case even a bishop wore in the chancel and the pulpit in place of the mitre the red cap or *bonnet rouge* of the Republic and instead of the shepherd's crosier carried the pike of the *sans-culottes*. In time a general unbelief overspread

the land, the churches were closed, public worship was suspended, and Sunday as a day of rest was stricken from the calendar. In negotiating an agreement with the church, the state had to protect the constitutional priests against the vengeance of Rome, for in her eyes they were even worse than heretics — they were apostates. When Consalvi, the papal legate, urged Bonaparte to take a stand against the constitutionals, or intruders, as they were called, he smilingly remarked that he could do nothing in that direction until he knew how Rome stood, for you know "when one cannot arrange matters with God one comes to terms with the devil." When Rome became too exacting or too obstinate he coquetted with the constitutionals, and evinced a desire to establish a Gallican or national church independent of the papacy. He even threatened when sore pressed to bolt to Geneva.

Bonaparte never had a harder task than attempting to reconcile these discordant interests. To unite a nation half infidel with the unchanging and inelastic policy of the church of Rome required deft handling and all the subtlety and astuteness of the master diplomat. The negotiations were conducted in the main by a priest named Bernier, who had shown his aptitude in the pacification of Brittany. He had the implicit confidence of Bonaparte as well as the Vatican.

Robespierre had brought upon himself the scorn and condemnation of the free-thinkers in attempting to set up a Supreme Being, and to introduce a religious belief by legislative enactment.

Bonaparte was arousing the scoffs and indignation of the same class of men by entering into a compact with Rome. In his negotiations he declared that if he could not come to terms with the Vatican he would organize a national church; above all things he intended to provide a religion for his people. At last in the Easter season of 1802 the *Concordat* was ratified. The French government recognized the Catholic, Apostolic Roman creed as the religion of France. Sixty sees were established, and the First Consul was to exercise the right of nomination. All clericals were to take an oath of fealty to the constitution. The holders of the confiscated lands were to be secure in their possession. The state was to pay the stipends of the clergy out of the public treasury.

The ratification of the *Concordat* was celebrated by an imposing religious ceremony in the cathedral of Notre Dame. The rich and pompous ritual of the Roman church was never more impressive; music, the perfume of flowers, and incense filled the air, everything that could dazzle the imagination or appeal to the emotions was resorted to in order to express the appreciation and thankfulness of Rome upon the occasion of the return of a wandering child to the fold. The bewildered observer, however, could not forget that only eleven years before in the same cathedral a like ceremony had taken place at the installation of a deity pompously styled the "Goddess of Reason," and that the bishop of the diocese had taken part in the services.

The celebration of the *Concordat* provoked the

anger and denunciation of the radicals. The soldiers specially were incensed and Delmas, one of the marshals, boldly condemned it as "a fine piece of monkery, indeed, a harlequinade," and told the Consul that "it only lacked the million men who got killed to destroy what he was striving to bring back." But Bonaparte clearly saw what he wanted and with a calm demeanor he was proof against the sombre jests of his marshals, the jeers of his troops, the ribaldry and blasphemy of the infidels and atheists, and the protests of the priests both orthodox and recusant, for there were remonstrances against the alliance by both classes of churchmen.

With a broad spirit of toleration Bonaparte recognized the two Protestant denominations in France, the Calvinists and Lutherans. The pastors were to be salaried and paid out of the state budget. The government was to approve all ecclesiastical nominations and the churches in consideration of governmental protection were to have no relations whatever with any foreign power. The Jews also came under his broad panoply and in return for paying taxes and performing military services they were likewise to receive governmental protection and their rabbis state support. Surely the Revolution had accomplished some good in having softened, even if it did not totally destroy, the bigotry and intolerance of the ancient *régime*.

In 1802 Bonaparte proposed the formation of a Legion of Honor which was to include in its ranks men of distinction from every walk in life,

not only soldiers but savants, jurists, and authors.

"It is aristocratic in its tendency," said Berlier, a distinguished lawyer, "leading France back to the ancient *régime* when crosses, badges, and ribbons were the toys of monarchy." "Well," replied Napoleon, "men are led by toys. The French are not all changed by ten years of revolution: they are what the Gauls were, fierce and fickle. They have one feeling — honor. We must nourish that feeling: they must have distinction."

The oath taken by a new member of the Legion of Honor was: "To devote himself to the service of the Republic, to the maintenance of the integrity of its territory, the defence of its government, laws and of the property which they have consecrated; to fight against every attempt to re-establish the feudal *régime* or to reproduce the titles and qualities thereto belonging."

It was a mark of the highest distinction to be admitted to its circle, and at the time of the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, one of the important stipulations was that the Legion of Honor should not be abolished.

A comprehensive system of universal education had been roughly sketched by Condorcet and his fellow reformers in the Convention during the Revolution, but in the multitude of labors that commanded their attention they were unable to complete their work, and it became the basis for the system adopted and put into operation by Bonaparte.

The establishment of the University of France

in 1808 gave a great impetus to advanced education, but notwithstanding all the efforts made by Napoleon to stimulate literature there was produced no great author or poet to hymn in lyric or epic form the praises of the empire and its ruler. Although science flourished, literature languished and it was soon discovered that Universities, Institutes, Legions of Honor, prizes and forcing processes could not produce the natural poet or the original thinker, and the empire, one of the greatest ever erected by the skill and genius of a master mind, remained without a panegyrist.

CHAPTER XIII

CONSPIRACIES TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON—SAN DOMINGO—TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE—CONTENTION OVER THE TREATY OF AMIENS—LORD WHITWORTH—DECLARATION OF WAR BY ENGLAND—LOUISIANA.

The Bourbons, unable to interpret Bonaparte's purposes, sought his aid to help in their restoration. Their emissaries went so far as to persuade the pliable and elusive Josephine to use her influence with her husband, but all such propositions he waived aside; he was not setting up a throne for an effete and exiled dynasty, but laying plans for the construction of his own.

The Jacobins and Royalists both formed conspiracies against his life, the former because he was too imperialistic and the latter because he was too democratic.

The conspiracy of three men, Ceracchi, Arena and Topino-Lebrun, was unearthed by the police, and they were condemned and executed. Ceracchi was a sculptor who had modeled a bust of Bonaparte; Arena was a Corsican and brother of the man who had brandished a knife in the face of Bonaparte in the Council of Five Hundred on the 19th Brumaire; Topino-Lebrun was a violent patriot and the juryman in the Revolutionary

Tribunal who was bold enough to hesitate to render a verdict of guilty against Danton. These were resolute, determined men whose plan of assassination might have been successful, had it not been betrayed.

The Royalists tried their hand at the game and made a most desperate attempt on the First Consul's life. A barrel of gunpowder was loaded on a wheelbarrow or hand cart and placed in the highway, in the rue Ste. Nicaise, at a spot where the Consul's carriage had to pass on its way to the opera house. That night Bonaparte was a little late in leaving the Tuileries, and the coachman, who is said to have been tipsy, lashed his horses into a run to make up for lost time, so the explosion took place just an instant too late. The report was terrific, it shattered the houses in the neighborhood and killed many people, but the Consul went unscathed. News of what had taken place reached the theatre before his arrival, and upon his appearance the house broke into applause; he bowed to the audience, took his seat with composure, and seemed cool and unconcerned. Josephine was hysterical, and completely unnerved.

These conspiracies and attempts at assassination aroused a great public sentiment in his favor and, taking advantage of this, he created a court for the trial of political offenders, without the intervention of a jury, and without the right of revision or appeal.

He also succeeded in securing the passage of a decree giving him the right to banish without

trial suspected persons as "enemies of the state." Under this law a great number of people were transported to the penal colonies.

A complete censorship of the press was established, and to such a degree was this carried that the *Moniteur,* a journal as influential in France as the London *Times* in England, never made a single allusion or reference in its columns, at any time, to the battle of Trafalgar. Bonaparte once declared that he was indifferent to newspaper attacks. "If they assail me," he said, "they will but gnaw on granite." Yet under all this appearance of indifference and bravado there were few men more sensitive to adverse criticism.

On August 1, 1802, by a plebiscite Bonaparte was elected Consul for life, and vested with almost autocratic authority. He was empowered to name his own successor. He appointed all military and naval officers, ambassadors to foreign states, judges in civil and criminal courts, made treaties, declared war and concluded peace. The Consulship was only one degree removed from imperial authority. The Consulate, however, even for life with its almost unlimited power, did not satisfy the ambition of Napoleon, who longed to establish a dynasty.

Meanwhile important changes were taking place in the large and fertile island of Haiti or San Domingo, one of the richest colonial possessions of France. During the French Revolution the blacks, immensely superior in numbers to the whites, had risen in insurrection against their masters and carried on a campaign of extermina-

tion. The conflict had all the features of a servile war and the most atrocious outrages were perpetrated. The negroes overcame the whites and established a black republic over which they made Toussaint L'Ouverture the president. This man, with really great qualities of mind and heart, was born of slave parents. He had received the rudiments of an education, could read and write, but irrespective of these accomplishments was naturally a born leader of men. His administration of public affairs materially advanced the welfare of his people and the interests of the island. Taking the French consulate as the model of his republic, making his tenure of office as governor for life with power to appoint his successor, declaring the independence of San Domingo and proudly calling himself the "Bonaparte of the Antilles," he gave offence to Napoleon, who decided to recover the island and once more annex it to France. For this purpose he sent under the command of his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, the husband of Pauline, twenty thousand troops taken mainly from the army of the Rhine. The negroes fled in dismay to the mountains before the trained and well-armed soldiers of France. Poor Toussaint was captured, after being lulled to a feeling of security by a promise of peace, and was transported to France by the direct command of Napoleon, where a year later he died in the fortress of Joux among the Jura mountains after suffering untold hardships.

But the mephitic marshes of his native land avenged his cruel death. Yellow fever destroyed

the French army, the survivors having to take refuge on English ships. General Leclerc died in the Tortugas and the whole enterprise ended in disaster and failure.

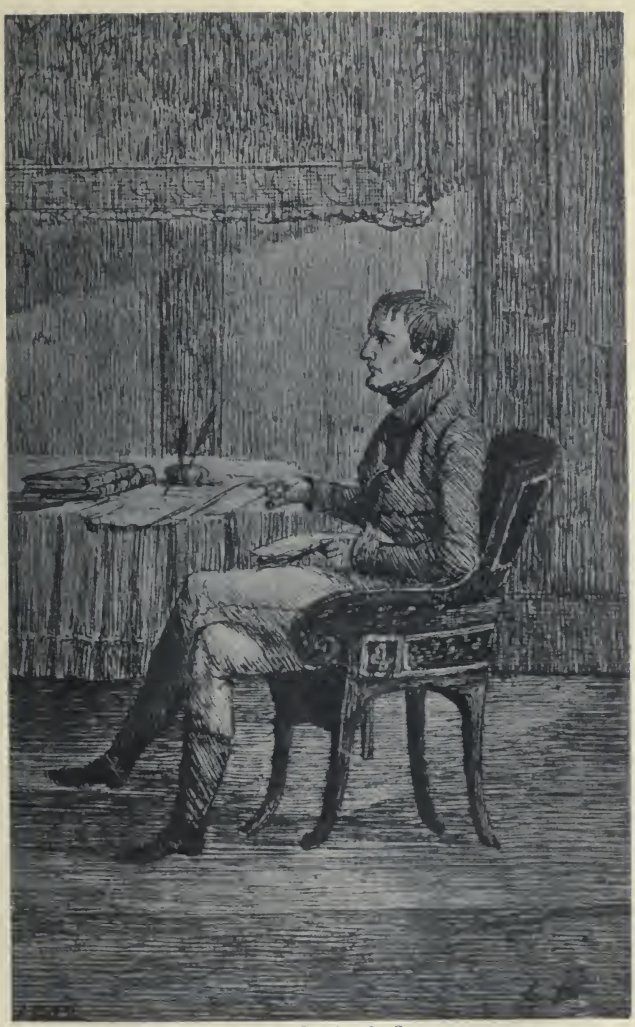
Under the treaty of Amiens England had agreed to surrender Malta to the Knights of St. John, and to evacuate Alexandria; but neither provision had been complied with. When Napoleon insisted upon their observance, or, using his own language, demanded "the whole treaty of Amiens and nothing but that treaty," the British minister, Hawkesberry, answered: "The state of the Continent at the period of the treaty of Amiens and nothing but that state." Napoleon replied that England had nothing to complain of in the matter of his intervention in European affairs; that having waived her interest in Continental matters she could not resume it at will; that France had complied with the provisions of the treaty and that Taranto had been evacuated. This diplomatic controversy was reaching an acute stage when Lord Whitworth was appointed minister to France. He was a proud, reserved aristocrat of the old school, firm and unyielding and without that tact and "*savoir faire*" that were required in dealing with a man like Napoleon. Shortly after the British envoy's arrival, the *Moniteur* published in full the report of General Sebastiani, a commissioner who had been sent by Napoleon to investigate affairs in Algiers, Egypt, Syria, and the Ionian Isles. In this famous report he described the wretched state of the Turks in Egypt, the fortifications as being in

a ruinous condition and the Turkish forces as beneath contempt. He further reported the British troops as being encamped near Alexandria and numbering only 4,430, while General Stuart, the English commander, was on bad terms with the Pacha. "Six thousand French troops," he declared, "would at present be enough to conquer Egypt."

The report created a great sensation in both France and England. Its warlike tone was taken as a threat, and the British government directed Whitworth to insist more strenuously than ever upon the retention of Malta. "Then upon this single question," exclaimed Napoleon, "will hinge war or peace."

The Consul sent for Whitworth, and had a long private conference with him to urge England to keep her contract, but the minister was coldly irresponsive.

Afterwards at a public reception of foreign ambassadors at the Tuileries on March 13, 1803, the Consul in rather a blustering manner thus addressed Lord Whitworth: "So you are determined to go to war." "No," replied the envoy, "we are too sensible of the advantage of peace." "Why, then, these armaments?" exclaimed Napoleon. "Against whom these measures of precaution? I have not a single ship of the line in the French ports, but if you wish to arm I will arm also; if you wish to fight, I will fight also. You may perhaps kill France, but you will never intimidate her." "We wish," answered Whitworth, "neither the one nor the other. We wish



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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original water color drawing by L. David, 1803
From the Joseph Bonaparte Collection

to live on good terms with her." "You must respect treaties then," was Napoleon's reply; "woe to them who do not respect treaties. They shall answer for it to all Europe." To this last statement the minister made no reply, and Napoleon retired to his apartment much perturbed. The whole scene was very embarrassing, but it was only one of those occasions when Napoleon lost his temper.

The report of this incident to his home government, in which the British ambassador claimed he had been grossly insulted, aroused a great war sentiment throughout all England. The Ministry did not hesitate to exaggerate the facts, and the British press assailed Napoleon with the most scurrilous abuse, thus adding fuel to the flame.

Some further negotiations took place without bringing about any satisfactory conclusion and the British ambassador asked for his passports; but receiving word from Downing Street to await developments under an ultimatum he delayed his departure. On May 16, 1803, England made a declaration of war, and on the 17th Whitworth crossed the strait of Dover.

England opened hostilities by seizing French vessels in every port or wherever found. In some instances the seizures were made even before the formal declaration of war, and Napoleon retaliated by arresting thousands of English travelers in France between the ages of eighteen and sixty and throwing them into prison.

It was unfortunate for the peace of Europe that such a man as Whitworth represented England in

France at so important a crisis. A more genial and accommodating diplomat could easily have found opportunities to grant concessions and preserve the peace of Europe, for England had unquestionably broken the provisions of the treaty of Amiens. To be sure, as she claimed, Napoleon had made aggressions on the continent, but these were not in violation of any treaty stipulations and were no excuse for the avoidance of Great Britain's obligations.

Another grave mistake was the publication in the *Moniteur* of General Sebastiani's report. Warlike in tone, with a covert threat to capture Egypt, it naturally aroused in England the greatest indignation, and fomented a bitter war spirit. It is hard to understand the motive that induced so inopportune a publication unless it was to scare England into a settlement.

Still another mistake was England's high-handed seizure of French vessels before a declaration of war, and worse than all was the arrest and detention of English travelers in France. The whole contention was doubtless well explained in the language of Talleyrand when he said: "The re-establishment of the Order of St. John was not so much the point to be discussed as that of suffering Great Britain to acquire a possession in the Mediterranean." But, after all, the first mistake was made by England when she insisted upon retaining possession of the island of Malta in direct violation of her agreement under the treaty of Amiens.

The renewal of hostilities between France and

Great Britain worked greatly to the advantage of the United States. Louisiana, which included not only what is now the state of that name but the whole of the western half of the basin of the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian lakes, had been in the possession of Spain. Bonaparte, having secured its purchase, contemplated its immediate occupation in his grand scheme of colonial expansion. The United States viewed with fear and apprehension this transfer of ownership from Spain to France, and diplomatically remonstrated against it; but fortunately before any friction occurred between the United States and France the declaration of war by Great Britain caused Bonaparte to change his plans and to abandon his contemplated conquest and colonization in America, and after some haggling he transferred Louisiana to the United States for the sum of sixty million francs ($12,000,000), a meagre price for so vast an empire. The purchase made the Pacific coast instead of the Mississippi river the western boundary of the great American Republic.

Bonaparte's brothers, Joseph and Lucien, called at the palace to protest against the sale of this vast and important empire at so low a figure, or even at any figure. The Consul was in his warm, perfumed bath at the time, but ordered that they be admitted. The interview grew very animated, and Bonaparte in his rage drenched his brother Joseph with water from the tub, all the while making the room ring with his scornful laughter. The poor valet who was present at the scene, not

accustomed to so violent a family quarrel, swooned, and had to be carried from the room. This temporarily suspended the contention, but after the removal of the servant it was at once resumed upon Lucien's declaring that if Bonaparte were not his brother he would be his enemy. "My enemy! you my enemy," cried the Consul, "why, I would break you as I do this box," dashing on the moment his snuff box to the floor. It did not break, but the glass covering the portrait of Josephine cracked, whereupon Lucien, who seems to have had better control of his temper than Napoleon, picked up the box and coolly handing it to his brother, remarked: "You have not yet succeeded in breaking me, but in the meantime you have destroyed your wife's image." When Josephine, who was very superstitious, heard of this ill omen, she was greatly alarmed, for at this time rumors of a divorce were in circulation.

Although many remonstrances were made against the surrender, as it was called, of Louisiana, the iron will of the master could not be bent. Sending for Talleyrand he said: "Irresolution and deliberation are no longer in season. I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I cede: it is the whole colony without reserve; I know the price of what I abandon. I have proved the importance I attach to this province, since my first diplomatic act with Spain had the object of recovering it. I renounce it with the greatest regret: to attempt obstinately to retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate

the affair." Afterwards in signing the treaty with the United States he observed: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States, and I have just given to England a maritime rival that sooner or later will humble her pride."

CHAPTER XIV

COUNT DE PROVENCE URGED BY NAPOLEON TO RENOUNCE HIS RIGHT OF SUCCESSION—EXECUTION OF DUC D'ENGHIEN—CORONATION OF NAPOLEON AS EMPEROR.

Early in 1804 the Count of Provence, then residing at Warsaw, was urged by Bonaparte to renounce his right of succession to the throne of France, and to secure the renunciation of others who were in the royal line. "As a descendant of St. Louis," proudly answered the prince, "I shall endeavor to imitate his example by respecting myself even in captivity. As a successor of Francis I, I shall at least aspire to say with him: 'We have lost everything but our honor.'"

This move on the part of Napoleon was a clear indication that he was paving the way towards the setting up of a throne for himself, and the mere declination of the count to renounce did not for a moment balk him in his purpose.

London was the nest where all the conspiracies against Napoleon were hatched, and whence assassins were sent forth in quick succession on their errands of murder. Picot and Le Bourgeois, two rash swashbucklers, were arrested the very moment they set foot on French soil as a result of the vigilance of Touche. The police also were

alert and guarded with diligence every inch of the coast. Under this system of surveillance there was no home free from intrusion and inquisition. Even the domestic circle of Napoleon and Josephine was penetrated by the ubiquitous spy and its daily occurrences reported.

Méhée de la Touche had led a chequered life; he had been an assassin in the September massacres in 1793 and a spy in the days of the "Reign of Terror"; he had fallen under the suspicion of the government, and was committed to prison and subsequently exiled. It was intimated to him that if he would offer his services to Bonaparte and aid in ferreting out the assassins he might expect a pardon. His wife assisted in these negotiations, and was successful in securing his freedom. Fouché, who knew the capability of the man as a spy, took him in hand and that master craftsman laid out a plan of action. Méhée was successful beyond all expectations. He went to London, feigned royalism, mingled with the conspirators, and without arousing the slightest suspicion learned their secrets and the names of those who were active and even remotely concerned in the plot. Besides all this he unearthed the fact that the British government retained many of the conspirators in its pay, and furnished the necessary expenses even to the providing of a vessel for the transportation of the assassins to France. He wormed himself so completely into the confidence of the *émigrés* at London that he became an intermediary between them and the discontented factions in Paris. Going a step

farther, he interviewed the English ambassador, Francis Drake, at Munich, and learned from him the details of the royalist plot. So completely did he hoodwink the British envoy that the latter furnished him with money, gave him a code and a recipe for sympathetic ink with which to conduct a secret correspondence. Upon the return of Méhée to France he sent several harmless letters to the credulous Drake, and it is said that at the dictation of Napoleon he forwarded news that the minister in turn submitted to his government as authentic and which caused the government serious embarrassment.

The Count d'Artois was living in London, and his house in Baker Street was the headquarters of the clan. Dumouriez was for a time one of the conspirators, but he was so despised and mistrusted by all classes of Frenchmen, for his treason to the Republic in abandoning his command and going over to the enemy during the Revolution in 1793, that he was soon ignored. Pichegru and Bernadotte were suspected and even Moreau's name was linked with the conspiracy.

Moreau was a stout Republican who had given great offence to Napoleon by boldly criticising his conduct, and when the Legion of Honor had been created he bestowed the distinction upon his poodle and laughingly tied a blue ribbon around its neck. Upon hearing of this affront, Bonaparte was so incensed that he was on the point of sending a challenge until persuaded by cooler heads to desist from conduct so unwise. Moreau

was a brave and an able soldier and as much beloved by the army of Germany as Bonaparte was by the army of Italy. There is no question but that the royalists were anxious to secure his aid, and had selected him to be one of the leaders of their army in case they succeeded, but there is no substantial proof that he ever considered their propositions or that he had any connection whatever with the plot. Méhée reported his name as one of the conspirators, but his information came from the idle talk of the royalists in London. Of course at a time like that every personal and political enemy of Bonaparte was under suspicion.

Perhaps there never was a man in European politics so hated and so feared as was Napoleon. His name was held in execration especially by the English people; he was an ogre and a monster who drank blood; he was caricatured and cartooned in every conceivable shape and in his private life was charged with every social vice. His palace was described as a den of iniquity, and his indulgences were represented as more vicious than those of a Turkish sultan. He was denounced as a plague, a disturber of the world's peace. Every court looked upon him as an upstart, and the Bourbons regarded him as a thief who had stolen their throne, although they had been deprived of it by the Revolution and sent into banishment as being unworthy of its occupation long before he assumed power. He was, no matter what else may be said of him, the accepted ruler of a nation, and yet notwithstanding

this fact he was hounded like a wild beast, to be stricken down by the hand of paid assassins.

Georges Cadoudal, an ex-Vendean chief and a man of most resolute courage, was conveyed to France with a body of desperate royalists on board of a British vessel commanded by Captain Wright of the royal navy. They landed at midnight on the coast of Normandy and stealthily climbed the precipitous cliffs on a rope ladder, used by smugglers, and secretly wended their separate ways to Paris. Here they adopted a code of signs and pass words and kept in touch with each other, waiting for a favorable opportunity to murder the Consul. The French spies had been unable to follow the movements of the conspirators; but Bonaparte, guided alone by the meagre and unsatisfactory reports he received, felt that his life was in danger and in consequence had the palace protected as if in face of an enemy, the guard and the countersign being some nights changed hourly.

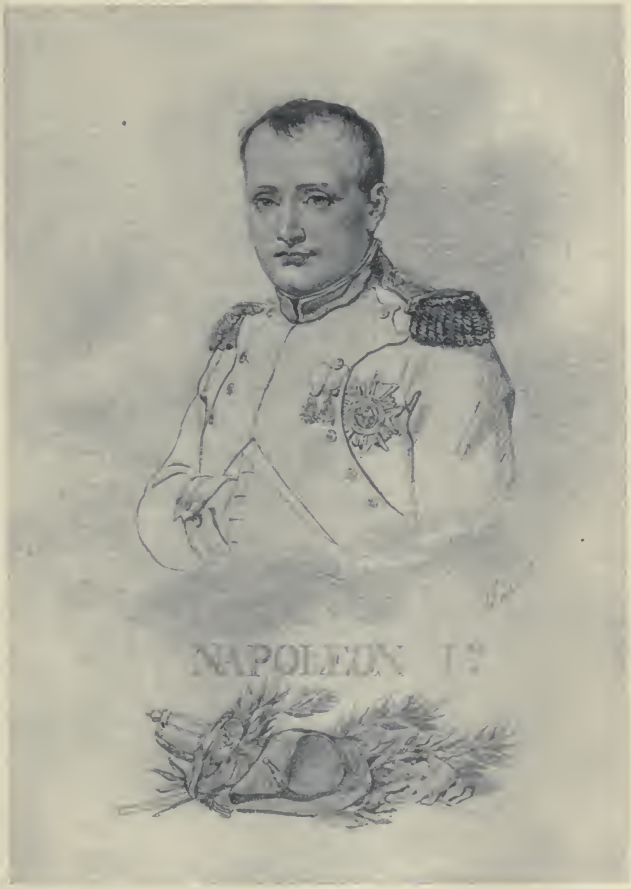
From one of the conspirators who was arrested a confession was wrung and the details of the plot revealed. A cordon of troops was thrown around the city, the gates were closed and domiciliary visits or house to house inspection made. Pichegru was found in the home of an old friend who, after giving him shelter, betrayed him. Georges Cadoudal was brought to bay in the street, but after fighting desperately was overpowered and carried to prison. Captain Wright was captured on the coast and sent to Paris. Moreau was also arrested. Bonaparte's

fury was now aroused. "Is my blood ditch-water?" he exclaimed. "Am I a dog to be shot down in the street? I will teach these Bourbons a lesson they will not soon forget."

At Ettenheim in Baden, close to the Rhine, living in quiet seclusion, was a young prince of the House of Condé, the Duke d'Enghien. He was enjoying the delights of a honeymoon with the Princess Charlotte de Rohan to whom he had been secretly married. A choice circle of friends, many of them French *émigrés,* indulged with him in the excitement of the chase and the pleasures of a quiet and retired country life. The spies had brought reports to Bonaparte that the duke was one of the leading conspirators; indeed, Méhée had hovered around Ettenheim watching Condé's movements and had informed the Consul that the young prince was frequently away from home for days at a time. Another spy brought information that Dumouriez had visited Ettenheim. The truth was that the general was not outside of London during the duke's stay in Baden. The spy had mistaken for Dumouriez an old gentleman named Thumery, who was an occasional caller at the house of the duke. Bonaparte denounced Réal, Fouché and Talleyrand for allowing these conspirators to assemble, without informing him, almost within a stone's throw of the borders of France. Although the duke was on German soil, Bonaparte determined to invade or trespass on neutral territory, seize him bodily, and have him shot. Talleyrand, although he afterwards endeavored to shirk his share of

the responsibility, was in favor at this time of stringent measures and assured the Consul that he could soon prevail upon the elector to overlook this violation of his territory. After giving orders for the arrest of the duke, Bonaparte retired to Malmaison, leaving to Generals Ordener and Caulaincourt, together with Murat and the faithful Savary, the execution of his command.

On the morning of March 15, 1804, before dawn, a body of French troops, about thirty in number, surrounded the house of the duke. When first aroused from his slumber he was inclined to show fight, but on the advice of his friends he agreed to surrender without offering any resistance and was whisked away to the fortress of Vincennes, a short distance southeast from Paris. The duke's identity was concealed under the name of Plessis; even the governor of the castle was kept in ignorance as to the rank and title of the distinguished prisoner. A court-martial was held and after the submission of some meagre proof he was found guilty and condemned to suffer death. The prisoner bore himself with a quiet dignity, he stoutly asseverated his innocence, although he boldly and without any reservation admitted that if war had been declared he would have borne arms against France. He asked to have an interview with the Consul, but this favor was denied. While General Hulin, one of the judges, was writing a letter to Bonaparte urging compliance with this last request of the condemned, Savary, who was standing back of the general's chair, took the quill from his



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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original drawing in crayon by Vallot
Came into possession of the present owner through
Godefroy Mayer, of Paris

hand, at the same time remarking: "Your work is done, the rest is my business." Influence from all quarters was brought to bear upon Bonaparte to relent and grant the prince a pardon, but without avail, he had made up his mind to make an example.

Early in the morning of the twentieth of March, 1804, before daylight, the duke was led out into the moat of the castle; a few torches shed a dim light that only made the scene more sombre and grewsome. He asked for a priest, but his request was refused. For a few moments he bowed his head in prayer, then turning full upon the soldiers he begged them to aim straight. The officer in charge of the shooting squad quietly gave the command to fire, the musketry rang out, and the young duke fell dead, shot through the heart. A grave had been prepared close at hand, into which the body was thrown without ceremony.

Napoleon never shirked the responsibility for this act. In his last will and testament he wrote: "I caused the Duc d'Enghien to be arrested and judged because it was necessary for the safety, the interest and the honor of the French people, when the Comte d'Artois by his own confession was supporting sixty assassins in Paris. In similar circumstances I would act in the same way again."

The execution of the duke aroused the greatest excitement throughout Europe, and nothing that Napoleon ever did brought down upon his head such condemnation. Chateaubriand resigned from

the diplomatic service. The royalists, of course, could not find language strong enough to express their indignation; every court in Europe rang with denunciation. Even many of his friends and warmest supporters found fault with his act. His mother pronounced his deed atrocious. But before denouncing him too severely we must take into consideration the circumstances of the case. His life was in hourly peril; a hundred assassins were ready and in waiting to strike him down like a dog; the Bourbon princes, the *émigrés,* and the British officials were in a conspiracy to murder him. He had been informed by his spies that the duke was in the plot and there was sufficient reason to accept their reports as true. If Napoleon honestly believed that the duke was in a combination to take his life, his act was not so heinous in character as his detractors would have us believe. So far as his violation of neutral territory was concerned, that was an offence that most of the rulers of that day were not in a position to criticise. Much of the excitement and denunciation was due to the fact that D'Enghien was a prince of the blood royal. The execution of the humble bookseller Palm was an act far more inexcusable.

As to the fate of the other conspirators, Pichegru was found dead in his cell, Captain Wright is said to have committed suicide, Cadoudal was shot, and Moreau was exiled to America.

For a long time past Napoleon had been considering the question of establishing a dynasty. "You are founding a new era; but you ought to

make it last forever: splendor is nothing without duration," was the fulsome, adulatory language addressed to the Consul by a sycophantic, subservient senate and clearly reveals the imperialistic trend. There was a reason for this. Bonaparte had accomplished so much, had brought military glory and renown of so high a degree to the state, and had shown so great an aptitude for government that he had won the admiration of the conservative men of all parties. The people were blinded by his dazzling successes in the field and at the council board. After the Revolution he was the only man who gave the state force and stability. The Revolution with its principles and memories, with its motto of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,* was a thing of the past; the voices of the million men who had perished in battle in the cause of equality and freedom were silent in death, and their survivors and successors were as mute as the dead. "I am more surprised," said La Fayette, "at the submission of all than at the usurpation of one man." The Council of State, the Senate, the Tribunate almost unanimously voted for the establishment of a Napoleonic dynasty, and accordingly a *senatus consultum* of May 18, 1804, decreed to Bonaparte the title of Emperor of the French under the designation of Napoleon the First.

Dignities were showered upon his relatives. Joseph was made Grand Elector; Louis, Grand Constable; his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, Grand Almoner; his mother was Madame Mére; and his sisters became Imperial Highnesses. Talley-

rand was dubbed Grand Chamberlain; Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace; Caulaincourt, Master of the Horse; Berthier, Murat, Massena, Ney, and ten others were made Marshals of the Empire.

The next scene in this grand drama was the coronation, which took place in Notre Dame on December 2, 1804. "Admit, General," said La Fayette, "that all you want is the breaking of the little phial." At the time this witticism was passed, Napoleon was negotiating the *Concordat* and in a coarse reply said in referring to the oil that it was about as essential as the fluid of the stable. Notwithstanding this remark, the little bottle containing the sacred oil that according to legend had been brought down from heaven and had anointed the kings of the Valois and Bourbon houses was now on its way from the Cathedral of Rheims to Notre Dame in Paris and most religiously guarded.

Napoleon deemed it of the first importance that the pope should grace the coronation with his presence, and after some persuasion and much coercion, some promises and many threats, the Holy Father was induced to journey in an inclement season of the year from Rome to Paris to crown with religious ceremony the murderer of the Duke d'Enghien, as Napoleon was now termed in every court of Europe.

The emperor and the pope met on the road between Fontainebleau and Nemours. It was so arranged that Napoleon, while out in a hunting party, should come suddenly as if by accident

upon the holy pontiff; this was to avoid all the cumbersome ceremony incident to a meeting in the palace. The emperor leaped from his horse, and hastened with outstretched hands to meet his guest. The pope was dressed in white, and wore satin slippers, and in order to receive the embrace of welcome from his host had to step from his carriage into the mud.

During the pope's stay at Fontainebleau, Josephine thought the time propitious to have him solemnize her marriage with Napoleon, for there never had been a religious ceremony. This the pope gladly consented to do, and Napoleon offered no objection. With a woman's intuition Josephine felt that the bonds between her and her royal spouse were loosening — especially because of the fact that there was no direct heir to the dynasty nor likely to be one so far as she was concerned — and she was anxious to do everything in her power to strengthen the ties.

A family altercation took place on the eve of the ceremony, when Joseph's wife was selected to bear the train of the empress. The quarrel was finally settled by having her support the mantle of Josephine.

Napoleon's mother and his brother Lucien were not at the ceremony, they were living at the time in Rome; she could not be persuaded to attend, and Lucien was not on good terms with his brother.

On the surface there seemed to be a universal approval of the coronation; but on the night before it took place, the walls of Paris were covered

with flaming posters announcing: "The Last Representation of the French Revolution. For the benefit of a poor Corsican family."

Nothing was spared to make the pageant splendid and imposing, and in Notre Dame there never had been presented so brilliant a scene. Everything was done to appeal to the imagination of the beholders. The sword and insignia of Charlemagne were brought to Paris to grace the event. The ceremonies incident to the coronation of the Bourbon princes at Rheims had been tawdry and commonplace in comparison. The church was filled with handsomely dressed women, robed in the attractive gowns of that period and emblazoned with jewels, while the marshals were resplendent with gold and lace; envoys, ministers, and ambassadors, with splendid retinues graced the scene. The emperor wore a coat of red velvet embroidered with gold, the collar of the Legion of Honor, a short cloak adorned with golden bees, the symbol of his dynasty, white satin knee breeches, silk stockings and embroidered slippers brilliant with diamonds; his sword hilt and scabbard were lustrous with gems, and on his brow was a wreath of laurel. Before entering the cathedral there was thrown over his shoulders the long imperial robe of purple velvet trimmed and lined with royal ermine. The well-known steel engraving by Desnoyers, after the painting by Girard, gives a fair idea of the emperor's appearance on that auspicious day. Josephine with her matchless grace made an ideal queen; her robe was of white satin trimmed with

JOSEPHINE

After the Isabey portrait

silver and besprinkled with golden bees; she was literally aflame with diamonds, while on her shapely head was a diadem of jewels valued at more than a million francs. Beautifully dressed pages, mantle bearers, and ladies-in-waiting followed in her train.

The procession wound slowly through the streets leading from the Tuileries to the cathedral, the emperor and empress riding in the sumptuous state carriage in full view of the crowds that lined the sidewalks. The reception of the people was most cordial, and the cry of "*Vivè l'Empereur*" was heard on all sides. The critical observer recalled the fact that it was only about a decade since Louis XVI passed over a portion of the same route amidst a quiet throng on his way to the guillotine.

The wedding party was late in reaching the church, and the aged pope was chilled before the ceremony began. When the act of coronation was about to take place, Napoleon took the imperial diadem from the pontiff and with his own hands crowned himself, and then turning to the kneeling Josephine at his side placed it on her brow. A murmur ran through the church, either in admiration of the audacity of the emperor or in pity for the humiliation of the priest.

La Fayette, the moderate royalist, and Carnot, the radical republican, seem to have been the only two distinguished men in France who publicly denounced the mummery. Beethoven had dedicated his "*Sinfonia Eroica*" to Bonaparte, but so disappointed was he in the man who was

to establish the principles of the Revolution, that in anger the great musician tore the inscription from his famous composition and afterwards dedicated it to the memory of a great man.

CHAPTER XV

THREATENED INVASION OF ENGLAND—EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS MADE VICEROY OF ITALY—THE CROWN OF LOMBARDY.

In 1804 Napoleon was in the very zenith of his power. His civil administration and his military successes made him the greatest executive and the first captain in Europe; but his ambition was not satisfied with being the consul of a republic, he must be the ruler of an empire. He had changed the form of government so easily and the people apparently had so unanimously endorsed his act that when he was crowned emperor, it did not seem as if it were usurpation.

The most bitter and implacable foe of Napoleon was England. He had made peace with his other enemies, but she could be neither cajoled nor appeased. His most subtle diplomacy could not deceive nor persuade her, and she was the only state in Europe with which he had not, at one time or another, formed an alliance. She kept alive the coalitions against him, poured subsidies into the laps of the allies, and after her declaration of war in 1803 never ceased the struggle to overthrow his power and domination until she caged him at St. Helena. And yet at one time in conversation with the British ambas-

sador, Whitworth, Napoleon used the following significant language: "Why should not the mistress of the seas and the mistress of the land come to an arrangement and govern the world?" But the English envoy was not the man to understand the full meaning of such a suggestion.

At this time, while at peace with the rest of the world, Napoleon thought the hour propitious to cross the channel and make a descent upon the shores of England. For years he had had such a project in contemplation, but he thought that so long as Great Britain ruled the seas such an undertaking would be futile. Now, however, having greatly strengthened his navy and having combined it with that of Spain, an ally of France, he believed the success of such an enterprise was possible. He had entered in triumph many of the capitals of Europe, but the capture of London would be the crowning glory of his reign. A bronze medal struck at this time, bearing on the reverse a profile of Napoleon and on the obverse Hercules strangling a Triton, was sufficiently significant of his purpose.

His threats and extensive preparations produced the most profound alarm throughout England, and everything was done to put the island in a complete state of defence. The army and navy were increased by enlistments and new ships were ordered to be built. Taxes were increased, and a loan of £12,000,000 sterling was authorized by Parliament and taken up by subscription as soon as issued. A system of signals was established between observation vessels in the channel

and stations on land. Beacons were ready to flame on every hilltop at a moment's warning. Every man able to bear arms was drilled, and the entire male population, young and old, became a home guard ready to protect their "dear beloved isle" against the haughty invader. The whole channel coast bristled with armaments, and the French if they had made an attempt to land would have been met at every point with a bitter and a deadly fire.

The first thing Napoleon did was to placate his foes on the continent lest they should form an alliance with his arch enemy. Then he began to draw in his armies, and to mobilize them on the plains of Boulogne.

To effect the invasion successfully required a combination of his sea and land forces. His purpose was to manœuvre his fleet so as to have it ultimately command the channel, and then under the protection of its guns convey his troops, consisting of 150,000 to 180,000 men, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery, from the coast of France across the channel in a flotilla of flat-bottomed boats and disembark them on the shores of England. This was a stupendous task, and yet if his plan of campaign had been followed closely in all its details, there is reason to believe it might have been successful, at least so far as effecting a landing in England was concerned. There seems to have been no doubt in Napoleon's mind as to his ability to make the conquest of Britain if he could successfully cross the channel, or to use his own words, "leap the ditch."

"Masters of the channel for six hours," he exclaimed, "we are masters of the world."

Unfortunately for him, in carrying out his project he had to reckon with wind and wave, and his commanders on the sea were not in any way equal to his commanders on the land. "The narrowest strait was to his power," says Macaulay, "what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch."

The admiral of the French navy at the opening of the campaign was Latour-Treville, a sailor of ability, courage, and daring; but he died while the plans of invasion were in embryo, and was succeeded by Admiral Villeneuve, who subsequently proved his utter incapacity. He was either too stupid to comprehend the orders of Napoleon or else so contumacious as wilfully to disobey them.

Napoleon had fortified every port from Dieppe to Antwerp and filled them with pontoons and gunboats.

In writing to one of his admirals in reference to the matter he said that he hoped to have soon on the northern coast 1,300 flat-bottomed boats, able to carry 100,000 men, while the Dutch flotilla would transport 60,000.

Strange to say, Napoleon was of opinion, at least in the early days of this remarkable campaign, that keelless, flat-bottomed boats even without the protection of a convoying fleet could keep large attacking vessels at bay in the choppy seas of a wind and tide-swept body of water such as the English channel.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original drawing by Vallot. Formerly in the collection owned by Cardinal Bonaparte of Rome, a nephew of the famous Emperor. Came into possession of the present owner through Godefroy Mayer, of Paris.

One of Napoleon's flat-bottomed boats having fallen into the possession of the British fleet, the sailors ridiculed such a bark and looked with contempt upon what they termed "a miserable tool" that "could not hug the wind, but must drift bodily to leeward" and whose main defence was a long eighteen-pounder "which could only be fired stem on." So ridiculous for the purpose intended did such a vessel appear in the eyes of the English sailors that they looked with suspicion upon the threatened invasion and thought that the gathering of these boats at Boulogne was simply to draw the attention of England from the real points of attack. The sailors declared that if they had half a chance they could in a short time make kindling wood of a whole fleet of such craft.

Marshal Ney, who was in command of the French troops at Boulogne, had but little confidence in the staying powers of the flotilla in a storm or in a battle and looked upon it as nothing more than "a gigantic ferry." In fact, the only chances for such a multitude of *batteaux* to cross the channel safely with their human freight would have been under the darkness of night, in a calm when the big vessels could not manœuvre or during the absence of the British fleet. One of Napoleon's admirals was bold enough to tell him that "no matter how much the flatterers might persuade him the expedition was possible, it was doomed to defeat, and nothing but disgrace could be expected."

About this time Robert Fulton was in Europe

exploiting and experimenting with his new invention, the steamboat, but it does not seem to have occurred to Napoleon that he could apply steam to his flotilla with any practical or advantageous results. It is well known that Napoleon had the Fulton invention brought to his attention, but he evidently decided to depend upon the oar and the sail rather than upon steam as the means of locomotion.

In the spring of 1805 everything was in readiness for the final moves in the campaign. By a series of ruses, the French fleet was to draw the British fleet as far away as possible from the Mediterranean, where it was watching the French ports; then double on its course and under all sail hasten back to France, command the English channel, and under its guns give safe convoy to the transports.

Admiral Villeneuve was with his fleet at Toulon and was closely observed in all his movements by Nelson. Taking quick advantage of a favorable wind, the French commander escaped from that port, sailed through the strait of Gibraltar, and then headed nearly due west. Nelson at once started in pursuit, hoping to overtake and force him to battle. Villeneuve for a while deceived his foe, for the British admiral, a rough sea fighter who was not in the habit of showing his heels to the enemy, could not divine the meaning of such tactics. After a council of officers of the British fleet, the opinion was reached that Villeneuve was sailing for the West Indies and Nelson decided to follow him across

the Atlantic. Upon reaching those islands the British ascertained that the French fleet after a few days' stay had again put to sea, headed east. Nelson without delay sailed for the Mediterranean.

Napoleon's instructions to his admiral were to have the French fleet, immediately upon its return from the West Indies after leaving the British in the rear, liberate the small French fleet blockaded at Ferrol, sail forthwith to Rochefort, joining the French squadron in that harbor, and then with this greatly augmented and combined force to fall suddenly upon the ships of Cornwallis, which were blockading Brest, to release the French fleet in that port, and then to sail up the channel guarding it with all his vessels, while Napoleon transported his troops to the coast of England.

Instead of carrying out this simple and comprehensive plan in all its details, Villeneuve, on the twenty-second of July, 1805, fought an indecisive battle with a small English fleet at Ferrol and, in place of hastening to Brest as he had been ordered to do, sailed for Cadiz in a crippled condition to make repairs. The plan to be successful had to be carried out in every particular, but this was deliberately breaking a link in the chain.

Believing that his orders had been followed to the letter, on August 3, 1805, Napoleon came to Boulogne to be in readiness to take immediate advantage of the arrival of the French fleet. Facing the shores of Albion, seated in an iron

chair said to have belonged to Dagobert, king of the Franks, the emperor held a grand review of his troops. A line of soldiers nine miles in length passed before him and every step of the march his ears were greeted with cheers and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur.*" In all his campaigns he had never marshaled a grander host. There were veterans bronzed with service; veterans who had marched over the deserts of Egypt and across the St. Bernard, climbing the snow-peaked Alps, scaling the crags where only the wild birds nest; veterans whom the little corporal, clasping the standard of the Republic, had led over the bridges of Lodi and Arcola; veterans who had snatched victory from defeat at the battle of Marengo; veterans of a dozen campaigns ready to follow his eagles as did the legions of Rome those of Cæsar in the conquest of Britain. They were only waiting to be led to further and greater fields of glory. But soon these mighty hosts vanished from the plains of Boulogne like the snows of winter.

On the thirteenth of August, 1805, information was brought to Napoleon of the conduct of Villeneuve and his disobedience to orders. Napoleon's anger and indignation were beyond control. He poured out his wrath on the head of his offending admiral and characterized his conduct as pusillanimous.

The navy having baffled his designs, Napoleon now turned his attention to the East.

It is a grave question as to whether or not it really was the intention of Napoleon to invade

England; if it was his purpose to land on her shores, it surely was the most perilous undertaking upon which he had ever ventured. Some contend that Ireland was his objective point and if he had landed there Erin would perhaps to-day be free and no longer a part of the United Kingdom. The landing of a French corps would have been welcomed by the greater portion of the inhabitants.

Again some contend that the enterprise was so fraught with peril that Napoleon never seriously contemplated making an invasion and that at the proper time he was well satisfied to find an excuse to abandon it, that his threat was only to bring England to terms or at least to keep her at home and to prevent her from aiding in forming coalitions against the empire. If these were his purposes he signally failed in all of them; for she was not brought to terms, was not kept at home, and was not prevented from helping to form alliances against him.

If Napoleon had effected a landing in England, could he have maintained a foothold? Would it have been Hannibal in Italy or Cæsar in Britain? Napoleon is said to have remarked that he did not consider the means of getting out of England, he was so anxious to get in. He was like a mountain climber whose only purpose is to reach the summit; the descent being left to take care of itself, though that may be the more difficult part of the undertaking. If Napoleon had penetrated England he might have been caught as if in a trap. He had to disembark infantry,

cavalry, artillery, and military stores and keep open his line of communication with France. The British navy, in commanders, in numbers, in skill and fighting quality, was far superior to the French. Even if the English ships came too late to prevent the invasion they could with a favorable wind have swept the channel, have cut the French line of communication, and gradually have destroyed the entire flotilla. England's whole population would have been in arms, and even the capture of London might not have been decisive, for the English heartily despised Napoleon. They would have fought him to the last ditch and he might have been compelled to lay down his arms in a strange land.

While France was making preparations for the invasion, England was not idle, but was doing everything in her power to provoke a continental war and with her usual skill was fomenting discord in every direction and promising subsidies.

Ever since the execution of the Duke d'Enghien the young czar had nursed a feeling of resentment against Napoleon. The Russian court at that time had gone into mourning, and Alexander had in the strongest words expressed his indignation at the outrage. The czar had gone too far in his emphatic protest in view of the fact that he himself was supposed to have been implicated in the cowardly assassination of Paul I, and Napoleon struck back with force when he asked if Russia would not have seized the assassins had she known they were one league beyond the Russian frontiers? The taunt stung

to the quick, and diplomatic relations were broken off with Napoleon in the summer of 1804, although war did not break out for nearly a year.

Napoleon in the mean time was resorting to every artifice to prevent the forming of the coalition, but succeeded only in keeping Prussia out of it.

In January, 1805, he had informed Francis of Austria that he intended to proclaim Joseph Bonaparte king of Italy, but this plan was broken by Joseph, who was not willing to forego his right of succession to the French crown by accepting that of Lombardy. One of the articles in the treaty of Luneville was that the governments of France and Italy should be kept separate, and their thrones not occupied by the same ruler.

After the declination of Joseph, Napoleon suggested to his brother Louis that he should hold the crown of Italy in trust for his son. Louis, however, insisted upon an absolute sovereignty, independent of any trusteeship, and after a stormy altercation the emperor violently thrust his brother from the room. To end the matter Napoleon at last announced that he would assume the crown himself, and appoint as viceroy his stepson, Eugene Beauharnais. In the early summer Napoleon with Josephine journeyed to Italy and in the magnificent cathedral of Milan, amidst the greatest pomp and splendor, placed upon his brow with his own hands the famous iron crown of Lombardy, repeating in the act of coronation the words of the old Lombard kings: "God gave it me, woe to him who touches it." It was

observed that at this ceremony he failed to press the iron circlet upon the forehead of his queen.

After attending to some minor details he hurried back to Paris from Turin, covering the distance in eighty-five hours.

CHAPTER XVI

ULM—TRAFALGAR—AUSTERLITZ

Austria for some time past had been nursing her wrath, but now found a pretext for war, and the third coalition, consisting of Russia, Austria, England, and Sweden, united their forces to overthrow Napoleon, whose ambition seemed limitless, and whose purpose it was apparently to extend his empire until it was co-equal with the boundaries of Europe.

Early in the autumn of 1805 the allies began moving their armies towards the French frontiers. Napoleon without delay, when convinced that he would have to abandon his project for the invasion of England, transferred his army into the heart of Germany and entered Munich, the capital of Bavaria, on October 14, 1805.

At this time Napoleon was in the full vigor of his manhood. He was in his thirty-fifth year, the eligible age for the presidency of the United States. From a thin, sallow-faced youth he had developed into a remarkably handsome man; his features, always refined and most delicately formed, had filled out, his face, classic in profile, had a clear healthy color, neither as sallow as it had been nor as pale as it was to become. His mouth was firm, his jaw powerful, his chin well

moulded and prominent, his teeth white and sound, his nose perfect in its contour, and his eyes, in hue a bluish gray, were searching and penetrating, but when in a cheerful mood their expression was tender and seductive. His head was massive, well-formed, and is said to have measured twenty-two inches in circumference. The fact of this large measurement, however, is not borne out by an examination of Doctor Antommarché's death mask. He wore his hair long until he went to Egypt; then he cut it short, and ever afterwards wore it so. His ears, hands, and feet were small and shapely. In stature he was undersized, being about five feet three inches, and as he grew older he developed a slight stoop in the shoulders. In attire he was very simple; he generally wore the uniform of a colonel of grenadiers or of the light infantry of the consular guard. He made a picturesque figure in his long gray coat, high boots and cocked hat, seated on his white horse and surrounded by his marshals and aides in magnificent uniforms and resplendent with decorations.

It is generally conceded that the army he was about to lead to battle was the finest he ever commanded, and that the campaign upon which he was about to enter was in many respects the most remarkable he ever waged.

General Mack, in command of the Austrian army, was about the only general among the Imperialists who had not suffered great defeat, and he was named commander in hopes of retrieving the losses that Austria had sustained; but

as we shall find he was no more fitted to cope with Napoleon than a child. He was but clay in the potter's hands.

Early in September, not waiting to form a junction with the army of Russia, the Austrian general advanced into Bavaria, marching in the direction of the Rhine, and took up his position at Ulm, facing the Black Forest, expecting that the French would open their attack from that direction. In order to lull the Austrian commander into a sense of security, Napoleon left Strasburg after placing Murat in command of the army and then journeyed leisurely to Paris; here he remained as if the last thing in his mind was the war in Bavaria, even giving his personal attention to so trivial a matter as changing the computation of time from the revolutionary calendar to that of the Gregorian, and announcing by imperial decree that the latter would go into effect on January 1, 1806. In order further to deceive his enemies he directed Talleyrand to publish deceptive war news in the *Moniteur,* a semi-official journal, that he might be given time, using his own language, "to *pirouette* 200,000 soldiers into Germany." The ruses worked admirably, for Mack still held his position at Ulm in anticipation of French attacks from the direction of Basle and Mayence. At the last moment Napoleon ostentatiously sent the imperial baggage to Strasburg, and after a great flourish over his departure, set out for that city, as if at this point he was to concentrate his troops and direct his attack upon the enemy. By this

last ruse Mack was convinced more than ever that he was correct in his original conjecture.

Murat, to carry the delusion further, deployed great bodies of cavalry in the passes leading out of the Black Forest, as if reconnoitring in advance of a battle.

No ruses ever succeeded better, for behind these screens a net was being deftly woven that, like the coils of the python, was to strangle the imperial army of Mack to death. All the while the French troops, called "the army of England," were sweeping to the northwest of the Austrians, then covering their right wing and marching into the valley of the Danube in their rear. On came this mighty host from every direction, climbing mountains, fording streams, crossing swamps, and cutting their way through thickets and forests. Irresistible was their progress, like an incoming tide, until at last every point of retreat was cut off. Many of the Austrian officers, seeing the peril of the army, begged Mack to fall back before his lines of communication were entirely cut, but the madman clung with pertinacity to his own notions. Fifteen hundred officers and soldiers with Duke Ferdinand at their head rode away, refusing to serve under a commander whose blind policy threatened total destruction.

Mack, at last, realized the true condition of affairs, but it was too late. Some divisions of the Austrians tried to break through the lines, but only in a few instances did they succeed. Mack surrendered with 20,000 foot-soldiers and

3,000 cavalry on October 20, 1805. The French emperor, backed by his Imperial Guard, consisting of 10,000 men and eight columns of his troops, received the homage of the vanquished. The Austrian general, bowed down with grief, gave up his sword to the victor, at the same time remarking: "Here is the unfortunate Mack." At this moment the sun broke through the clouds, having been hidden for several days, and flooded the field with a golden light.

"Our emperor," said the exultant French soldiers, "has found out a new way of making war: he no longer makes it with our arms, but with our legs."

Napoleon, to inspire further his troops, issued another of his famous bulletins: "Soldiers of the Grand Army: In fifteen days we have finished a campaign. . . . The army that had so ostentatiously and imprudently placed itself on our borders is now destroyed. . . .

"Of the hundred thousand men who made up this army, sixty thousand are prisoners. . . . Two hundred guns, the whole train, ninety colors, all their generals are ours. Only fifteen thousand men have escaped. . . .

"Soldiers! I had prepared you for a great battle; but thanks to the bad manœuvres of the enemy, I have reached equal results without taking any risk. . . .

"Soldiers! this success is due to your unlimited confidence in your emperor, to your patience in suffering all kinds of fatigue and privations, to your splendid valor.

"But we cannot rest yet. You are impatient for a second campaign.

"The Russian army, drawn by the gold of England from the furthest limits of the earth, must suffer the same fate. . . .

"In this contest the honor of the French infantry is at stake . . . whether it is the first or second in Europe.

"Among the enemy are no generals from whom I have any glory to win. My whole anxiety shall be to obtain the victory with the least effusion of blood possible: my soldiers are my children."

Such an address, at such a time, from such a commander, was certain to win the hearts of the soldiers and to put on edge their courage and enthusiasm. The battle had been won by their patience and valor, each soldier was given a share in the victory, and the infantry was put on its mettle to prove in the next encounter that it was the first in Europe. The emperor had no glory to win; it was all for his soldiers, who were his children. Affectionate, generous, unselfish, and appreciative, the address appealed to the emotions of his men and won their devotion.

On October twenty-first, the day after the surrender of Mack at Ulm, Admiral Villeneuve, having sailed out of the harbor of Cadiz with the combined French and Spanish fleets, gave battle to Nelson at Trafalgar. The allied fleet was swept from the seas, but England paid dear for her triumph in the death of her great Nelson. The French admiral was so overcome by the dis-

NELSON

Painting by L. F. Abbott. Proof before letters

grace of his defeat that he afterwards committed suicide.

After his victory at Ulm, one of the most remarkable in the annals of warfare, Napoleon marched to Vienna and entered that city in triumph. Without delay he put his army again in motion and followed the Russians into Moravia until he brought them to a stand at Austerlitz. He was now in the enemy's country, 500 miles from Paris and far distant from his base of supplies. A defeat under such conditions would have been disastrous.

The armies were drawn up facing each other in two long lines. The field was a vast plain in the centre of which was a piece of rising ground called the plateau of Pratzen. This elevation had been occupied by Napoleon, but he had fallen back and abandoned it to the enemy in order to secure a stronger position. Emperor Francis of Austria and Czar Alexander of Russia were on the field. The allies had an army of 85,000 under the command of General Kutusoff, while the French numbered 65,000 men.

The right wing of the French was commanded by Davoust, the centre by Bernadotte, Soult and Oudinot with Murat in supreme charge of the cavalry. Supporting the centre was the Imperial Guard commanded by Bessières. The left wing was under the command of Ney and Lannes. Great masses of troops were concealed from the sight of the enemy behind some houses and a piece of rising ground.

The right wing occupied an exposed position,

and was the most vulnerable point of the line; it was, in fact, made so purposely as a bait to induce the Russian commander to begin his attack against that position. Davoust, in command of this wing, was one of the most dogged and determined fighters in the French army and was given orders to keep the enemy at bay as long as possible and, if compelled to retreat, to retire slowly.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the day before the battle, Kutusoff began his turning movement, and drew forces from his centre to strengthen his left preparatory to beginning an attack the next morning on the French right. Napoleon, who had been watching the movement for a long time through his field glasses, at last exclaimed, addressing his marshals: "He is marching into the trap. That army will be mine before to-morrow night."

In the evening the emperor threw himself down on some straw in his tent to catch a few hours of sleep. About midnight he mounted his horse and started out to reconnoitre in order to see if it were necessary to make any change in the plan of battle. He ventured too near the enemy's outposts, was chased by some Cossacks, and it was only the fleetness of his horse that saved him from capture. Upon reaching the French lines he dismounted to pick his way and, at once, his familiar figure, with the gray coat and cocked hat, was recognized by some grenadiers, who set up the shout: "Long live the emperor." Remembering it was the anniversary of his coronation, a soldier improvised a torch by lighting a whisp

of straw; his example was followed by his comrades until the whole camp presented a scene of illumination and rang with cries of acclamation.

In the morning, after breakfast, Napoleon buckled on his sword and at the same time addressing his officers, said: "Come, gentlemen, let us go forth to a great day." "The sun of Austerlitz" was hidden behind the clouds, but just before the battle opened it broke through the mist and was hailed by Napoleon as an augury of good fortune.

The fight began, as Napoleon expected, by an attack on his right wing; the temptation was too great to resist and Kutusoff fell eagerly into the trap laid for him. Davoust fought stubbornly, and fell back slowly, his position being stronger and more tenable than at first was supposed. At the proper moment the French centre, supported by the Imperial Guard and the troops concealed by the houses and the rising ground, moved forward to the charge, and drove the Russians from the plateau of Pratzen. To recover the lost ground, the Russian Imperial Guard, a magnificent body of horse, was hurled against the French, but Murat, the *"beau sabreur,"* one of the bravest officers that ever led a squadron to battle, came plunging with his cavalry across the field. The shock when the two bodies of horsemen met was terrific, the front ranks when they came together seemed to rise up in the air like the waves of the sea; but after some time of desperate hand to hand fighting the Russians gave

way. The French, having taken the plateau, had not only pierced and broken the Russian centre, but had separated both wings. That wing which was fighting Davoust was placed between two fires, for the French artillery that occupied the plateau opened on its rear. Soon the whole line of the allies wavered, recoiled, and fled, and the 85,000 men, less 35,000 left upon the field of battle, in killed, wounded, and captured, were in wild retreat, followed by the French cavalry, who, attacking the flanks and rear, inflicted upon them terrible loss.

Recent investigation has thrown doubt on the story of the drowning of thousands of Russians while crossing the frozen lake of Satschan and with it must also fall the suggestion said to have been made by Napoleon to the gunners who were aiming the cannon point blank at the fugitives that they should elevate their pieces so as to have the balls drop on the ice from a great height instead of having them merely ricochet across its surface.

It was one of the best fought battles that Napoleon ever waged and one of the greatest victories he ever achieved and at a loss of only 5,000 men. Some of the French reserves were not even brought into action. The army fought superbly; it was animated by a strong *esprit de corps,* which had been created upon the plains of Boulogne. It was composed almost entirely of Frenchmen and was led by Napoleon's ablest marshals: Soult, Ney, Murat, Lannes, Davoust, and Bernadotte.

"My people," said Napoleon addressing his soldiers, "my people will see you again with delight and if one of you will say, 'I was at Austerlitz,' everyone will respond: 'Here stands a hero.'"

The Emperor Francis came personally to Napoleon's tent to sue for peace.

The treaty of Pressburg was signed on December 27, 1805. By it the house of Hapsburg lost twenty thousand square miles of territory and two and a half millions of subjects. Venetia, Friuli, Istria, and Dalmatia were ceded by Austria to Italy and Napoleon's encroachments and seizure of territory in that kingdom sanctioned. An indemnity of 40,000,000 francs was imposed on Austria.

Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden, were given rich rewards for their faithful adherence to the cause of Napoleon.

Perhaps after all, with the great victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, the year ended more gloriously for the French arms than it would have done had Napoleon carried out his intention of invading England.

CHAPTER XVII

JENA—AUERSTADT—BERLIN DECREE—ORDERS IN COUNCIL.

After the treaty of Pressburg Napoleon withdrew his army from Austria, and quartered the main body of his troops in the southern German states that were friendly to him. He did not mobilize his soldiers on the plains of Boulogne, as he had given up, especially since the destruction of his fleet at Trafalgar, all thought of invading England.

The battle of Austerlitz was far reaching in its consequences. It was a death blow to Pitt; it broke his heart and gave him what was known as the "Austerlitz look." Passing through the hall of his house he noticed hanging on the wall a map of Europe. "Roll it up," he said to his attendant; "it will be of no use for ten years to come, at least." After his decease he was succeeded in office by Charles James Fox, whose desire and intention were, if possible, to enter into treaty relations with Napoleon, but sentiment was so strong in England against any alliance or understanding with France that such a plan had to be abandoned. Indeed the very fact that Fox as a liberal was anxious to change the belligerent policy of his predecessor made it impossible for

him to do so without arousing a suspicion as to his motive. A burning and consuming hatred against France made England blind to her own interests. At this time her finances were at a low ebb, streams of money so vast had poured out of her treasury into the laps of her allies in the way of subsidies that they had been an exhaustive drain upon her resources. British consols were at the lowest price they had ever reached. Her commerce and manufactures languished, for most of the ports and markets of Europe were closed against her. Labor was out of employment, and a general depression had settled upon the people throughout the entire kingdom. Still she was deaf to all propositions coming from Napoleon, and was determined to keep the strife alive and oppose his aggressions even if she stood alone. One must admire her tenacity even if he cannot commend her policy.

After Austerlitz a great number of changes took place in the empire of France. The Bourbons of Naples were deposed, and the Confederation of the Rhine, consisting of Bavaria, Baden, Würtemberg and a dozen smaller principalities, was organized. Joseph, the eldest brother of Napoleon, accepted the crown of Naples with the distinct understanding that he was not to relinquish his right of succession to the throne of France; to which inheritance he would have been the next in order had Napoleon died childless. So tenaciously did Joseph cling to this shadowy right that Napoleon observed sarcastically that his brother acted as if he were in danger of being

deprived or cheated of his birthright. Louis, another brother, was made king of Holland, while Jerome, who, at the instance of Napoleon, had abandoned his American wife, Miss Patterson of Baltimore, was promised Westphalia. Elise, Pauline and Caroline, sisters of the emperor, were not forgotten in this family distribution of crowns and coronets, although they petulantly complained that their brother had slighted them. One of them, after entering into possession of her province, actually found a purchaser for it. Lucien was the only member of the family neglected in the division and he could have had a share of the spoils had he been willing to abandon his wife, but be it said to his credit he refused all offers and gifts that had so dishonorable a consideration for their acceptance.

Lucien had formed a *liaison* with Madame Jouberthon, a beautiful widow of a stockbroker, and had by her a natural son. Napoleon did all in his power to induce his brother to break away from this alliance, promising him, if he would do so, the hand of the queen of Etruria. But Lucien positively declined, asserting that he was too much of a republican to like queens — especially ugly ones. So desperately was he in love with his mistress that he made her his wife without informing or asking permission of Napoleon. When the news of the marriage reached the Consul he was present at a musicale being given at St. Cloud and the information was quietly imparted to him by his faithful friend Duroc. Suddenly, to the great surprise of the company, he jumped

WILLIAM PITT

From a portrait by Owen; engraved by H. S. Goed

to his feet and strode excitedly up and down the room, muttering, "It is treason — treason." The musicians instantly stopped playing and the select gathering of guests was thrown into excitement and confusion. "What is the matter?" anxiously asked Josephine. "Matter!" cried Napoleon; "matter! why Lucien has married his *coquine*." From that day the brothers never were wholly reconciled.

An empire, if it is to be stable, must have a caste of nobility, so Napoleon began to lavish titles upon his statesmen and marshals. Talleyrand, Bernadotte, Murat, and Berthier were specially honored and given duchies in Italy and Germany. France was an empire resting on military glory, and it was but proper that the distinguished honors should fall upon the commanders who had won her battles. After his coronation, Napoleon assumed a dignity in keeping with his exalted station and established a court as precise and rigid in its etiquette as that of the old *régime*. Its splendor rivaled even that of Louis XIV.

The establishment, however, of the empire was not in any sense the restoration of the old *régime* with its Bourbonism, feudalism, privileges, exactions, unjust taxation, farmers-general, and inequality before the law. The Revolution had abolished these abuses and iniquities. The empire was the result of that great political upheaval and was not Bourbonistic but distinctively Napoleonic; it was, too, an empire of the people and this was why there was so general an acquiescence in the usurpation. Napoleon was of

plebeian blood, and his marshals who had brought such glory to France were of the common people. Murat's father was an inn-keeper; Ney was the son of a cooper; Desaix, Lannes, Davoust, Massena, Oudinot, all were of humble origin; they had won their promotions by personal merit, and not by the accident of birth nor the patronage of a king's mistress that was so potential in the days of the old *régime*. Merit, not blood nor female influence, was the means to advancement. Caste as a barrier to worthy plebeian promotion had been broken down. Even the grim veteran of the Imperial Guard was a child of the Revolution like Napoleon, and prided himself upon having by his valor helped to make the glory of the empire.

Paris had become in truth the centre of the universe; stupendous public works were constructed, magnificent buildings erected and triumphal arches, outvying those that had adorned the eternal city, spanned the great highways and immortalized in marble and in granite the victories of the Republic and the Empire. Paris now was the art centre of the world, even surpassing Italy, for her galleries were filled with the most renowned masterpieces of the Renaissance, any one of which would have made a city famous. Paris too set the fashions of the world, and her designs in household furniture of that period, so distinctive, delicate and exquisite in style, are still to this day designated "the empire."

It does not seem anomalous at a period such as that of which we are writing that a man like

Napoleon, who had evolved order out of chaos, and had brought prosperity to his country, should have been accepted as the ruler even though he demanded the title of emperor in consideration of these blessings. Besides this he had brought renown to the arms of France, had added great accessions of territory to her empire, had increased her revenues, greatly reduced her debt, placed her finances on a firm basis, introduced administrative reforms in the departments of the government, and above all had given a code of laws that was of itself a national benefaction.

Tyrant he was, for he stifled free speech, muzzled the press, and governed arbitrarily; but he gave something in return for his usurpation of power, and so reconciled men to his authority by a just and equitable rule that they did not feel the galling of the chain. It was only history repeating itself, for when Augustus assumed the purple and usurped the power of the Republic of Rome, "he artfully contrived," says Gibbon, "that in the enjoyment of plenty the Romans should lose the memory of freedom."

France had grown tired of the slaughter, violence, and confusion of the Revolution, and longed for a settled government; but at the same time she was averse to a return of the Bourbons or a restoration, in any of its features, of the ancient *régime*. Out of these conditions was evolved the empire of Napoleon.

It was not long after the signing of the treaty of Pressburg before all Europe was again seething with discontent. The peace was only a make-

shift to secure time to form another coalition. "Go home, my children, and rest until we need you again," was the significant language of Archduke Charles when he was disbanding the Austrian forces after the treaty of Pressburg.

The potentates of Europe wanted a return of the Bourbons. An upstart without a drop of royal blood in his veins, a child and creature of the Revolution occupying the throne of France with an ambition to make an empire equal in extent and influence to that of Charlemagne, was not only a constant menace, but an abomination in their eyes and, in the nature of things, the conflict was irrepressible.

Austria, stung and humiliated by her defeats, was only biding her time, for she had lost most of her prestige as well as much of her territory in the wars that had been waged. She was reduced virtually to a second class power, and her empire was confined to its original hereditary dominions. The Holy Roman Empire, which Voltaire sneeringly had declared was neither holy nor Roman nor an empire, had been shorn of its strength and ceased to exist August 6, 1806.

Russia had as yet no intention of leaving the field, while Prussia was imbued with a war spirit and seemed determined to provoke hostilities.

In order to keep Prussia out of the last coalition, Napoleon had dangled Hanover as a prize before her eyes, which she accepted, evidently, however, with no intention of keeping the peace, if we may judge from her conduct, any longer than suited her own whim. Just before the battle

of Austerlitz, when Napoleon was deep in the enemy's country and seemed doomed to destruction, Count Haugwitz, an envoy from the Prussian court, submitted to him an ultimatum and insisted upon an immediate reply. Napoleon reserved his answer, all the while, however, cajoling the minister in order to gain time, and acting as if he were half induced to accede to the demands. After the great victory of the French arms on that famous field, the envoy changed his tone and became even obsequious in his flattery and congratulations. Notwithstanding the prestige that this victory gave to Napoleon, it was very apparent that Prussia was still anxious to find a pretext for war.

A short time before the surrender of Mack at Ulm, when Napoleon was manœuvring to encircle the army of the Austrians, a large detachment of the French forces marched through Anspach in Prussian territory, which trespass greatly exasperated King Frederick William, who threatened vengeance for so open and flagrant a breach of neutrality. Napoleon did all in his power to appease the wrath of the Prussian king by explaining that it was done with no intention to offend, but under stress when time was an essential factor in carrying out the plan of campaign. Napoleon further declared that he stood ready to make any reasonable reparation.

An unfortunate incident occurred about this time that aroused the greatest indignation throughout Germany and united the patriotic sentiment of the whole country. A respectable book-

seller named Palm, residing in Nuremberg, was arrested under a general order of Napoleon to suppress the sale of patriotic German pamphlets. The prisoner was taken to Braunau, a town in Austria held by the French troops, where he was tried by court-martial, convicted and shot. The book Palm sold was entitled "Germany in Her Deep Humiliation"; it was in no sense a seditious or revolutionary publication and the execution of the poor bookseller was an outrage, a crime, and so inflamed the temper of the people that it rendered for a time negotiations between the two countries almost impossible.

There was hardly anything Napoleon could have done that would have so united public sentiment against him, not only among German-speaking peoples, but throughout all Europe. Even those citizens in the Rhine country, who, believing in the principles of the Revolution, had welcomed him as a deliverer, now condemned him as a tyrant.

When in contravention of international law the Duke d'Enghien was arrested, tried by drumhead court-martial, and shot, the cynical Fouché condemned the act by declaring it was worse than a crime, it was a blunder. The wily politician no doubt would have used the same language had his opinion been sought in the matter of the unfortunate bookseller of Nuremberg. There was some excuse for the execution of the duke, but there was absolutely none for that of Palm, and no doubt had Napoleon looked into the facts of the case he would have avoided the cruel mis-

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From a rare portrait in bright colors; engraved by Levachez

take. The anxiety on the part of willing but injudicious subordinates to show diligence in carrying out the orders of the emperor was no doubt responsible for the grievous error.

The war spirit in Germany was now at fever heat, and when the Prussian king demanded the immediate withdrawal of the French troops from German states he became the champion of Teutonic unity. The charming and beautiful Queen Louisa herself helped to enkindle the flame; she reviewed the troops on horseback, dressed in full military uniform. So active a part did she take in arousing the enthusiasm and the patriotism of the soldiers and the people that she provoked the resentment of Napoleon, who referred to her in his dispatches in language that must be described as brutal as well as unchivalrous. A thousand sabres were bared vowing vengeance against her accuser.

The young officers who had not yet received their baptism of fire clamored for war. They had often listened to the stories told around the campfires by the veterans who had fought under the great Frederick, many of whom were still in the army, and they were eager to find a field upon which to win their spurs. These hot heads insolently sharpened their swords on the stone steps of the French ambassador's residence in Berlin and dared him to send word of it to his master. When Napoleon heard of this taunt he exclaimed as he tapped his sword hilt: "I will show those impudent braggarts that ours need no whetting." Crowds of excited people gathered in the public

streets of the Prussian capital and stoned the windows of the houses of those cabinet ministers who opposed a declaration of war.

King Frederick William was anxious to achieve military glory and to immortalize his reign by overthrowing the modern Cæsar; he seems to have had no doubt about his ability to cope with Napoleon. He believed that there were several generals in his army equal if not superior to the French emperor, officers who had been trained under the eye of the great Frederick himself. At Tilsit, when Napoleon asked Queen Louisa why Prussia undertook a war against him when so unprepared, she quickly replied: "Sire! I must confess to your Majesty that the glory of Frederick the Great misled us as to our real strength."

The Duke of Brunswick, a septuagenarian who should have been on the retired list, was the commander-in-chief of the Prussian forces. He it was that had issued, at the instance of the *émigrés,* the famous proclamation of July 28, 1792, during his invasion of France in the days of the Revolution. In this paper the duke threatened with destruction every town and village that should oppose his progress, and after all his fury and bombast ended his campaign ingloriously at the battle of Valmy. It seems almost needless to say that Brunswick as a soldier was in no way the peer of Napoleon. Indeed, in justice to the aged duke it should be stated that he himself had no confidence in his ability to cope with the French emperor, and took the position with the hope of

being able to secure at best a treaty of peace with his great antagonist.

Russia and Prussia having formed an alliance, the latter sent its ultimatum to Napoleon; but when the courier arrived in Paris the emperor had taken his departure and was on the Rhine in the midst of his army. The courier overtook him, however, and handed him the message from Berlin. Having read it the emperor with a sneer handed it to an aide.

Napoleon at once put his army in motion. The Prussians were pushing forward their lines which formed a semicircle extending from flank to flank, a distance of about ninety miles. Their army numbered one hundred and ten thousand men, while the French army numbered one hundred and fifty thousand. By manœuvring, by marching and counter-marching, Napoleon succeeded in getting in the rear and threatened the enemy's line of communication. "If they give me three more days of unimpeded marching," he exclaimed, "I shall reach Berlin before they do."

Notwithstanding the marching and counter-marching, the French commanders seem to have had no idea of the exact location of the Prussians. This shows how inefficient must have been the service of the light horse cavalry which are the eyes of an army; a careful reconnoissance would have fixed the enemy's whereabouts. On climbing a hill early in October, Lannes discovered so soon as the morning mist rose what he supposed was the main body of the Prussians and so re-

ported to Napoleon. He was mistaken, however, for what he saw was but the corps of Hohenlohe covering the rear of the main army as it retreated towards the north. On the tenth of October an indecisive action took place between some detachments at Saalfeld. Here the young Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, after refusing to surrender, was killed in a sword contest with an officer of dragoons. Young, handsome, brave, chivalrous, he was a great favorite with the soldiers and his untimely death cast a gloom over the entire army.

Hohenlohe at last decided to make a stand, and give battle in front of Jena, feeling confident that with his superior force he could defeat Lannes. But Napoleon was hurrying forward his divisions and coming to the assistance of his marshal.

An elevation called the Landgrafenberg, at the foot of which flows the river Saale, overlooks and commands the town. The approaches to this height were guarded by the Prussians, but a private road which was deemed too steep to climb and had been left unprotected was pointed out to Napoleon by a Saxon parson. It appears that the clergyman was much incensed at the Prussians because his country had been forced into an alliance against the French and he gladly and willingly gave the information.

The ascent was a steep and difficult one, but Napoleon put a great force of engineers at work to open the road. A portion of the town of Jena had been set on fire, and the blaze enabled the engineers to work by the light of torches without being observed by the enemy. While

large detachments of French troops were climbing this hill some cannons fell into a rut and blocked the way; men, horses, artillery, wagons, were soon a struggling mass. In the midst of the confusion the emperor arrived upon the scene. His presence was a rebuke to the officers who slept while the soldiers toiled, and with lantern in hand he ran along the line, directing what should be done, and worked far beyond midnight before retiring to his tent. It was this personal attention to details by night and by day that not only secured success but inspired confidence on the part of his soldiers.

On the morning of October 14, 1806, the battle opened. A thick fog hung over the field, and when the sun broke through the mist the Prussians who had massed their forces on the main road leading out of Jena, supposing the attack would come from that quarter, were greatly surprised to see the French troops debouch into the plain from the Landgrafenberg and form in order of battle. The French greatly outnumbered their antagonists and after a short conflict completely overwhelmed them. Simultaneously with the battle of Jena another was being fought at Auerstadt, only a few miles distant. Here the French under Davoust opposed a Prussian army commanded by the king and the Duke of Brunswick. The Prussians, who greatly outnumbered the French — almost two to one — were, after desperate fighting, compelled to retreat, and they soon ran into great masses of frightened troops flying from the field of Jena. The whole Prus-

sian army, beaten and disorganized, now became a panic-stricken mob. Cannon were abandoned, caps, coats, knapsacks, sabres, muskets, and everything that impeded flight were thrown aside. Murat with his cavalry and supported by the corps of Lannes, Soult and Bernadotte pursued the retreating divisions. Thirteen thousand men laid down their arms at Erfurt and several fortresses surrendered. This great cavalry officer, Murat, galloped in hot chase after the fugitives for a distance of three hundred miles from Mayence to Lübeck on the Baltic Sea. Here Blücher with a remnant of the Prussian army made a bold stand, but was compelled in a short time to surrender to overpowering numbers.

The Prussians had been so confident of victory that they purposely gave battle to Napoleon before forming a junction with the Russians, lest they should have to divide with their ally the glory and the honors of a triumph. Their pompous and boastful assurance of success only made their humiliation after defeat tenfold deeper than it otherwise would have been. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

On October 27, 1806, the Grand Army made its entry into Berlin. Davoust, because of his victory at Auerstadt, was given the honor of leading the first column. The streets, windows and housetops were filled with awe-stricken people, who sadly and silently watched the marching divisions and expressed their surprise that those "lively, impudent, mean-looking little fellows"

could have overwhelmingly defeated an army that boasted of having in its ranks the veterans of Frederick the Great. Preceded by the Imperial Guard, and surrounded with his marshals and staff in magnificent uniforms, the emperor, on a white horse, wearing his gray coat and black cocked hat, was "the observed of all observers." When the bust of Frederick the Great was reached, which stood in one of the avenues on the line of march, Napoleon gravely saluted it, his example being followed by his marshals.

Count Hartzfeldt had presented the conqueror with the keys of the city, and the count was named provisionally by Napoleon mayor of the municipality. Subsequently the count, having been detected in sending secret information to the Prussians, was forthwith arrested and would have been shot had it not been for the tearful intercession of his wife; Napoleon, even though the count should have been summarily convicted and punished, could not resist a woman's supplications and gave an order for the prisoner's discharge.

While in the Prussian capital, in November, 1806, Napoleon issued his "Berlin Decree," which closed to neutral vessels the ports of Great Britain, and made all British goods seizable wherever found. England replied with her "Orders in Council," which declared the entire French coast in a state of blockade.

No matter how vast became the empire of Napoleon, its influence never did extend beyond low water mark, for Britain's fleets swept and commanded the seas.

CHAPTER XVIII

EYLAU—FRIEDLAND—TREATY OF TILSIT

Russia was still in the field, and Napoleon without delay moved his army by way of northern Prussia into Poland, making Warsaw his headquarters. Upon reaching this city he was welcomed by the inhabitants with every expression of joy; they greeted him warmly as their deliverer. Tables were spread in the streets and squares. Toasts were drunk to Napoleon and to the Grand Army. Receptions, balls, and dinner parties were given and Warsaw was never gayer. It was confidently expected by all classes of the population that Napoleon would declare Poland's liberation; but alas! that day never came. No doubt he would have played the rôle of emancipator at the conclusion of the war had it not been his desire, after the battle of Friedland, to make an ally of Russia; but while the treaty negotiations were pending the czar insisted upon Napoleon's giving him an assurance that he would not re-establish the integrity of that down-trodden nation.

"Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime."

Poor Poland had been broken into fragments; "her partition," says Müller, "had been permitted

by God to show the morality of kings," and she longed for that day when once more she would secure her unity and freedom. She thought now her dream was to be realized, but unfortunately her hopes took the place of the blessings that they promised.

While in Warsaw Napoleon formed a *liaison* with a beautiful young woman, Madame Walewski. It is said that he had her brought secretly more than once to his headquarters. Josephine, hearing of his conduct, was anxious to brave the rigors of a northern winter to reach his side; but he would not listen to her appeals, and bade her to remain in Paris, where the weather was more temperate. Perhaps now she recalled with regret her repeated refusals to join her husband in Italy, when his passionate letters begged her to come to his side; and worse than all else was probably the remembrance of her love affair with Captain Charles when her spouse was in Egypt.

Napoleon had two sons by the countess and it was this fact that convinced him, so it is said, that he was not responsible for Josephine's barrenness and strengthened him in his desire and purpose to procure a divorce.

The countess was in the bloom of young womanhood, most fascinating in manner and married to an old man. Although she was much pleased with Napoleon, she at first reluctantly received his attentions; but she was urged by her friends not to repulse him, as she might be instrumental in securing the freedom of Poland. She yielded to this persuasion from patriotic motives. The

friendship, however, soon ripened into deep mutual affection, irrespective of the question of the sacrifice of her virtue for the good of her country.

Autumn was far spent when Napoleon began the invasion of Poland and cold weather was beginning to set in, but he was nevertheless eager to cross swords with the enemy before the winter season in its severity arrived. So barren and sterile was the land through which the French troops marched that they asked with surprise and with a sneer if it was this wretched and desolate country the Poles desired to free.

Bennigsen was in command of the Russians, and offered battle at Pultusk on Christmas day; but the engagement was indecisive. Both armies then went into winter quarters, and did not emerge from their hibernation until February, 1807, when on the eighth of that month was fought at Eylau one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles of modern times. The fight opened with a sharp artillery duel. The corps of Marshal Augereau advanced to the attack in the face of a whirling snow storm; they lost their way and charged diagonally across the field, exposing their flank to a murderous fire from the Russian musketry and artillery. They were soon surrounded, and those who did not surrender were cut to pieces. The whole corps was virtually annihilated. This left a great gap in the French line, and the Russians hurled masses of infantry against the weakened centre and pierced it, leaving exposed Napoleon and his staff, who occu-

pied an elevated plot of ground in a cemetery. The emperor, however, refused to withdraw to a safer position, and the only barrier between him and capture was the Imperial Guard, who having been ordered into action at the critical moment, fought with unexampled bravery and kept the greatly superior forces of the enemy at bay. In the meantime Murat had massed a body of horsemen, ten thousand in number, consisting of cuirassiers, chasseurs, lancers and dragoons, and led them in a charge through a snow squall that seemed to increase in fury every moment. These thundering squadrons with the matchless leader at their head swept everything before them to destruction and thus saved the day from sheer defeat. The impetus of this thrilling charge was so great that it did not spend its force for nearly three thousand yards.

Both armies still fought with desperate resolve and when night closed in, each held its original position. The thirty thousand dead that lay on the field of battle were silent witnesses to that courage and desperation with which the combatants fought amidst the snows of that short winter day.

Napoleon was about to give the order to withdraw when the practiced ear of Davoust heard the distant rumbling of artillery, and interpreted it to mean a retreat of the enemy. Putting his ear to the ground, his suspicions were soon confirmed and the emperor straightway gave the order to advance. The Russian position was occupied by the French, and Napoleon claimed Eylau

as a victory; but in truth it was not, it was at best only a drawn battle, and although it was heralded throughout Europe as a French triumph, this claim could not efface the impression that the prestige of the invincible captain had at last been dimmed.

Both armies had been terribly shattered, and both willingly sought winter cantonments. During this period Napoleon was not idle, and he brought reinforcements from every available quarter to strengthen his forces preparatory to opening the campaign in the spring, but it was not until June that the roads and the ground were in condition to admit of great and rapid military movements. On the tenth of that month an indecisive action took place at Heilsberg, and on the fourteenth the armies met at Friedland, where was fought one of the most important battles, so far as results were concerned, of Napoleon's entire career.

Lannes with a detachment engaged the Russians, who were in possession of the town, and Bennigsen, believing that Lannes's corps only was in front of him, decided to cross the river and compel the surrender of this force, small in numbers as compared with his own. But behind Lannes, in the surrounding woods, were concealed the corps of Ney, Oudinot, and other marshals, together with a large contingent of the Imperial Guard. When Napoleon, who from an adjoining elevation was closely watching through his field glasses the movements of the Russians, saw that Bennigsen had so far advanced as to

put the river between him and his line of retreat, he hurried forward his reinforcements and with a force greatly superior in numbers to his antagonist — almost two to one — overwhelmed him and compelled him with a mere remnant of his army to retreat towards the north. Napoleon followed quickly in pursuit, and after reaching the Niemen river which marks the boundary line between Russia and Prussia, the czar asked for an armistice, which was granted. On June 25, 1807, at Tilsit, on a raft moored in the middle of the stream, the two emperors met under a sumptuous pavilion to decide the fate of Europe.

The armies, French and Russian, were drawn up on both sides of the river and made a most imposing appearance. Frederick William, King of Prussia, and Russia's ally, had been invited to the conference, and with him came his charming wife, Queen Louisa. It was most humiliating for so proud a woman to crave a boon from a man who had referred to her as an Amazon on horseback, and who in some of his bulletins had reflected upon her honor, but no matter what he had said or what his private opinion may have been of her, he treated her majesty with great courtesy and consideration, although he refused her request. His appearance must have pleased her, for she declared: "He had a head like that of a Cæsar." Her waiting lady, the Countess von Voss, evidently a little spiteful, if we may judge from her language, could see nothing to admire in the "upstart." "He is excessively ugly," she writes, "with a fat, swollen, sallow

face, very corpulent, and entirely without figure. His great eyes roll gloomily around, the expression of his face is severe; he looks like the incarnation of fate, only his mouth is well shaped and his teeth are good. He was extremely polite, and talked to the queen a long time alone."

While the negotiations were pending Napoleon was most charming and fascinating in manner and won the czar's admiration and confidence. "I never had more prejudices against anyone," said Alexander, "than against him, but after three-quarters of an hour of conversation they all disappeared like a dream"; and afterwards he was heard to remark, "Would that I had seen him sooner." After much parleying, during which Napoleon showed a most friendly disposition towards the czar, whose assistance he was desirous to procure in the commercial war he was waging against England, the so-called treaty of Tilsit was signed on July 7, 1807. Under the terms of the treaty, Prussia recovered Silesia and the lands she had once held between the Elbe and the Niemen. With these exceptions she was shorn of much of her territory, saddled with a heavy war indemnity, and relegated to the rank of a secondary power. The Polish lands seized by Prussia in the second and third partitions were to form a new state, called the Duchy of Warsaw, and were to be under the suzerainty of France. Prussia did not secure Magdeburg, for which the lovely Queen Louisa had so earnestly and tearfully pleaded. The czar sanctioned the holding by France of her possessions in Italy and Ger-

many and he was given a free hand to take Finland from Sweden and certain provinces from Turkey. The emperor exacted nothing from the czar but the island of Corfu and a promise to co-operate with France in her struggle against England. The result of it all was that Napoleon and Alexander virtually divided the continent of Europe between them.

The czar was so fascinated by the cajoleries of the emperor that he was easily won over against England, his old and faithful ally — that is, faithful in a selfish and diplomatic sense. This portion of the treaty was to be kept secret, in order to give the czar time to act as mediator between France and Engand to secure a general peace, and if the latter state did not agree within a certain time to enter into a treaty, Russia bound herself to adopt Napoleon's continental system.

England was through her spies soon informed of the secret provisions, and without waiting for the offers of mediation, she at once made such a plan impossible by sending her ships to Copenhagen and capturing the Danish fleet in September, 1807. This overt act was committed by England for no other reason than that she feared Denmark would join the coalition.

The treaty of Tilsit marks the termination of the first cycle of wars after the establishment of the empire, and a brief retrospection of the career of Napoleon from this point is interesting, for it shows an almost unbroken succession of marvelous victories. He suffered only one defeat in pitched battle and that was at Caldiero in his

first campaign in Italy, which defeat he almost immediately retrieved by a great victory. His only other reverse was in his Egyptian campaign, when he was compelled to raise the siege of St. Jean d'Acre and retreat to the coast. At Eylau he was fought to a standstill, and although the Russians fell back and he occupied their position the next morning and claimed a victory, the battle must be classed as a draw.

Napoleon had met the ablest generals in Europe and had shown his great superiority over all of them. In his first campaign in Italy he had defeated Beaulieu, Würmser, Alvintzy, and Archduke Charles. The last-named was the ablest and most brilliant soldier in this group and was destined to achieve great fame, but he never confronted Napoleon without being seized by a superstitious fear. General Alvintzy, to be sure, won the battle of Caldiero, but was in a short time afterwards, as we have seen, completely overwhelmed. Mélas was outgeneraled at Marengo, Mack at Ulm, Kutusoff at Austerlitz, Brunswick and Hohenlohe at Jena, and Bennigsen at Friedland.

In breadth and scope of conception, in certainty of execution, in rapidity of movement, in tactical and strategical skill, in boldness, audacity, originality and resourcefulness, Napoleon was infinitely their superior. It is a nice question whether he ever had, when at his best as a soldier, his equal among all the great captains in the history of the world. It must, however, be admitted that the generals he met were not men

like Frederick the Great or Marlborough or commanders in their class.

Having formed an alliance with Russia with the distinct intention of having that powerful state assist him in his efforts to destroy the commercial supremacy of England, having disintegrated the Holy Roman Empire, having confined Austria to her original limits, and having completely overthrown the Prussian monarchy, reducing it to a secondary power, he still in the height of his successes had his gaze riveted on the East. Taking the island of Corfu as the base of his operations, he was revolving in his mind plans to partition Turkey in co-operation with his ally and then launch a Franco-Russian expedition through Persia to India. This vast undertaking never materialized, but its conception shows what fascination an Oriental conquest had for him. In fact, his ambitions were circumscribed only by the world's limitations. "I desired," said Napoleon to Benjamin Constant, "the empire of the world, and who in my situation would not. The world invited me to govern it; sovereigns and subjects vied with each other in bending before my sceptre."

CHAPTER XIX

JUNOT ENTERS LISBON—MURAT ENTERS MADRID —CHARLES IV OF SPAIN ABDICATES

The victory of Friedland forced the last continental foe of Napoleon to admit defeat, and he had now reached the very summit of his power. He was at that point in his life when he could look back upon a career of successes almost without a break. But from this dizzy elevation we can trace the beginning of a decline in his fortunes. True, his successes continued for a time, but he had to put forth most strenuous efforts to maintain his position, his victories were not so pronounced nor so decisive as they had been, while his troubles began to accumulate and his reverses to occur.

With the exception of Sweden, Portugal and Turkey, every country in Europe was now closed to British trade and it did look as if England's commerce would be utterly destroyed. In Portugal, as we have just said, she still found open ports, and Napoleon decided to close them, thus depriving her of the one really important *entrepôt* and outlet she had for her commerce in Europe. For this purpose a small army under the command of General Junot was sent into Portugal, and, meeting with comparatively no resistance, entered

Lisbon on November 30, 1807. The royal family fled in haste to Brazil.

In support of Junot, Napoleon moved a large army into Spain and occupied the northern provinces. Charles IV, who was on the Spanish throne, was about as inept and as contemptible a monarch as could be imagined. He possessed all the weaknesses and vices of the Bourbons without any of their virtues. He was a royal pimp; his wife's favorite, Manuel Godoy, being the virtual ruler of the kingdom. Godoy had been a common soldier; but as he was a tall, handsome fellow he had ingratiated himself by his good looks into the queen's favor. He had shown some little ability as an envoy in effecting a treaty with France in 1795, and was given the flattering sobriquet of " Prince of the Peace."

For years Spain had been the friend and the ally of France and had trooped along at her side without receiving any share in the glory and the victories of the empire. She had furnished not only her quota of troops, but also her fleet, to aid in the French naval encounters and warfare; but alas! most of her ships were now at the bottom of the sea, having been destroyed in the engagement at Trafalgar, so that in 1807, just on the eve of the battle of Friedland, when Napoleon's future was a hazard, Godoy thought the time was ripe to break from so burdensome an alliance. But the victory of the French induced him to change front quickly and bide his time.

Napoleon, however, for want of a better excuse, taking this inclination to break the alliance

as sufficient cause for action, moved his army, which was under the immediate command of Murat, in the direction of Madrid, which city was entered without any resistance on the part of the people. Murat forthwith there established his headquarters, thus intimating an intention to remain indefinitely.

Ferdinand, the crown prince, was much incensed at the conduct of his mother in her relations with Godoy, and a family quarrel in the royal household culminated in the resignation of Charles IV and the installation of his son Ferdinand as king. A public outbreak nearly resulted in the murder of the "Prince of the Peace," his house was ransacked, and the mob spared his life only at the intercession of his mother, who upon her knees begged for mercy. Godoy, when released by the mob, at once took refuge with Murat.

Ferdinand entered the capital amidst the greatest acclaim, but Napoleon refused to recognize him, and without any reservation so informed him. Charles IV, repenting of his abdication, hastened with his queen to Bayonne to lay the facts of his case before the emperor. Ferdinand followed in quick order, although he had some difficulty in getting over the frontier; the citizens at Vittoria begged him not to go, and tried to cut the traces of the royal carriage, fearing treachery for the young king if he should cross the borders into France; but, beguiled by the promise of Napoleon to secure for him in marriage the hand of a French princess, he proceeded on his

journey under the guidance of Savary, one of the shrewdest of Napoleon's aides.

Both Charles and his son appeared before the emperor and, after listening to their claims, he informed Ferdinand that he must abdicate in favor of his father, promising to him at the same time as an inducement the throne of Etruria. The prince declined the offer, and refused to resign. One of the advisers of Ferdinand, Escoiquiz, warned the emperor not to tamper with the throne of Spain, for if he did the Spaniards would swear against him eternal vengeance. "Yes," said Napoleon, familiarly pulling the ear of Escoiquiz, "you may be right, for you are a clever fellow; but do you not know that the Bourbons will never let me alone?"

Resistance, however, was useless against the indomitable will of the master. By cajolery, threats, and promises he at last concluded an agreement with Godoy, whereby Charles IV relinquished all rights to the crowns of Spain and the Indies, with the understanding that they should remain intact, and that the Catholic faith should be maintained to the exclusion of all others. In consideration he was to receive the estates of Compiègne and Chambord, and be paid annually an income of seven and a half million francs. Ferdinand was induced to surrender his rights as crown prince for a castle and a pension.

Napoleon intended at first to offer the crown of Spain to his brother Louis, king of Holland. "The climate of Holland does not suit you," wrote the emperor. "Besides, Holland can never

rise from her ruins." Louis, with the characteristic effrontery of his family, replied, notwithstanding the fact that he had received the crown of Holland directly from his brother, that he could not accept the offer, as God had called him to his present station. Joseph was then placed upon the throne of Spain, and Murat, Napoleon's brother-in-law, being offered his choice between Portugal and Naples, chose the latter.

The invasion and occupation of Spain, the arbitrary setting aside of the claims of the contestants for the crown, and the placing of his brother Joseph on the throne constituted a drama in three acts that was tragic in its consequences. Every step taken was in direct violation of the principles of justice and international law. It was altogether a clear case of spoliation, a political outrage. There were no reasons to justify such conduct and Napoleon lived to rue the day when he entered that unfortunate land, which soon became the battlefield for English victories. "I may find in Spain the Pillars of Hercules," was his proud and scornful boast, "but not the limits of my power"; yet he lamented at St. Helena that it was "the Spanish ulcer" that ruined him.

While the negotiations were pending at Bayonne, the people in Madrid rose in insurrection against any renunciation of the throne by Ferdinand, and in opposition to French domination. So formidable was the uprising that it required the strongest efforts on the part of Murat to quell it. He severely punished the ringleaders, but this did not prevent disturbances in other parts

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original drawing by Guerin, 1810
Came to the present owner through Pierre Morand, a well-known French resident of Philadelphia

of Spain. A provisional government was established by the insurgents, a native army enlisted and organized, and on July nineteenth twenty thousand French soldiers, under the command of General Dupont, were compelled, after their line of communication was cut, to lay down their arms at Baylen. This great victory was won by undisciplined Andalusian peasants, and sent a feeling of humiliation through France, and a throb of exultation into the heart of Spain.

In a few weeks this severe blow to the imperial troops was followed by another disastrous defeat in Portugal. Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, landed with an English army near Lisbon, and on the twenty-first of August defeated Junot at Vimiero, which defeat was followed by a capitulation at Cintra whereby the French evacuated Portugal.

These sudden and unexpected reverses startled Paris. The people had been so long accustomed to read bulletins containing flaming accounts of glorious victories that these disasters settled like a cloud of gloom over the capital.

Napoleon was beside himself with anger. At first he was stunned when he heard the news of Dupont's surrender. Then, recovering from the shock, he expressed his indignation in bitter words. "Is it possible," he cried, "that Dupont, a man whom I loved and intended, one day in the near future, to make a marshal, could have done this thing? They explain his cowardice by saying that he had no other way to save the lives of his soldiers. It would have been better, far

better, for them to have died with arms in their hands. Their death would have been glorious; we should have avenged them." When Dupont returned to Paris he was thrown into prison, and Junot was not permitted to enter the capital.

These defeats aroused Napoleon to action, and his only desire now was to retrieve the losses which he thought could easily be done by a few victories; but he did not appreciate to the full measure the spirit of the national uprising in Spain. The Catalans and the men of Aragon, actuated by a patriotic fervor, rose in their might. Saragossa held out against the invaders and for a time, after a display of indomitable courage, and endurance, shook them off. The city finally was captured by the persistent assaults of Lannes, who fought with the same bravery that signalized his conduct at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre.

The Spaniards opposed the invaders by fighting from house to house and made a last stand at the cathedral, where the priests urged resistance and at the same time, with crucifixes in hand, gave absolution to the dying. This siege is one of the most famous in the history of warfare, and the Maid of Saragossa, because of her courage and the heroic part she took in helping to defend the town, passed into imperishable fame, her name being coupled with that of Joan of Arc.

Napoleon attributed the defeats to the fact that the French forces in Spain were made up of new levies, soldiers that had not been seasoned by service in even one campaign. Vast bodies of veteran troops were hurried to the frontier and Napoleon

decided to take command in person. By hasty relay stages he left the capital and joined the army in November.

He was confronted by raw and inexperienced Spanish troops, and he struck them so forcibly and unexpectedly that he scattered them in every direction. At the pass of Somosierra the Spaniards had planted a battery that commanded a narrow defile of the mountain. In the face of dreadful volleys that swept the pass, Napoleon hurled his light Polish horse up hill. The foremost riders and their steeds were mowed down in heaps, but the troopers in the rear pressed on, cut the gunners to pieces, and captured the cannon; after this an unimpeded way was opened to Madrid, which city the French entered on the fourth of December, 1808.

The capture of the capital, however, did not allay the national spirit. Spain was still aflame from border to border. The priests and monks, with crosses in hand, which at close quarters with the French they used as weapons, exhorted the people to oppose with all their might the foreign infidels and save from destruction not only their hearthstones, but the Catholic faith. Wrought up to a fanatical frenzy by these mad appeals, the Spaniards fought with the desperation of religious zealots.

Spain, unlike Italy, offered a natural resistance to the invading armies; besides this, the country was poor and did not furnish sufficient food and fodder, which condition necessitated the carrying of supplies in large convoys. The line of inva-

sion was crossed by mountain ranges which served as barriers to progress and made the marching slow and difficult. It was the dead of winter and the mountain passes were covered with snow and ice. The peasantry, too, aroused to religious frenzy by their priests, were up in arms and made sudden and vicious attacks upon the flanks and isolated detachments.

At the moment Napoleon was entering Madrid a British army, which had landed at Lisbon, under the command of Sir John Moore, was marching east, and at Valladolid nearly succeeded in cutting the French line of communication. Napoleon, hearing of the approach of the English, headed his army and started in pursuit. Notwithstanding the inclement weather and the fact that the mountain passes were blocked with snow and ice, so sharply and rapidly did Napoleon press forward to give attack, that the English army, which was heavily encumbered with supplies and greatly outnumbered, had difficulty in reaching the coast and effecting its escape. After sustaining immense losses, suffering untold hardships and fighting, when attacked, with lion-like courage, the English succeeded in reaching Corunna, where Sir John was killed when engaged in embarking his exhausted troops.

While he was following the retreating army, Napoleon received important dispatches calling him home at once, and after seeing that Sir John would not give battle and that the escape of the British was assured, he handed over the command to Marshal Soult and hastened to Paris as fast

as post and saddle could carry him. He reached the capital on January 23, 1809.

There was a reason for his hasty departure; he had received word that his enemies were scheming. During his absence in Spain, Talleyrand and Fouché, who had for a long time been bitter enemies and at swords' points, had healed their differences, and ostentatiously, arm in arm, to the great amazement of all present, entered a public reception. They were the best political weathercocks in Paris, and their friendliness started the gossips chattering and brought forth the expressions of many conservative men, who denounced as dangerous and destructive the insatiable ambition of Napoleon. Talleyrand and Fouché met secretly and it was believed that they had an understanding with Murat and his ambitious wife to seize on power in Paris while Napoleon was detained in Spain. It was rumored, indeed, that Fouché had stationed relays between Naples and Paris to convey Murat and his consort post haste to the capital in case the conditions were favorable to effect the change.

The whole matter is involved in obscurity, but whatever the truth was, the rumors and the mysterious conduct of these two wily politicians so alarmed the friends of Napoleon that they sent him dispatches urging his immediate return.

Napoleon, as may well be imagined, was in a towering rage and when he reached Paris severely rebuked Fouché and at a public reception reprimanded Talleyrand so sharply and upbraided him so bitterly that the cynical old diplomat cowered

under the assault. But after the storm subsided and Talleyrand recovered his usual equanimity, he coolly remarked to those standing by: "What a pity that so great a man has been so badly brought up." It is said that so vehement were the manner and the attitude of Napoleon that as he advanced Talleyrand retreated until he reached the wall, when the emperor shook his fist in the grand chamberlain's face.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord was born of a noble family in Paris in 1754. He met with an accident in his infancy and in consequence became an incurable cripple. His lameness closed many careers against him and finally, but reluctantly, he entered the church. In time he became Bishop of Autum, a rather fat benefice. His private life in his young manhood, even after he had taken orders, was scandalous; among his minor vices was a passionate love of gambling, and he did not hesitate to play for high stakes. The celebrated Madame du Barry took a fancy to him in his early years and materially aided him with her influence. He was a delegate to the States-General in 1789 and in the National Assembly voted for the confiscation of the church property, for which act he was soon afterwards excommunicated by the pope.

He was witty, clever, interesting, and fascinating, cool, calculating and unscrupulous. His name was a synonym for duplicity and perfidy. One of his favorite witticisms was that language was made to conceal thought. He was utterly unprincipled and without any sense of obligation

or gratitude. As a diplomat he was shrewd, adroit, and resourceful; as a politician, far-seeing and self-seeking. Napoleon used him, but mistrusted him, and described him as a silk stocking filled with filth. Mirabeau, in his characteristic style, declared the bishop would sell his soul for gold, if a purchaser could be found for trash so vile.

Talleyrand never forgave Napoleon for the deep public humiliation to which he had been subjected, and quietly waited for an opportunity to betray him. The wily minister reaped a full harvest of vengeance at the time of the Bourbon restoration.

Another matter that brought the emperor home so suddenly was the belligerent attitude of Austria.

In 1808, just before Napoleon went to Spain to take command of the army, there was a meeting between him and the czar at the little old-fashioned town of Erfurt. The provisions of the treaty of Tilsit had been in many particulars loosely observed, as might have been expected when two ambitious monarchs were so jealous and so fearful of each other. There is no question that the Spanish uprising awakened the dormant spirit of national unity throughout Germany. The able, patriotic minister Stein, together with Scharnhorst and other patriots, was in a conspiracy to throw off the Napoleonic yoke. One of Stein's letters was intercepted and published in the *Moniteur* by order of the emperor, who straightway directed the sequestration of

Stein's property in Westphalia. The patriotic German for safety fled to Vienna. Austria, too, gave signs of warlike preparation. Under all these conditions Napoleon thought it important to have an understanding with his powerful ally, and accordingly he sent an invitation to Alexander to meet him at Erfurt. Kings and princes, envoys and ministers, graced the occasion with their presence; soldiers in gay uniforms set the narrow streets of the sombre old Thuringian town ablaze with color. The emperors at their first meeting embraced each other and were most profuse in their protestations of loyalty and friendship. Their entrance into the town was welcomed with salvos of artillery. In the mornings and afternoons they met to discuss and consider political questions, and the evenings were devoted to receptions and the theatre. At one of the dramatic entertainments, during the presentation of Voltaire's "Œdipe," when the line, "The friendship of a great man is a benefaction of the gods," was recited, Alexander arose in full view of the house and warmly pressed the hand of Napoleon, who was sitting at his side, and as usual on such occasions, dozing. The fashionable audience, to so touching an episode, responded with rapturous applause.

Under this ostentatious display of mutual admiration and friendship lurked, however, a spirit of unrest. Alexander pleaded for the independence of Prussia, which had been assured by the treaty of Tilsit, and for a reduction in the amount of the pecuniary claims against her. Napoleon

declined the first proposition and allowed a niggardly reduction in the sum due to France as a war indemnity. There was friction too on the question of the occupancy of Küstrin on the Russian border and also as to the garrisoning of fortresses on the Oder by the French.

Napoleon, who was exceedingly anxious to avert a war with Austria, urged Alexander to join with him in a diplomatic menace against the further arming by that state, but this Alexander declined to do; he promised to help Napoleon, however, in case Austria should attack him, recognized Joseph as king of Spain, and joined in a note to England summoning her to make peace. In some respects the alliance was strengthened, but taken altogether the convention was fruitless. Its splendor had dazzled Europe, but had not conquered nor even terrorized its warlike spirit — Spain, Prussia, the German states, and Austria were restless and chafing under the yoke.

The interview of Napoleon with Goethe and Wieland was an interesting feature of the meeting. These two great German poets had been invited to Erfurt by the French emperor, that he might show them extraordinary honor and thus soften the feeling of hostility against him in Germany. He invited Goethe to come to Paris, but fortunately for himself the poet could plead old age as an excuse. He decorated both Goethe and Wieland with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and by a singular coincidence this ceremony took place on the anniversary of the battle of Jena.

CHAPTER XX

WAR WITH AUSTRIA—WAGRAM—TREATY OF SCHÖNBRUNN—WAR IN SPAIN

After the return of Napoleon from Spain, he saw that war with Austria was inevitable. The meeting at Erfurt had only aroused her suspicions, and she was fearful, for she was the only military power of any importance outside of France and Russia on the continent, that she might ultimately be reduced to a mere secondary position in the politics of Europe, as was Prussia; or, worse than even this, have her emperor compelled to abdicate like Charles IV of Spain, and a foreigner placed upon the throne as in that nation. Because of these fears she began increasing her army, much to the dissatisfaction of Napoleon, who really at this time had no desire to embark upon a war. He told Metternich, the Austrian ambassador at the French court, that if Austria armed it could be for no other purpose than to war with France, that he was in no sense hostile, and did not desire to see the peace of Europe disturbed, but that if Austria continued to increase her armaments war would be inevitable.

At last the step was taken when, on the tenth of April, 1809, Archduke Charles invaded Ba-

varia and issued a proclamation calling upon all Germans to arise and drive out from their midst their arrogant and foreign oppressors. "The freedom of Europe," read the appeal, "has sought refuge beneath your banners. Soldiers, your victories will break her chains; your German brothers who are now in the ranks of the enemy wait for their deliverance."

Napoleon hastened to the front to face once more the dangers of the battlefield. Upon his arrival at headquarters, he found the army so widely separated, stretching from Ratisbon to Augsburg, a distance of sixty miles, that it required all his skill to mass them before the Archduke struck his blows. The duty of posting the troops had been assigned to Berthier, but he had managed the matter so badly that Napoleon, incensed beyond measure, turned upon him and angrily exclaimed: "If I did not know you to be my friend, I should suspect you were a traitor."

Fortunately for the French, the Archduke did not know the value of time as did Napoleon. Had the positions of the two commanders been reversed, the Austrians would have been suddenly attacked before they could have united their forces and one detachment after another would have been scattered to the winds. By almost superhuman effort, however, Napoleon got his army well in hand and by rapid and successful movements crossed the Isar and, after winning the battles of Abendsberg and Landfurt, brought Charles to a standstill at Eckmühl (April 22nd) and administered a severe defeat the next day.

Ratisbon was stormed and taken, which last engagement left the road to Vienna open. It was at Ratisbon that Napoleon was wounded in the foot.

In these battles 30,000 Austrians were killed and wounded, while vast stores, cannon, guns, and ammunition were captured by the French. Napoleon believed that his manœuvres up to this point in this campaign were not surpassed so far as military skill was concerned during his entire career.

The French now pushed on to Vienna, forcing the whole line of the Austrians to retreat. When that city was reached, it offered some resistance to the invaders. The French at once brought their siege guns into position and opened fire. During the continuance of the bombardment, Napoleon was informed that the Archduchess Maria Louisa was in the palace so ill that it was not deemed safe to remove her; he at once chivalrously directed that the guns should cease firing in that direction. By this generous act he perhaps saved the life of the woman who in less than a year was to be his wife and to become empress of the French.

The city soon capitulated and on May thirteenth Napoleon again entered in triumph at the head of his legions the proud city of the Hapsburgs. The royal family fled to Hungary.

Napoleon, having established his headquarters at Schönbrunn, on May seventeenth issued a decree annexing Rome to the empire; this included all that portion of the papal states he heretofore

had neglected to seize and appropriate. He further reduced the popes to the rank of bishops of Rome, stripped them of all temporal power, and designated the sum of 2,000,000 francs as the annual stipend to be paid to the holy pontiff. The pope, Pius VII, incensed at the spoliation, hurled in turn a bull of excommunication at the emperor, and in consequence was placed under arrest by order of Napoleon and hurried away from the eternal city to Florence.

The language of the decree deposing the pope was the most pompous ever used by Napoleon in a state paper and shows that his elevation was making him somewhat dizzy. He referred to Charlemagne as his "august predecessor, emperor of the French."

The capture of Vienna did not put an end to hostilities, as Napoleon was in hopes it would, so he sent a communication to Charles suggesting an armistice, but that prince did not even deign to reply.

The Austrian army was on the opposite side of the Danube, and Napoleon, after a few days' rest in the capital, decided to assume once more the offensive, and with this end in view he led his army a few miles east of Vienna. Here bridges were constructed and the troops at once crossed the river. When the French reached the other shore the Austrians immediately began the attack and severe fighting ensued, lasting during the days of the twenty-first and twenty-second of May, the battlefield being located in the neighborhood of the villages of Aspern and Essling. The

Austrians made a desperate onslaught on the French columns and reinforcements were sent forward as rapidly as the hastily-constructed bridges would permit. While the troops were being rushed across the river, a freshet, bearing trees and barges on its surface, carried the bridges away and thus was cut off the line of retreat. With the river back of them the French, under Lannes and Massena, held the Austrians at bay with dogged tenacity until nightfall, when, bridges in the meantime having been constructed, the French slowly retreated, leaving 25,000 dead upon the field.

The peerless and dauntless Lannes, the greatest vanguard leader in the army, was mortally wounded. He was the son of a Gascon dyer and enlisted, when a boy, as a grenadier; he was soon promoted for conspicuous bravery and rose rapidly, Napoleon making him a marshal. Frank, open-hearted, brave as a lion, he was the idol of his troops, and he would send no man where he himself was not willing to go.

He was the first man over the bridge at Lodi, led the vanguard across the Alps, and steadied the retreating columns at Marengo. He followed Bonaparte to Egypt and at Acre led the assaults with dauntless courage. Through all of Napoleon's campaigns he was ever in the thickest of the fray. He was known as the Ajax and the Rolando of the French camp. He is said to have been in fifty-four pitched battles and in three hundred combats of different kinds. At Ratisbon, when the soldiers quailed before the withering

fire, he rushed towards the battlements with a scaling ladder, crying out: "Come on! I will show you I have not forgotten that I was once a grenadier."

Napoleon was much shocked when he heard that his marshal was wounded, and the meeting between them, according to Marbot, who was an eye-witness, was most touching. Napoleon leaned over the stretcher, embraced Lannes, and wept, exclaiming: "My friend, you will not die; all will yet be well." "I hope so," whispered the wounded soldier, "if I can be of service to France or your majesty." Every day the emperor found time to visit him, but on the thirtieth, following a painful amputation of his leg, the gallant soldier died.

After the battle of Aspern and Essling, the French army had retreated to a large island called Lobau in the Danube in front of Vienna. Napoleon, apparently not in the least disconcerted by his defeat, now brought into play his extraordinary powers of organization. Reinforcements were hastened forward from all parts of Germany.

No matter what Napoleon, with his usual effrontery claimed, it was known that he had suffered a repulse, and all Europe for several weeks watched and anxiously waited for the final result. About this time news reached the emperor of serious disasters in Spain, that a British fleet and army occupied the island of Ischia, threatening the throne of Murat, and further that Germany was on the point of rising. All the French troops

having been withdrawn from the Tyrol, the brave innkeeper, Hafer, began to organize the peasants and make arrangements to rise against the oppressor.

It looked as if all depended upon the result of the Austrian invasion and as if another repulse would rock the imperial throne of France. It was just such an exigency, however, that brought forth in their full equipment the marvelous resources and powers of Napoleon. By his skill, coolness, and sagacity, he finally extricated himself from a desperate situation.

While Napoleon was reinforcing his army, the Austrians were throwing up a long line of heavy redoubts.

On the night of the fourth of July, during a terrific thunder-storm, Napoleon at the northwest corner of the island in front of the Austrian lines opened a cannonading with his heaviest guns, as if he contemplated crossing the bridges and making a direct attack on the Austrian defences. While the enemy's attention was directed on this point, bridges were being constructed at the southeastern corner of the island, and by sunrise on the morning of the fifth the French army had crossed the Danube and gained a foothold on the northern bank. The ruse was completely successful. By this movement the earthworks of the Austrians were outflanked, Archduke Charles evacuated his defences, withdrew his troops into the open, and fell back to the west a few miles from Aspern. On the sixth was fought the famous battle of Wagram, in the sight of Vienna.

The housetops and steeples of the city were crowded with people watching the conflict. The Austrian soldiers were literally fighting for their hearth-stones in sight of their loved ones. If there ever was an incentive for an army to show its courage it was at Wagram.

The archduke's right was extended towards the Danube and it was strengthened to turn the left flank of the French, with the hope of cutting off the line of retreat across the bridges. Napoleon, with his usual sagacity, divined the purpose of his antagonist, and encouraged him to weaken his centre by reinforcing his right. Massena was in command of the French left wing, with orders to hold his ground, if possible, against all odds, or, if compelled to retreat, to give way slowly and stubbornly. While the archduke's attention was directed on the right wing, Davoust suddenly made a desperate attack upon the Austrians' left, which gradually began to recoil. The centre of the Austrian line held its ground, and Massena, pressed by superior forces, was slowly but steadily falling back. At this critical moment one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon were massed and opened fire at close range on the Austrian centre; the fire was overwhelming and deadly. The French centre, under Bernadotte and Macdonald, was now pushed forward, and the Austrians were compelled to retreat, their whole line of battle giving way. It was not a rout, the archduke left no prisoners behind; he kept his forces well in hand and withdrew in comparatively good order. It was not a triumph for the French so

pronounced and decisive as Austerlitz, Jena or even Friedland. It was a victory, however, and as such was heralded throughout Europe, and once more for a time at least the political atmosphere was cleared.

Two hundred and fifty thousand men were engaged in this battle; the total loss on both sides was fifty thousand killed and wounded, equally divided.

To add to the horrors of the battlefield, the musketry and cannons set fire to the standing grain, and great volumes of smoke enveloped the armies and smothered thousands of wounded to death. It was sultry midsummer weather, the harvests were ripe, and the straw being dry and inflammable made a terrific blaze and intensified the heat of the atmosphere till it was almost unbearable.

The Austrians battled with more skill and courage than they ever did before; it looked as if Napoleon was gradually teaching them how to fight. They were taking their lessons in the hard school of experience.

An armistice resulted in a treaty of peace signed at Schönbrunn in October, and Austria was forced to give up considerable territory, including Trieste and Illyria, thus stripping from her every inch of coast line, and making her absolutely an inland nation. She lost nearly 4,000,000 subjects, agreed to exclude British products, and to limit her army to 150,000 men. She also had to pay an indemnity of 85,000,000 francs, the amount that England is said to have given her as a sub-

sidy to induce her to enter upon the war. The worst pang she suffered was to be compelled to abandon the faithful Tyrolese.

After the battle of Wagram the dimensions of the French Empire were greater than they ever had been. Eighty millions of people paid tribute to France and acknowledged her authority, but there was no homogeneity or unity in sentiment; the empire was the result of conquest, and was held together by force; it contained within itself the seeds of disintegration.

While war was waging in Austria the situation in Spain grew desperate. Wellesley outgeneraled Soult at Oporto, and compelled him to retreat, leaving behind his artillery, ammunition, and stores. The French were completely routed, and as the stragglers, still armed, came pouring panic-stricken into the town of Lugo, they were assailed with scoffs and jeers by the soldiers of Ney's corps. The two marshals themselves took up the quarrel of their soldiers and were on the point of drawing swords when wiser and cooler councils prevailed.

A few weeks after the battle of Wagram, Wellesley won a victory at Talavera over Jourdan and Victor, which left the road to Madrid open; but Soult, having reorganized and reinforced his army, threatened by forced marches through the mountain passes to cut off the British line of retreat into Portugal. The English general was alert, however, and thwarted the plan by a timely and rapid movement and withdrew his troops in order.

CHAPTER XXI

NAPOLEON'S DIVORCE FROM JOSEPHINE—HIS MARRIAGE WITH MARIA LOUISA—SPAIN—ABDICATION OF LOUIS, KING OF HOLLAND—COMMERCIAL WAR WITH ENGLAND—BIRTH OF KING OF ROME

After the Austrian campaign, Napoleon was more convinced than ever that the empire must have a dynasty, and the first essential was a direct successor to the throne. Josephine had long since abandoned all hopes of giving her spouse an heir, and with anguish of heart she knew that the time was rapidly approaching when she would be called upon to make a sacrifice.

Continually facing the dangers of the battlefield, Napoleon felt there was no time to be lost; he must at once secure an heir. "The French people," he remarked, "want my successor to be born in a palace; none of my brothers will suit the case." The wound he received in the foot at Ratisbon proved he had no longer a charmed existence.

An incident, too, occurred in Vienna that made a deep impression upon his mind, and convinced him more strongly than ever of the uncertainty of his life. While the emperor was reviewing the troops at Schönbrunn a young student named

Staps, the son of a Thuringian clergyman, gained entrance to the palace yard and acting in a suspicious manner, enough to attract the attention of Berthier and Rapp, was arrested, and upon examination there was found concealed under his coat a long sharp knife. When asked why he carried so deadly a weapon he boldly replied: "To assassinate Napoleon." Brought before the emperor, he again admitted that it had been his intention to kill him. "You are an idiot, or an Illuminat," said the emperor. "I am neither," replied the lad. "I do not even know what you mean by the latter, but I wish to kill you because you are the curse, the scourge, of my Fatherland." "What would you do if I were to pardon you?" he was asked. "Wait for an opportunity to carry out my purpose," was the prompt answer. The boy was tried and shot. How many more patriots there were of this kind in the Fatherland was the question that worried Napoleon.

Upon the emperor's return to Paris from Vienna his conduct towards Josephine underwent a complete change. He did not greet her with his old-time fervor, and closed the door of his chamber against her, virtually in her face. Day after day he postponed the bitter task of revealing to her his purpose. Her woman's wit, however, soon convinced her that the day of doom which she had so long dreaded was close at hand. On November thirtieth, in an interview in a retired room in the palace of the Tuileries, the emperor broke the sad tidings to his wife. In phrase as

tender as possible, he informed her that for state reasons he was imperatively compelled to sever the tie. Of course to her, a woman, a wife, such a reason seemed but a subterfuge; what were the needs and requirements of the empire as compared with her desires? Josephine above all else was a woman; she had been a foolish one, and by her occasional infidelities had neutralized the passionate love that Napoleon once had for her. Time had gradually cooled his ardor, but had intensified her affection. Their relations had changed, and now having grown to appreciate what she was about to lose — husband, station, honor, title, crown — she piteously begged him to relent. Upon her knees, with heart-breaking sobs, she pleaded with him to save her from disgrace. Napoleon, who had nerved himself for the occasion, was proof against her cries, her tears, and her sorrow, and summoning assistance, helped to carry her down the staircase to her room, where he left her in a half-fainting condition in the charge of her waiting-women. Then he sorrowfully retraced his steps to his chamber and gave way to grief. The agony of Josephine continued for days to express itself in sobs and lamentations, but finding that her fate was sealed, that the will of her imperial consort was inflexible, she consented to an annulment of the marriage, and on December fifteenth the divorce took place. The pope absolutely and sternly refusing his consent to the severance, a committee of cardinals was coaxed and dragooned into service to untie the bonds.

After the separation, Josephine was pensioned and provided with every luxury.

Through Caulaincourt, his ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg, Napoleon almost immediately opened overtures for the hand of the czar's younger sister. At Erfurt when the emperor intimated that the older sister's hand might be sought by him in marriage in case of obtaining a divorce from Josephine, the dowager empress, who greatly disliked Napoleon, quickly blocked that game by publicly announcing her daughter's betrothal to the Duke of Oldenburg. Now that Napoleon sought the younger sister's hand, a little time was gained by intimating that the tender age of the princess, she being not twenty years old, might prove an insuperable barrier. Even before the negotiations with the czar were finally concluded, Napoleon flew to the court of the Hapsburgs, and without further ado, aided by the *finesse* of Metternich, sued for and obtained the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor Francis. Berthier was dispatched to Vienna at once to conclude the negotiations. On the fifth of March, 1810, the French envoy made his entry into the Austrian capital; on the eighth he was given an audience by the emperor; and on the eleventh the marriage was celebrated by proxy. On the thirteenth the bride, accompanied by a suite of three hundred persons and escorted by eighty-three carriages and baggage wagons drawn by four hundred and fifty horses, left Vienna for Paris. Upon reaching Braunau in Bavaria she

was virtually on French soil and here the Austrian suite officially took leave.

While these events were happening Napoleon was in a state of agitation, impatient as a boy, feverish as a young lover, although he was forty-one years of age. Time and again he would ask Lejeune, who had but recently returned from Vienna, to describe the appearance, the manner, disposition, and character of Maria Louisa. Then he would for a long time contemplate her portrait and compare it with pictures of the other Hapsburgs. He spent hours in the apartments of the future empress, directing what changes should be made and how the furniture and ornaments should be placed. He sent for the best shoemakers in Paris to make his slippers, pumps, shoes, and boots, and called Léger, a leading tailor who fashioned the resplendent and magnificent uniforms of Murat, to advise with him in relation to new costumes; and he devoted hours to trying on gold-laced coats, mantles, and embroidered waistcoats.

Daily he would retire into his cabinet with the famous Dubois, and after securely closing the door against all intrusion, would take lessons in dancing, in which art, however, he made but little progress even under the tuition of so skillful a master.

He had sent to his *fiancée* the most beautiful and costly jewels, the packing of which he had personally superintended. Every day he dispatched a swift-footed courier to meet the coach and give to his consort letters and flowers. This

MARIE LOUISE

Representative portrait made in Vienna by well-known Austrian artists

was the man who, according to his critics, made love like a hussar.

Before she arrived in Paris he also had provided for her an expensive and extensive wardrobe consisting of chemises, nightgowns, nightcaps, dressing sacks, petticoats, handkerchiefs, silk stockings and sixty pairs of shoes of all shades and colors. Besides these things he purchased most exquisite laces, magnificent house robes, and India shawls of the finest texture and patterns.

It was a short distance from Soissons that the imperial bride and groom were to meet. Three sumptuous tents had been erected for the purpose and the ceremony in all its features had been carefully rehearsed. On the morning of the day fixed for the reception, when the carriages were drawn up in the palace yard at Compiègne and all the court were ready to start, they were surprised to hear that the emperor had disappeared. Early in the morning, accompanied by Murat, he had slipped out of a side door unobserved, and in a carriage without livery, had driven hastily away. It was the twenty-seventh of March, and the rain was falling in torrents, but the inclement weather did not dampen the ardor of the impatient lover. When the carriage reached the village of Courcelles it stopped in front of a small church and the travelers, alighting, took refuge under its porch, Napoleon every few minutes running out from his shelter to take a view of the horizon. Here they remained until the *berline* arrived bearing Maria

Louisa and her traveling companion, Caroline, Queen of Naples, the latter having been chosen by Napoleon to escort his bride to the capital. The emperor quickly opened the door and with hat in hand, his garments dripping wet, for the rain still continued to pour, mounted the steps of the coach. "His Majesty, the emperor of the French, my brother," said Caroline, and the next moment Napoleon held his young wife in his arms. "Your portrait does not flatter you," was the first compliment paid by the bride to her imperial lover and these timely words set him in ecstasy.

The programme for the day had been greatly interfered with by the disappearance of Napoleon from Compiègne. The meeting under the tents at Soissons had been abandoned, the magnificent banquet prepared by the celebrated caterer, Bausset, was left uneaten. Napoleon was not in the humor to dine, nor did he have time to stop at every village and town to listen to the wearisome addresses of welcome from committees, mayors, and other officials. Two couriers on a mad gallop through slush and mud rode in advance of the coach crying: "Place! Place!" Behind them came rolling along the great *berline* conveying the imperial party, drawn by eight white horses at full speed.

At nine o'clock in the evening the carriage reached Compiègne. Supper was served in the apartments of the empress. A few presentations were made of important personages, after which Napoleon and his bride retired, occupying the

same chamber, Napoleon declaring that they were already man and wife under the procuratorial ceremony at Vienna; to which contention Maria herself offered no strenuous objection. As a further excuse for his conduct the emperor referred to the example of that amorous lover, Henry IV of Navarre, who, under like circumstances, had not waited for the sanction of a mere ceremony.

The next day the court had an opportunity to meet the new bride and they generally were of opinion that she was quite pretty, but was wanting in that elegance, ease, and grace so characteristic of the women of France and which Josephine possessed in so high a degree.

One could not help contrasting Maria's mild inanimate beauty with that of the vivacious and spirited princess, Marie Antoinette, who not many years before had come to France from the same proud house of Hapsburg to marry the dauphin.

At St. Cloud, on the twenty-ninth, the civil ceremony was performed. On the second of April their Majesties entered Paris in great state and the religious marriage was solemnized in the grand gallery of the Louvre, in the presence, so it was said, of the most superb and brilliant assembly ever seen in France.

In making preparations for this final and all-important ceremony, it was directed by Napoleon that the queens of Naples, of Holland, and of Westphalia, the grand duchess of Tuscany, and the princess Borghese should bear the train

of the empress. These proud and distinguished women at first strenuously resisted the imperial order. "Never! Never!" declared the princess Pauline, "will I consent to this humiliation. I will die first!" But she smothered her spirit of rebellion when Napoleon coolly remarked that as she had formerly carried a basket to market her dignity would not have to make much of a sacrifice in bearing the train of the lady from the house of Hapsburg. This little family insurrection was soon calmed, but a more serious opposition was met when the papal authorities refused to take part in the ceremony.

After the seizure of the pope the entire college of cardinals had been transplanted from Rome to Paris, only those who had pleaded old age or physical infirmities were allowed to remain in the eternal city. At the imposing ceremony in the Louvre the twenty-seven cardinals were not present, giving as a reason for their absence the fact that the emperor's divorce from Josephine had not been sanctioned by Pius VII. Napoleon wrought dire vengeance on the offending prelates for what he termed their contumacious conduct by banishing them, depriving them of their revenues and forbidding them to wear the insignia of their office. They were designated contemptuously by the people as the "black cardinals."

For days Paris was given over to receptions, balls, festivals, and illuminations. Congratulations poured in on the emperor from every court in Christendom and the event seemed to augur a long-continued peace for Europe.

Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, who took the credit to himself of having brought about the alliance, carried away by his emotions while breakfasting at the Louvre, caught up a wine glass and appearing at a window overlooking the court yard, where great crowds had assembled, proposed in a loud voice a toast to the "King of Rome," this having been the title under the Holy Roman Empire for the heir apparent, and which in this instance the Austrian minister intended should refer to Napoleon's issue. The crowd caught the meaning of the toast and filled the air with cheers.

Maria Louisa was a buxom healthy girl eighteen years of age in the full bloom of her youth, and therein she met in the first place the requirements of the union, for this proud "daughter of the Cæsars" had been chosen to succeed a barren wife that a progeny might be raised in order to establish a dynasty. She was pleasing and comely in appearance, had blue eyes, a fine complexion, and beautiful luxuriant light brown hair; but was commonplace, timid, self-conscious, and without those charms which fascinate. She was indolent, indifferent, tactless, and without any strong sentiment of affection. She grew to be most jealous of the ex-empress, Josephine, showing signs of displeasure at the mere mention of her name. It is not reasonable to suppose that she could have had any deep affection for Napoleon, a man much her senior in years, in fact more than twice her age, and whom she never saw until she came to Paris. It was simply a state

marriage, and without the preliminaries of a courtship, it was solemnized only for the purpose of obtaining an heir.

Is it possible that Napoleon ever imagined in his wildest dreams that his great and vast empire, the larger portion of which was made up of denationalized states, could be held together in its integrity and entirety after his death merely by placing a boy on the throne? Napoleon's surpassing genius had created it. This master craftsman, using the army as his tool, had welded this mighty mass together and the very moment the force that held it intact was removed the whole fabric would probably crumble to pieces. History shows many instances of great and vast empires erected by the genius of a single man, from Alexander to Genghis Khan, from Tamerlane to Charlemagne, but in the nature of things they were all of short duration.

On July 10, 1810, Holland by royal decree was annexed to the empire. Louis, in a gust of rage, had abandoned his throne and gone to Bohemia to drink the mineral waters of Teplitz.

After receiving the crown of Holland from Napoleon, Louis insisted upon exercising the powers of sovereignty absolutely independent of his brother and pompously set up the claim of the divine right of kings. He was directed by the emperor to seize all American vessels lying in the Dutch ports, which ships were supposed to contain English goods; and upon his refusal twenty thousand French troops started on the march to Amsterdam to enforce compliance with

the order. But before their arrival Louis, on the night of July first, deserted the kingdom. He slipped away so quietly and secretly that for several days his whereabouts were not known, much to the dismay and mortification of the emperor.

Louis had married Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, but after the death of their child she had separated from her husband and was flirting with a handsome coxcomb, the Duke de Flahaut, renowned throughout the fashionable circles in France for his shapely legs.

The family feuds of the Bonapartes had become a public scandal. Jerome, as king of Westphalia, disgusted his subjects by his dissipation, luxury, and extravagance. "I never," declared Napoleon, "put a relative on a throne that I do not have another enemy to watch." Lucien, at odds with his brother, was residing in Rome and publicly criticising the emperor's treatment of the pope. Even Madame Mére, who was living with Lucien, felt she had been slighted in the distribution of honors and continually upbraided her ungrateful son, while his three sisters were a constant annoyance in their frequent demands and exactions.

The royal line of Sweden was all but extinct and it was necessary to find a suitable successor who for the time being would be the virtual crown prince. Anxious to secure the favor of Napoleon, the Swedes chose Bernadotte, one of his marshals. For some reason or other the emperor, although disliking Bernadotte, was in-

duced to sanction the selection, and even furnished him with a large sum of money, two million francs, to enable him to assume in proper state his new dignity as prince royal.

Bernadotte in several instances had deceived and enraged Napoleon; he had conspired against him in the days of the Consulate and at Auerstadt and Wagram had signally failed in his duty as a soldier, but having married the sister of Joseph's wife he was considered a member of the Bonaparte family and thus had escaped punishment for his derelictions. Napoleon could easily have defeated his selection to the Swedish succession, but by some weighty influence and the loyal protestations of Bernadotte he was persuaded against his will to consent; and he lived to rue the day, for he found to his dismay that he had only warmed another serpent into life.

Joseph, in an endeavor to maintain his hold in Spain, was incessant in his demand for money and troops. The marshals commanding the French armies in Spain were so jealous of each other that they would not act in concert, and Joseph was not the man to bring them together. A mere puppet king, he could not win the affection nor even the confidence of his subjects, nor command the obedience of his marshals. Reduced to bankruptcy and perplexed beyond measure by his accumulating troubles, he hurried to Paris, and in May, 1811, tendered his resignation. Napoleon, to hush up the scandal, strove in every possible way to appease his brother, and under the promise of paying him one-fourth of

the taxes levied by the French commanders induced him to withdraw his resignation and return to his post.

The war in Spain demanded attention, and it is surprising that Napoleon himself did not take command of the army and put an end to the jealousies existing among the French marshals, Massena, Ney, and Soult. Wellington declared that "his presence on the field made a difference of 40,000 men."

Some of the troops of the Grand Army had been sent into Spain and Portugal, with orders from Napoleon "to drive the leopards," referring to the British troops, "into the sea"; but their efforts were neutralized because of the want of concerted action.

Wellington repulsed the army of Massena at Busaco and then fell back towards Lisbon, and opened the celebrated campaign of Torres Vedras. Massena followed in pursuit, with an army of 65,000 men, and, failing to carry the British redoubts or to induce Wellington to come out from his intrenchments to offer battle, was compelled, in November, 1810, to withdraw. He had suffered a great loss from disease and hunger during a pestilential autumn in a district that had been laid waste by Wellington on his retreat.

Massena, failing to form a junction with the army of Soult, abandoned Portugal in the early spring of 1811, after a most disastrous campaign, entailing the loss of 35,000 men.

The successes in Portugal revived the courage of England, although she was still in a de-

pressed condition. At the close of 1810 the three per cent. British consols were quoted at sixty-five, trade was languishing, manufactures had fallen to a minimum, there was lack of work, and in consequence wages were low. Foreign commerce, the little there was of it, was conducted by smuggling, and voluntary bankrupts averaged nearly ten a day. The ministry was incapable and at odds, while the king, George III, was mentally deranged. To add to the general distress the harvests of 1809 and 1810 had been failures. It looked as if England were on the verge of ruin, and that her commercial supremacy was being strangled to death in the coils of the Continental system which, like an immense serpent, stretched its vast length throughout and around all Europe.

Napoleon promulgated a decree at Trianon on August 5, 1810, imposing heavy duties, generally half their values, on all imported colonial products such as cotton, coffee, tea, and cocoa. It was further directed that all traders should declare their possession of these goods under a penalty of confiscation for disobedience. Such stores if within four days' distance of the frontiers were liable to seizure. It would seem by these extreme measures that Napoleon was determined to put a price so high on imported goods, that were admitted in spite of the Continental system, as to place them beyond the reach of the people. His Fontainebleau decree of October 18, 1810, directed that the manufactures of England found in the hands of dealers should be

seized and publicly burned. Special tribunals were created for the purpose of investigating these cases and imposing punishment upon the violators of the law, and above all, upon the smugglers. Such a rigorous system, however, caused a rise in prices throughout the empire. Wherever the ports were closed against the importation of England's home and colonial products the prices increased enormously. Sugar, for instance, rose as high as seven francs, and coffee, eight francs per pound. If Napoleon had possessed a navy he would have starved England to death or forced her to a peace, but with her great fleets she commanded the ocean, and conveyed to her own shores without hindrance or danger the products of her colonies, including corn and wheat. While Napoleon was the arbiter of Europe, England was mistress of the seas.

When this commercial war was at its height a male child was born to Napoleon, on March 20, 1811. At one time in the crisis the mother was in great peril, and the question arose as to which life, hers or the child's, should be saved; when the emperor was consulted he unhesitatingly said: "Save the mother."

After the birth of the infant Napoleon tenderly embraced his wife, and when the danger was passed considerately sent word of his good fortune to Josephine. When the glad tidings were announced all Paris went wild with joy, steeple answered steeple and the cannon fired one hundred volleys because the infant was a boy.

The child was given the proud title: "King of

Rome." "Now begins," exultantly exclaimed Napoleon, "the finest epoch of my reign," and in truth the future did seem on the surface to warrant his sanguine assertion. His dynasty was established; his empire, greater in extent than even that of Charlemagne, covered Europe, extending from Denmark to Naples. Sweden recently had taken for its king Bernadotte, a member of the Bonaparte family; his brother Joseph was on the throne of Spain; Holland, Naples, and Westphalia were ruled by his kinsmen; he was protector of the Helvetic and the Rhine Confederations; Russia was still his ally; Austria virtually his vassal; while Prussia crouched at his feet. But on the other hand there could be heard in the east the distant rumblings of a coming storm. "The Spanish ulcer" was still a running sore; the detention of the pope as a prisoner greatly distressed the Catholic world, and the British fleets were sweeping the seas.

CHAPTER XXII

INVASION OF RUSSIA

The Treaty of Tilsit with its liberal provisions was drawn by Napoleon with the intention of making the czar of Russia an ally of France, and having him assist in the effort that was being made to destroy the commercial supremacy of England. But it had not worked satisfactorily to that end. The Continental ports were still open to British manufactures, and English goods were carried in what ostensibly were neutral bottoms, but which in fact were, in the vast majority of instances, ships engaged in the maritime commerce of England and whose home ports were London and Liverpool.

In 1810 Napoleon wrote to Alexander that he was not keeping in good faith the provisions of the treaty, and insisted upon his seizing the so-called neutral ships in the Baltic sea. "No matter what flags or papers they sail under, you may rest assured," said Napoleon, "that they are English." But Alexander refused, and not only refused, but in addition issued a decree which virtually opened the Russian ports to British goods in neutral bottoms and at the same time imposed restrictions upon French wines and silks. In the correspondence that passed be-

tween the two sovereigns the czar coolly intimated that Napoleon himself winked at violations of the treaty when it was to his interest to do so. Doubtless there was much truth in what the czar said, for even afterwards when Napoleon was making preparations to invade Russia he closed his eyes to the fact that many of his supplies came from England. The greater portion of the 2,000,000 pairs of shoes for his men were furnished by British manufacturers, as the immense order could not be filled on the continent.

So long as Napoleon could not establish a universal boycott against England and close the continental markets to the entrance of her colonial goods and products, he could not destroy her influence and power. Secure in her island home and secure as well in her eastern possessions, which, since Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Egypt, were far beyond his reach, she could defy the power of the autocrat as could no other European nation. To the stability and the permanence of the empire and the Napoleonic dynasty she was a standing menace, and the whole effort of Napoleon was bent upon her destruction. It is a question whether his invasion of Russia did not have for its ultimate purpose the opening of a grand highway overland to the East, as a menace to India, the richest of all the colonial possessions of England. Even at this time, in the very zenith of his power, he looked back with regret upon his failure to reduce Saint Jean d'Acre, which had barred his way to India. "That miserable hole," he complained, "thwarted

my destiny." At another time he declared: "If Acre had fallen I would have changed the face of the world."

The friendly attitude of Russia towards England greatly irritated Napoleon, and he was heard more than once to say that Alexander's conduct would, in time, provoke a war; that if he continued in his mistaken policy a conflict was inevitable.

There were other questions besides the violation of the provisions of the Treaty of Tilsit that created a hostile feeling. Napoleon's occupancy of Gallicia and his taking possession of Oldenburg, a duchy governed by the duke of that name who had married the older sister of the czar, gave great offence to Russia, and although Napoleon made a diplomatic explanation for his conduct, his high-handed acts still rankled in the memory of Alexander. The Russian, too, was in constant dread that Napoleon would wrest Poland from his grasp.

All the while Russia was quietly making vast preparations in anticipation of the coming hostilities. She strengthened her defences and fortifications and greatly increased her armaments, and thus necessarily aroused the suspicions of France.

In at least one instance the pride of the czar had been grievously wounded. After Napoleon had divorced Josephine and was looking through the courts of Europe for a suitable bride, he had opened negotiations, as we have heretofore stated, with the czar for the hand of his younger

sister. But almost before the negotiations were concluded the czar was surprised and mortified to hear that Napoleon had been a suitor for the hand of Maria Louisa of Austria and had been accepted. If there was anything to be gained by the alliance the house of Hapsburg had secured the prize under the very eyes of the Romanoffs.

The czar took this as a personal affront and stored it up in his memory to be avenged when the opportunity should arrive. And yet in this matter he had no real cause of complaint; he could have secured Napoleon as his brother-in-law if he had acted promptly, but to temporize with a man like Bonaparte in so delicate a matter was virtually to reject his addresses, and to humiliate him in the eyes of all Europe.

Year after year one thing and another trifling in character created friction and discontent between the two emperors, but while diplomatic relations were strained there was as yet no open rupture, no declaration of war.

England, at this time standing at the ear of Russia, constantly urged her to break off all relations with France and assert her independence regardless of treaty obligations.

During this period Russia and Turkey were at war and so long as hostilities continued between them it would have been perilous for Russia to cross swords with France. England, ever alert, here found an opportunity to serve her friend effectively, and she induced Turkey to sign a treaty of peace under a threat that, if she refused,

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From a portrait in colors by G. Hemmerle

England might find it of necessity to bring her fleet to the Bosphorus and bombard Constantinople. So fine and subtle was the diplomatic skill of the English ministers that Turkey actually became an ally of Russia, and these two life-long enemies, with an inborn race and religious hatred, agreed, under the ministrations of England, to unite their forces against a common foe.

Napoleon, when informed of this alliance, could not at first believe the report, it took him so completely by surprise. But when told that Bernadotte, whom he had enriched and virtually enthroned, had induced Sweden to become the ally of Russia, he was dumbfounded.

Without further delay he gave the command to assemble his cohorts, and at his word a vast army of 500,000 men rose up as if out of the earth. The emperor, accompanied by Maria Louisa, left Paris and journeyed in great state to Saxony to assume command. A grand review of this mighty host took place at Dresden in May, 1812. It was the last and most magnificent pageant that signalized the marvelous career of this modern Cæsar.

While in Dresden and before putting himself at the head of his army, he received the homage of his vassals, and showered precious gifts upon his allies. Kings and princes of the blood royal, dukes and dignitaries of the highest rank waited in his ante-chamber for an audience. The magnificence of his receptions surpassed anything ever seen at Versailles or the Tuileries, even in

the days of the old *régime,* but all this splendor was only the dazzling glory of a declining dynasty — the brilliancy of a setting sun.

So happy was he to be once more at the head of his army that he tramped up and down the floor of his room, the first night he passed at headquarters, singing at the top of his voice the revolutionary marching song, "*Le Chant du Depart.*" So great a noise did he make that he aroused from their slumbers the officers of his staff.

In this vast army there were but 200,000 Frenchmen, the remainder being composed of Germans from the Confederation of the Rhine, Austrians, Prussians, Italians, Poles, Switzers, Dutchmen, Spaniards and Portuguese. Every modern tongue greeted the ear, flags of almost every European nation filled the eye. It seemed as if all Europe had united its forces in one grand scheme of conquest. But this babel of languages reminds one of the confusion of tongues at the building of a famous structure in biblical times. The invasion as well as the erection of the impious tower were doomed to failure.

For the support of this vast host supplies were stored in immense quantities in the towns of Modlin, Thoru, Pillau, Dantzig, and Magdeburg. Thousands of heavy wagons, carrying supplies of all kinds and drawn by oxen, accompanied the army and at times greatly delayed its progress. Pontoons and material for bridges were in abundance, and 18,000 horses drew 1,300 pieces of artillery. Everything was provided to anticipate

the demands, the necessities, and the emergencies of this wonderful campaign. At no time in his whole career did Napoleon display to a higher degree his marvelous organizing ability, for down to the merest detail everything passed under his direction and supervision.

Before the order was given for this great host to march, Napoleon in every way tried to induce Alexander to recede from his position and to open negotiations for peace, but these efforts met with no success. It must be remembered that up to this time no official declaration of war had been made by either side; in fact, there was nothing really upon which to base a declaration, there was no point of contention between the two nations that ought not to have been settled by arbitration. Napoleon would gladly have welcomed at this point the first faint signs of peace. Nothing would have given him greater joy than to have had a good excuse to disband his army, and if this had occurred, thus avoiding the results of this disastrous invasion, who can picture what would have been the glory of his reign?

To use a vulgar phrase, the emperor and the czar had been bluffing, but unfortunately they had gone so far that it was impossible, without loss of national prestige, to retreat.

Alexander declared that he would not begin hostilities, and if there was to be war Napoleon would have to be the aggressor.

Napoleon well knew the dangers and hardships of such a campaign as he was about to undertake; he no doubt called to mind the advice given to

him, when in the East, by the old Syrian philosopher: "Never make war on a desert." He himself had at one time said that he would never lead an army, as did Charles XII, to destruction in the steppes.

Many of his marshals were opposed to entering upon a campaign fraught with such perils, in a country where the towns and villages were far apart, and where the intervening spaces were bleak wildernesses. In answer to their murmurings, Napoleon exclaimed: "I have made my marshals too rich." In truth some of them had grown to love the silken dalliance of peace, sumptuous palaces, fine dinners, receptions, and gorgeous uniforms resplendent with decorations. A Russian campaign had no attractions for them. Unquestionably, too, Napoleon himself was not the man he had been; his health for some time past, although almost imperceptibly, had been failing, and he was not in a condition physically to undertake so arduous a campaign. He already had premonitions of a painful disease (dysuria) which was soon to reach its full development. Besides this he had a war on his hands in Spain, where 300,000 of his best troops under the command of some of his ablest marshals were fighting the English under Wellington and meeting with reverses. The Iron Duke was proving to the world that the French soldiers were not invincible, for Marmont had been sent flying through Spain with his defeated and shattered legions to find refuge in Burgos.

At last all hope of securing peace with Rus-

sia was abandoned, and at sunrise on June 24, 1812, the command was given for the Grand Army to march. Amid the blare of trumpets, the rolling of drums, and the strains of martial music, the vanguard crossed the bridges over the Niemen. The standards of the empire were borne proudly aloft. The imperial eagles had begun their flight.

When the emperor reached Russian territory after crossing the bridge, he put spurs to his horse and dashed wildly through the woods at full speed as if to give vent to his exuberance of spirit. His staff followed in hot pursuit. It was like a fox chase, a ride across country with the hounds in full cry. He was in the saddle for the first time after three years of peace and he was once more in his element.

It would have been better for the enterprise if Napoleon had given up his useless parleying and had started sooner on his march of invasion; for, although it was yet in the first month of summer, it must not be forgotten that the campaign was to be made in a country that was often visited by winter weather in the early autumn.

After crossing the Niemen, and entering upon Russian soil, the vanguard found no enemy to oppose their progress. A few horsemen galloped away at the approach of the French and were soon lost to sight in the distance.

The Russians seemed to have no plan of campaign; their armies were scattered and widely separated. Napoleon with his old-time decision and promptitude, after reconnoitring the posi-

tion of the enemy, decided to drive a portion of his army like a wedge between the separated armies of the Russians, to prevent them uniting, and then proceed to find them and destroy them in turn. But, unfortunately, the enemy kept provokingly out of sight, and the Grand Army had nothing to do but press forward into the wastes of this wild and barren country that was already revealing a desolation that was alarming.

Not only was the land bare and inhospitable, but the condition of the inhabitants was rude and savage. Captain Gaspard Schumacher, who commanded a company of the Royal Swiss Guards in the army of invasion, in describing in his interesting Memoirs the poverty and misery of the Russian peasants, says: "Their houses are usually composed of four walls made of rough logs, with one door and without chimneys. They are covered with roofs made of straw. The windows are only small openings and in the place of glass they use oiled paper. The peasants have no beds, but lie on the floor on straw, and in cold weather cover themselves with sheep skins. All their farming utensils are rude and primitive. In every cabin is a loom upon which the peasants weave their own flax, but it is a very coarse product. In this material they clothe themselves. Their outer garment in winter is a coat made of sheepskins. In their houses are hand mills which grind the rye out of which they make their black bread." It is not easy for a stranger, says the captain, to describe fully the desolation and misery of these poor creatures.

Napoleon had hoped the down-trodden natives would welcome him as their deliverer and flock to his standard, but the peasants who gathered by the roadside to watch the troops looked upon them with surprise and awe, rather than with rejoicing. When Vilna was reached the French were warmly received; the inhabitants, men, women, and children, turned out to greet them, and the oldest citizens, in their native costumes, came as a delegation to petition the emperor to declare the freedom of Poland. Napoleon would gladly have granted the request had it not been for the fact that by so doing he would have given offence to his allies, Austria and Prussia, to whom he was bound by treaty obligations not to destroy the political status of Poland.

In this town of Vilna Napoleon lingered for nearly three weeks, that is, from June 28th to July 16th, a loss of time that put in jeopardy the success of the expedition, says Lord Wolseley, in view of the lateness of the season. The emperor doubtless was waiting to receive peace propositions from the czar.

The Russian army was divided into two sections, one commanded by Barclay de Tolly consisting of 125,000 men, and the other under Prince Bagration numbering about 40,000. The plan of campaign as laid out by General Phull, a martinet of the old school, was that the larger force should oppose the French advance, while the smaller should operate on the flanks and rear. This plan of operations, for an army on the defensive, was in strict accordance with the tactical

rules prescribed, from time immemorial, by military writers of the highest authority. To meet this was a regularly prescribed counter movement, as if war were a game of chess. But Napoleon, who did not fight in compliance with the rules laid down in the books, quickly divining the purpose of his opponents, manœuvred to encircle and capture the army of the prince and would have succeeded in his plan had Jerome carried out his orders. But Jerome failing to connect with the forces of Marshal Davoust, who was operating with him in this movement, Prince Bagration easily slipped out of the net and effected his escape. If the original plan had been successful, the Russians would have been compelled to surrender or would have been driven into the mephitic marshes of Pripet, where, cut off from their supplies, they would have been rendered useless as an army.

Napoleon was greatly enraged at the failure of Jerome to carry out his orders, and when the brothers met they indulged in so bitter an altercation that Jerome indignantly threw up his command and departed for his little kingdom of Westphalia, doubtless glad to find an excuse to escape the rigor of what promised to be a long campaign and to hurry home to indulge in the ease and the delights of his miniature court at Cassel.

Barclay did not favor the plan of campaign as laid out by General Phull and urged the czar to adopt a Fabian policy, and that was to wear out the French army by a slow retreat.

It is a remarkable coincidence that at this time the men who were giving the greatest amount of trouble to Napoleon were Barclay, of Scotch descent, in Russia, and an Englishman named Wellington in Spain.

As the French advanced their hardships increased. Torrential storms turned the roads into ditches of soft mud, and when the sun shone the heat was intense, wagons and cannons sank into ruts and blocked the way, men overcome by the weather fell dead by the roadside, between Kovno and Vilna ten thousand horses died from exhaustion. An eyewitness describing the trail of the march said: "It looked more like a road traversed by a defeated and retreating army than one over which had passed a victorious and an invading host."

The country grew more barren as the troops advanced. The flying inhabitants had devastated their fields, had destroyed every vestige of vegetation, and had burned their barns and hay stacks. Food became scarcer day by day, and the foragers brought in from their expeditions mean and meagre supplies. The country had been visited by a failure of crops, and in consequence the land was unusually bare and barren. The horses and oxen, half starved, gorged themselves with the rotten, weather-beaten straw of the thatched roofs upon the abandoned huts of the peasants and fell down sick and exhausted.

Still there was nothing left for the army to do but to advance. It was hard to keep the enthusiasm of soldiers alive under conditions so distress-

ing and depressing, where the enemy kept tantalizingly out of sight, and in a country where the further the invaders went the more desolate did it become.

Napoleon, too, grew impatient and chagrined at not being able to catch up to the enemy. As he approached Vitepsk where the Russian army was entrenched, he wrote: "We are on the eve of great events," but in the night the enemy quietly withdrew.

Onward pushed the French, already exhausted in this fruitless chase, until Smolensk was reached. Here, at last, the Russians made a stand and offered battle, although it was against the advice of Barclay, who still favored a retreat.

Napoleon's over-confidence induced him to neglect his usual precautions; perhaps he feared the enemy would again escape and so without delay, not even waiting for his artillery to breach the walls, he assailed the ramparts with heavy masses of infantry. He made no attempt to cut off Barclay's line of retreat or his communications with Moscow, nor did he try to turn the flanks of the enemy. He seemed determined to crush the centre and overwhelmingly defeat the main army. His whole campaign in Russia was lacking in the tactical skill that signalized his prior career as a soldier.

The conflict lasted throughout the day, and the slaughter on both sides was fearful. Notwithstanding the terrific onslaughts of the French, the town at nightfall still remained in the posses-

sion of the Russians. In the meantime the French cannon, having been brought up, breached the walls and set fire to the wooden buildings, thus adding to the flames that had already been started by the Russians. Napoleon waited impatiently for the dawn to renew the attack and to secure what he considered an assured victory. But Barclay, having inflicted on the French a loss of 12,000 in killed and wounded, withdrew his forces, under the cover of night, and unopposed took the road to Moscow.

It was about this time that the czar sent word to Napoleon that if he would retrace his steps and recross the Niemen propositions for peace would be considered. Of course to such an offer Napoleon could give no heed.

The French army in their march of invasion had covered more than half the distance between Kovno and Moscow and were now in the very centre of the dreary wastes of Muscovy. Napoleon had been lured from Vilna to Vitepsk, from Vitepsk to Smolensk, but as yet had gained no decisive victory. Eager to bring the enemy to a stand and crush them with an overwhelming blow, he gave orders, even against the remonstrances of his marshals, to continue the pursuit.

The Russian soldiers, gaining confidence because of the brave showing they had made in the hand-to-hand conflicts with the French veterans, began to murmur against the plan of campaign that kept them constantly on the retreat and at last to quiet the growing discontent the czar removed Barclay from his command and appointed

in his stead General Kutusoff, a brave and resolute soldier.

Napoleon was to be given one more chance to secure his long-sought victory, for Kutusoff decided to make a stand at Borodino and after throwing up his redoubts and entrenchments awaited the attack of the French. Napoleon adopted the same plan of battle as he did at Smolensk.

The fight opened on the morning of September seventh. The Russians fought with the desperate bravery of men who were defending their homes and hearth-stones, their courage kept alive by singing in chorus their inspiring war cry: "God have mercy upon us." Time and again the redoubts were taken by the French, but just as often were they dislodged and driven back. Suddenly, when the Russian lines began to waver, a vast column of French cavalry charged and pierced the centre, column after column followed in the wake, like billow on billow. Under this terrific storm of hoof and steel the Russians broke and fled. Great masses of Cossacks and Muscovite horsemen were led to the rescue and made a gallant endeavor to repulse the attack by a counter charge. The shock of the impact of the two bodies of cavalry was terrific, but Murat at the head of fresh squadrons sent the Russians flying over the field in all directions. The battle was one of the fiercest and bloodiest ever fought in the history of the world. A quarter of a million men met in a deadly hand-to-hand conflict; 40,000 were left dead upon the field, the total

number of killed and wounded amounted to 70,000. Eight hundred cannon were engaged, and the roar from these eight hundred brazen throats resounded and reverberated through the solitudes of Russia and was heard at a distance of seventy-five miles from the field of battle.

For some reason Napoleon refused to use the Imperial Guard; if he had launched them forth at the critical moment the victory would have been more decisive and the total destruction of the Russian forces might have been accomplished and the czar without an army might have made offers of peace. Ney fumed and raged like a madman when he heard that the emperor had decided that he would not order the guard into battle. "Has he forgotten how to fight?" cried the fiery marshal. "Let him go back to his palace of the Tuileries and we will end the campaign."

Napoleon was loath to waste the lives of the soldiers of the Imperial Guard in a battle that was already won, fearing, no doubt, that the time was coming when he would have greater need of their services. "Remember, Sire," said Bessières, commander of the Guard, "you are eight hundred leagues from Paris." Napoleon certainly made a grave error in hesitating to use the Guard; he practised economy in the application of force and thus violated one of the fundamental principles of war. "Generals who save troops for the next day are always beaten," was one of his favorite maxims, but upon this occasion he must have forgotten it.

Marshal Davoust begged for permission to attack the extended left flank of the Russians, promising to roll it up like a scroll, but Napoleon refused his assent.

Ney fought with courage and gallantry so incomparable that, notwithstanding his impulsive and contumacious language, Napoleon conferred upon him the title, Duke of Moskwa.

The Russian army was defeated but not destroyed, and Kutusoff gathered his scattered forces and again took the field, though he offered no resistance to the French advance.

The battle of Borodino with its dreadful loss of life was not followed by any apparent desire on the part of the czar to secure terms of peace, and therein Napoleon was greatly disappointed.

The grand army now pushed on to Moscow and at last, on September fourteenth, the spires and domes of the three hundred churches of the sacred city, glistening in the rays of the morning sun, greeted the eyes of the invading host. Down the lines ran the glad cry: "Moscow! Moscow!" Napoleon and his marshals viewed the city from an adjoining hill. "It is not a day too soon," quietly remarked the emperor.

Strange to say, the city gave no signs of life; no smoke issued from the chimneys, the hum and the noises of a teeming population were not heard, the roads were deserted, no people nor wagons passed in and out of the gates. The hush, the silence, were oppressive, ominous. From a distance the city seemed as quiet as the dreary wastes over which the invaders had

marched. This then after all was the empty prize that was the reward of so much blood and suffering and which was soon to crumble to ashes in the victor's hands.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

When on September 14, 1812, the Grand Army marched triumphantly through the gates of Moscow, they found to their amazement and despair a deserted city; silence, solitude, and desolation reigned everywhere. The martial strains of the bands and the roll of the French drums resounded through the empty streets, the echoes coming back as if in mockery of the triumph. The inhabitants had abandoned their homes; men, women and children had gone forth to seek refuge elsewhere; even the jail doors had been opened, and the prisoners released. Only a few fanatics stood guard in the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the czars, believing it, according to tradition, to be impregnable.

After their long and weary march across the steppes of Russia, the French soldiers broke away from restraint and discipline, in spite of all that Napoleon could do, and surrendering themselves to dissipation, began to plunder. They despoiled the churches of their ornaments and treasure; broke into the deserted shops, and loaded themselves with loot; took possession of the abandoned houses and cellars, and gorged themselves with food and wine. Crowds of drunken soldiers,

indulging in an orgy, reeled through the streets shouting: "*Vive l'empereur,*" and defying the commands of their officers.

The day after the entry of the French, flames burst forth suddenly, at midnight, in different quarters of the city, fanned into fury by a raging equinoctial storm. In every direction was heard the terrifying cry of Fire! Fire! The emperor, aroused from his slumber, stood at a window in the palace, watching with anxiety the ravaging flames. Despite the efforts of the soldiers to quench the fire, it devoured everything in its pathway and at last enveloped the Kremlin itself, compelling Napoleon and his officers to seek safety in flight. Indeed, if it had not been for the courage of the rugged Davoust, who literally snatched the emperor from the flames, the latter would have lost his life. The dreadful conflagration died down on the twentieth, but it was at once kindled anew, and again threatened the destruction of the entire city, the wooden buildings of which it was composed affording an abundance of fuel. Great billows of flame rolled forward like an engulfing sea, and at night vast volumes of smoke rising heavenwards reflected the flames, until it seemed as if earth and sky were in one grand conflagration. Napoleon afterwards in describing the awful scene, said: "It was the sublimest sight the world ever saw and one which struck terror and consternation into the hearts of all those who beheld it."

It was asserted by the Russians that tipsy French soldiers started the fire, but the French

denied the charge and put the blame entirely upon the Russians. It is a well known fact, however, that some Russians were caught with torch in hand in the act of setting fire to the buildings. These incendiaries were tried, found guilty, and shot.

In some of the cellars, great quantities of inflammable material had been deposited by the Russians before their departure, so as to add fuel to the flames. Besides this the municipal authorities had removed or destroyed all the appliances and apparatuses for extinguishing fires.

It is not difficult to believe that a people who destroyed Smolensk, reducing it to a smoking heap of ashes, could also have destroyed the city of Moscow, after deserting it and leaving it defenceless to the enemy. On the other hand it is not reasonable to suppose that the French would deliberately have set fire to a city, which it was to their interest to save, in view of the fact that they might be compelled to make it their winter quarters.

As days wore on, food grew scarce; the surrounding country had been laid waste, and foraging parties in order to gather supplies were compelled to penetrate into the interior as far as forty miles from the city, thus often subjecting themselves to attacks from large bands of marauding Cossacks. An army of 100,000 men had to be fed and besides this fodder for 50,000 horses had to be procured.

The weather during the French occupation had been delightful, " as pleasant as that at Fontaine-

bleau," remarked Napoleon; but every one knew that winter was approaching and that its icy blasts would bring death and destruction if the soldiers were without shelter, food, and clothing. The Cossack prisoners brought in told the French soldiers that their nails would drop from their fingers when frost came, and they would be unable to handle their muskets. Not only was this a true prediction, but far worse than this happened, for hands fell from the wrists and feet from the ankles.

All this time Napoleon was waiting impatiently to hear from the czar; but no word came, no messenger arrived. Days and weeks passed by, still not even a suggestion to open up negotiations. The French emperor's communications to Alexander were not answered, although he had offered to make peace on the easiest terms.

The silence of the Russians seemed to dumbfound Napoleon. For hours at a time he would walk up and down his rooms in the Kremlin, not speaking a word, but impatiently striking his leg, at intervals, with a riding whip; or else he would lie on a sofa, holding a novel in his hand, apparently reading, the pages of which, however, he never turned. In the evening he would occasionally indulge in a game of cards, and several times he attended performances at the theatre, the officers and soldiers having mounted some plays at the opera house, but he seemed to take no interest in these diversions.

"Moscow is the heart of Russia," he had said, "and we will winter there," but now, having

realized his dream, he was anxious to return to France, feeling that his presence was needed in the capital. "Paris," he said, "is not accustomed to my absence," and, in truth, at this time his enemies were conspiring to overthrow his power.

As the fires had consumed the dwellings of the town, it was suggested to him to provide shelter for the soldiers in the cellars. There was an abundance of fuel to keep the troops warm, and there were also horses enough, if it came to the worst, to furnish them with food until the spring. But Napoleon could not abide the thought of remaining inactive in Russia during the winter. Up to this time, the expedition had resulted in nothing but disaster; his victory was no triumph, and he knew that his enemies at home would exaggerate his losses. He had beaten the Russians in every encounter, but they were still unconquered and in the field, and to be successful in the eyes of Europe he would have to bring Alexander to terms. Winter was too close at hand to begin an open campaign, and to remain idle two thousand miles from his capital, simply waiting for the coming spring in order to renew hostilities, would put in grave jeopardy his interests at home.

At a council of officers Napoleon suggested a march on St. Petersburg, but his marshals so strongly opposed the plan as impracticable that it was at once abandoned.

The autumn weather continued delightful, but all the while winter was coming on apace. Still

Napoleon hesitated. This man of action, this man always resolute and resourceful and equal to every emergency, was at last outwitted by an antagonist who, without offering any effectual resistance, had lured him to destruction.

In his calculations Napoleon had never considered it possible that the Russians would desert the city, the sacred city of the Muscovites; he had made no provision to meet such a contingency. Ney had predicted, when the invasion of Russia was in contemplation, that the army would never reach Moscow, but that feat had been accomplished, and Napoleon, as usual, had performed the impossible; but the victory was an empty one in that the Russians were still in the field and the city was a mass of ruins. There was no enemy in sight, but the blasts from the north announced that the Ice King, with his hosts, was approaching, and that the French would soon be in the grip of a Russian winter.

Napoleon, at last aroused from his indecision and lethargy, gave the order to retreat, and on the 18th of October the Grand Army began its memorable march homewards. The retreating army moved in four divisions, the first commanded by Napoleon and the others by Eugéne, Ney, and Davoust. At the beginning the army was accompanied by a vast train of wagons carrying rich booty, the protection of which caused much delay in the progress of the march. Later these wagons were burned, abandoned, or else captured by the enemy.

It was the intention of Napoleon to take a new

route, on his way through the Russias, known as the Kalouga Road; but General Bessières, after reconnoitring, brought news that a large army under Kutusoff blocked the way. Acting under this information, Napoleon abandoned the road he was on, and resumed his march over that on which the French army had come on its way to Moscow. This was a grievous mistake, for that route and the surrounding country had been laid waste by the invaders. Further than this the report that a large army barred the way was wrong, for what Bessières had described as a large force well entrenched, was in reality only the rear guard of Kutusoff's army covering his retreat.

When Borodino was reached the French were horrified to see that the 40,000 men who had fallen in the engagement fought on that field still lay unburied. When the army approached, vultures rose from their ghastly feast in such numbers that the great flocks darkened the sun.

Up to this time the French had not suffered intensely from the cold, but on November 4th the first storm of winter broke upon this mighty host; bleak winds and rain beat into the faces of the soldiers, snow began to fall, and the whole plain, as far as the eye could reach, was soon covered with a white sheet. The troops, still wearing their summer uniforms, were benumbed by the frost, the cutting blasts chilled them to the bone, and men and horses found great difficulty in marching over the frozen surface, not having been shod for such weather. "God has

made Napoleon forget there is a winter here," exclaimed the Cossacks.

The cold increased in bitterness from day to day; on the 9th it was 5° above zero and on the 13th 5° below; food grew scarcer and scarcer, the principal ration being a broth made of horse flesh thickened with flour; supplies of all kinds were captured by bands of plundering Cossacks, who hung night and day on the rear and the flanks of the retreating army. Savage and infuriated peasants armed with agricultural implements such as hoes, scythes, pitchforks and spades cruelly beat to death the famished, benumbed, and exhausted stragglers. Great flocks of vultures and birds of prey hovered menacingly above the troops; packs of dogs and wolves fought with starving men over the carcasses of dead horses; fuel was scarce, and the cold intolerable; the nights, sixteen hours in length, seemed almost interminable, and to make matters worse furious storms of hail and sleet often extinguished the bivouac fires. In the daytime the sun shed no warmth, and the soldiers were blinded by the fields of glistening snow. Many of them cast aside their arms and equipments, while others in sheer exhaustion and despair threw themselves on the ground never to rise again. Above the crunching tread of the troops and the rumbling of wains and artillery would frequently be heard the wild and incongruous laugh of the maniac, showing that under the strain some poor wretch's mind had suddenly given away.

On the 9th of November the army reached

Smolensk, where it remained until the 14th, when it again took up its march, every foot of which was blood-stained and marked with torture and suffering that were almost beyond human endurance. The army struggled along without discipline, the old guard alone retaining any semblance of military order.

"As the season advanced so intense became the cold," says Marbot, "that we could see a kind of vapor rising from men's eyes and ears. Condensing on contact with the air, this vapor fell back on our persons with a rattle such as grains of millet might have made. We had often to halt and clear away from the horses' bits the icicles formed by their frozen breath."

"During thirty days," says Captain Gaspard Schumacher in his Memoirs, "horse flesh and snow were almost our only nourishment. . . . We believed ourselves fortunate when we found a little rye flour in the deserted huts. We boiled it in snow water and congratulated ourselves upon having a good repast.

"The cold became more and more acute. Often in the evening we would seek among the dead for some stiff and rigid corpses and placing them in a circle around the camp fires we would seat ourselves upon them to avoid coming directly in contact with the snow."

Although under these trying conditions human nature was revealed in its most selfish and hideous form, the picture at times was relieved by instances of the highest heroism, and of the most heroic self-sacrifice and devotion. A starving man

would share his last morsel of food with a dying comrade, soldiers almost bare-footed would drag over the snow on sleds their wounded companions, and nurse them as tenderly as women. On the other hand often the wolfish instinct would appear, and the strong would snatch from the weak a bone or a crust of bread. Soldiers would murder each other in a quarrel over a piece of wood. There were several instances even of cannibalism: De Segur, a reliable authority, says that "When a few wretches threw themselves into the blazing heaps of burning wagons and baggage, some of their comrades dragged out the disfigured and roasted bodies and dared to fill their mouths with this revolting food," while Sir Robert Wilson states that he saw "a group of wounded men lying over the body of a comrade which they had roasted and the flesh of which they had begun to eat."

Although the hardships increased after leaving Smolensk, the courage of the troops did not abate; never did the Russians make an attack even with overwhelming numbers that the French did not resist with their wonted courage.

Napoleon, clad in furs, with staff in hand, marched through the snow drifts, facing the blizzards side by side with his soldiers, and encouraged them by his patience and the endurance he displayed. Never did commander have more loyal and devoted troops. When his bivouac fire was burning low, freezing soldiers would contribute, from their own scanty store, dry faggots to revive it. As he rode down the lines, dying

soldiers with their last breath would cry: "Long live the emperor."

Murat fought in the van, in resplendent uniform and with conspicuous courage, hurling his squadrons in whirlwind charges against the Cossacks, until there was not a horse left to saddle. Then, exhausted by his Herculean efforts and having no more cavalry to lead, he rested in the emperor's carriage.

News reached Napoleon by couriers that Victor's forces had been defeated on the Dwina and to add further to his troubles information was brought in that the army in Spain had met with severe repulses.

Ney was in the rear, fighting with desperate courage against overwhelming odds. He had been separated from Davoust, and it looked as if he would be captured, but his reply to an order from the Russian commander to lay down his arms, was, "A marshal of France has never surrendered." Kutusoff, the Russian general, with an army of 60,000, pressed him on all sides; hordes of Cossacks in wild charges assailed his front, his flanks and his rear; but with dauntless courage, that elicited the admiration even of his foes, he cut his way through, crossed the Dnieper on ice so thin that it bent beneath the weight of his soldiers, and hastened on to join the main army.

While his marshals were in danger, Napoleon made a bold stand at Krasnoi, with comparatively only a handful of men, for the available fighting force of the main body of the Grand

Army had been reduced to a mere shadow of its former self. So audacious was the stand that Napoleon took with his little band against the overwhelming forces of the Russians, that Kutusoff, fearing it was only to conceal some more important movement, withdrew without making an attack, and thus fortunately released Davoust and Ney from their perilous positions.

The latter marshal, however, was still far in the rear of the main army, and not yet safe from attack, and Napoleon was much concerned as to his safety and frequently inquired whether anything had been heard from him or his command. The emperor gave orders to announce Ney's approach by the firing of cannon. General Gourgaud at last brought the welcome intelligence that the marshal was safe and only a few leagues in the rear of the main army. "I have in the vaults of the Tuileries," exclaimed Napoleon, "3,000,000 francs, and I would gladly have given every one of them for Ney's ransom had he been captured." It was at this time that the emperor, because of Ney's conspicuous gallantry, bestowed upon him the distinguished title: "Bravest of the Brave."

Fighting, freezing, suffering, starving, dying, the Grand Army, dwindling day by day, staggered along until at last it reached the Beresina. The river was swollen, and the bridge at Borisoff, which Napoleon depended upon, had been destroyed by the Russians. Oudinot had made a desperate effort to wrest it from the enemy, but they had driven him back with great loss and

burned it under his very eyes. Its destruction seemed for a time to cut off from the French every chance of escape. Overwhelming forces in front, on the flanks and in the rear threatened with annihilation all that was left of the once proud Grand Army of France. So hopeless did the outlook appear that Napoleon destroyed his papers and burned his eagles to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

To build a bridge over an icy torrent, in the dead of winter, and in the face of an opposing foe, was the task that of necessity had to be performed by the French army. The engineers and sappers began, without delay, constructing two bridges, many of them at times working up to their necks in water; all night long they toiled, getting the timbers into place. When the morning dawned the bridges were ready for the passage of the troops, and strange to say, the Russians had entirely disappeared. Hearing that the French were preparing to cross lower down the stream, they had hastened to intercept them and thus gave the French an opportunity to cross the river, at first unopposed. The bridges constructed so hastily and under such difficulties were not equal to the strain put upon them and they began to totter, one of them finally giving away. It was quickly repaired, however, for the original supports still remained, and the troops in crowds again pressed forward, eager to reach the other shore. Men, horses, artillery and wagons were in an inextricable mass and blocked the way. The bridges had no railings, and in the crush

many were pushed into the river, the drowned numbering thousands. In the midst of all this confusion, Napoleon at the risk of his life dashed on the bridge, seized the horses by the bridles, gave his commands and soon had the crowd once more on the move and in some sort of order.

Suddenly the Russians returned and a fight ensued between them and the rear guard. During the night multitudes kept crowding upon the bridges, till one of them again went down. Repairs were hastily made and in the morning the battle was renewed. While Victor's rear guard was holding the enemy at bay, the Russian artillery opened on the fugitives crossing the river and swept them into the icy waters. At last, on the morning of the 29th of November, the bridges were burned and a shout of despair went up from the stragglers and camp followers who were left to perish by starvation or under the swords of the brutal Cossacks.

The passage of the Beresina was one of the most dreadful scenes ever witnessed in warfare. When the floods subsided and spring arrived, 12,000 corpses were found on the bottom and along the shores of this fatal stream. The Russian regulars did not continue their pursuit beyond the Beresina, but the Cossacks like a pack of wolves still ruthlessly followed the famished host.

At Smorgoni on December 5th Napoleon turned over his command to Murat. Then entering a covered sleigh, accompanied by Caulaincourt, Duroc, Lobau, and one or two other offi-

cers, he set out at once for France, to prevent the news of the disaster from spreading too rapidly. His desertion called forth the imprecations of both officers and men. "That is the way he treated us in Egypt," cried the veterans.

When the troops reeled into Vilna they presented a sad and pathetic spectacle. "Remove all strangers from the city," was the imperative order sent by the emperor, "the army will not bear inspection."

A sorry host it was indeed. The men had long hair and unkempt beards, their bodies were thin and emaciated, their faces haggard and wan, their eyes deep sunken, their fingers, toes, ears and noses frost-bitten; they were clothed in tattered garments and worn-out skins and their feet were swathed in rags; many of them limped on crutches and countless numbers carried their arms in slings. Truly they pictured to the full the suffering and the agony through which they had passed.

The cold and frost continued, the thermometer ranging from 29° to 35° below zero; the stores were soon exhausted and the Cossacks still persistent, so that this trailing army of spectres had again to take up its march. The storms increased in violence; the elements seemed determined to waste this poor shivering, frost-bitten remnant of the Grand Army. But at last, foot-sore and weary, it limped across the bridge at Kovno and found food and refuge.

Begrimed and blackened with powder and smoke, his uniform tattered and soiled, Marshal

Ney made the last stand and fired the parting shot, then crossing the bridge that spanned the Niemen, enveloped in his great cloak and with musket in one hand and sword in the other, claimed the proud distinction of being himself the rear guard of the Grand Army.

Of the half-million men who at the beginning of the invasion had proudly crossed the Niemen, only 20,000 crawled over the bridge at Kovno on the return. The Grand Army had been destroyed by fire and frost and flood. Napoleon had at last found his master in the elements.

It has been estimated that, out of an army of 500,000 men, 125,000 were killed in battle or died of wounds, 132,000 died of disease, cold, or exhaustion, and 193,000 were taken prisoners.

The following official report made by Major Carré, commanding the Sixth Regiment of the Imperial Guard, will give an idea of the frightful losses sustained. The condition of this regiment was not exceptional; it was a fair example of the others. On leaving Smolensk, on the retreat, the officers numbered 31 and the rank and file 300. It will be seen that at this point the regiment already had lost half its numbers. In the middle of December 14 officers answered roll call and only 10 privates; all the rest were sick, wounded, or dead.

Murat, too, like Napoleon, had a kingdom to defend, and after endeavoring to unite and reorganize, without much success, the shattered forces of the army, turned his command over to Eugène Beauharnais and departed.

So ended the disastrous campaign of the invasion of Russia, an enterprise that in its conception was magnificent and in its execution gigantic. Had it been successful no one can measure its possibilities. Its failure marked the beginning of the decline of Napoleon's power.

CHAPTER XXIV

Napoleon's return to Paris—Battle of Lützen—Battle of Bautzen—Armistice.

Napoleon, after leaving his army at Smorgoni and fleeing through the wilds of Poland, reached Paris on the night of December 18, 1812, and taking a hackney coach arrived at the palace of the Tuileries about midnight. Wrapped in his furs, his face covered with a beard, he ascended the staircase, arousing the household with the tread of his heavy boots, and went directly to the room of his wife, from whom he received the first welcome; then he stooped over the cradle and kissed the forehead of the king of Rome.

The next day he kept indoors, and received only a few of his ministers and intimate friends. He heard for the first time the details of the conspiracy headed by Malet to overturn the government in his absence, and poured out his reproaches on the officials for not acting with more decision.

The day before his arrival, Paris had read the bulletin announcing the destruction of the Grand Army, and all France was stricken with grief by the distressing news; yet there were no murmurs against the emperor. The French people had not been opposed to the Russian invasion. Capti-

vated by the marvelous triumphs of Napoleon, they believed its success, which in their opinion was assured under his leadership, would only further enhance the glory of the empire. Their imagination had been dazzled by the fêtes held and the homage paid to Napoleon at Dresden and the descriptions of the vast host enrolled under his banners. Glowing accounts, too, had been given of the march through Russia, the defeat of her armies, and the triumphal entry into Moscow.

Despite the dreadful catastrophe that overtook the enterprise and the destruction of this splendid army of invasion, one of the greatest ever marshaled by man, the French were willing to respond once more to Napoleon's call and surrender their boys to this insatiable maw of war. So great was the drain on the nation's strength that many were appalled at this sapping of the youngest and best blood of France, but a demand for troops met in most of the districts with what under the circumstances might be called a hearty response. In the peasant sections old men and women were left behind to do the work, for the conscription had placed an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men in the field for actual service, and during the year 1813, 1,000,000 were enrolled.

The greatest loss from a military consideration that Napoleon sustained in the Russian campaign was the destruction of his veterans who had won the past victories, and who formed the nucleus and the strength of his army. Even of the Im-

perial Guard there was left but a remnant. The troops at this critical period when all Europe was arming against France were raw recruits who had no experience nor seasoning in actual warfare.

Prince Eugène, after Murat had thrown up the command, gathered and held in hand the scattered forces and waited to form a junction with Napoleon. The emperor was putting forth gigantic efforts to raise and equip an army, but unfortunately it was impossible to secure horses for the cavalry and artillery service, 50,000 and upwards having been lost in the Russian campaign.

Napoleon at this time could have made an honorable peace with his foes with but little loss of territory, if he had modified his continental system, withdrawn his garrisons from Prussia, soothed Austria, and made some concessions to Russia; but with his overweening, inordinate ambition and his consuming pride he could not, he believed, without loss of prestige let go any portion of his territory, or yield or modify any point in his schemes. In Russia he had not been overthrown in battle, the campaign had not produced any great military genius, he was overcome by the elements, not by arms, and all he wanted was an army and he felt confident he could soon retrieve his losses. He would listen to no overtures for peace but girded himself for battle and risked the future of his empire on the chance of war. His reverses, however, had broken the spell of his invincibility; his name no longer as

of old carried such terror into the hearts of his foes, and they were determined now with overwhelming forces to beat him to earth.

On December 30th, General Yorck, who had commanded the Prussians attached to Macdonald's division, deserted the French and entered into an agreement with the Russians in violation of international law, stipulating that his troops should hold as neutral territory the district around Memel and Tilsit until the Prussian king, Frederick William, should decide upon a course of action. The king was apparently ashamed of this treachery upon the part of his general, and informed the French minister that he did not endorse the act of his officer. Hardenburg, the German chancellor, kept up the deception by publicly rebuking Yorck, although at the same time he sent to him a private messenger commending his action. In order to carry the ruse further the king was persuaded to go to Breslau under the pretext of raising troops for Napoleon's army. But, at last throwing off the mask, Prussia at Kalisch on February 27, 1813, entered into a treaty of alliance with Russia. The Prussian realm once more thrilled with enthusiasm, anxious to retrieve the defeat at Jena. The professors and students of the universities, burning with a war spirit, rallied to the standard of the fatherland.

Austria, under the guidance of Metternich, still assumed a neutral attitude, and in spite of the proffers of assistance made by England through her special and secret envoy, Walpole, to aid in

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original drawing made in the Waterloo period by Rouguet, 1815
Came into the possession of the owner through Pierre Morand,
a well-known French resident of Philadelphia

recovering the lost provinces of Venetia, Illyria, and the Tyrol, the emperor assured Napoleon of his desire to act as mediator to secure an honorable peace.

Russia had suffered by the French invasion, her lands had been laid waste, many villages destroyed, and Smolensk and Moscow burned to ashes. The army had lost many men in battle, and the pursuing troops had suffered from cold, hunger, and disease almost as much as the French. The czar hesitated to assume the offensive until aroused to action by the earnest appeals and arguments of the German patriot, Stein, who declared that the overthrow of Napoleon was imperative if Russia desired to avoid an invasion in 1813.

There was a broad field for diplomacy at this time and the envoys and ministers of all Europe were in the game. Austria again pressed home her offers of mediation in a way that revealed her real purpose. "Come to terms," was her language to the emperor, "or we will join the allies in forcing a general peace." Napoleon told the Austrian ambassador that he could not take the initiative; that if the czar wanted peace he must ask for it; that if France made the request it would be considered by her enemies a capitulation.

The allies were concentrating their forces and had already invaded Saxony which was to be the battlefield. King Frederick Augustus fled into Bohemia and sought the protection of Austria.

By the month of April Napoleon had a large army across the Rhine and taking command in person advanced rapidly to effect a junction with Prince Eugène, and, this being accomplished, the united forces pressed on to Berlin. On May 2, 1813, the Russians and Prussians under Wittgenstein and Blücher rather unexpectedly attacked the French at Lützen. Ney in command of the south wing had strengthened the village of Gros Gröschen and received the brunt of the Prussian general's assault. The fighting at this point was terrific; time and again the village was lost and then retaken, but at nightfall it remained in the possession of the French. The Prussian cavalry charged against the French squares and were met with " showers of grape shot and musketry " and driven back with great loss. After fighting all day long Napoleon gathered his reserves and made an attack on the allies' right wing. The charge was supported by a fire from advancing batteries, and the Russian-Prussian line gave way. It was a hard fought field, but the victory remained with the French. Napoleon, being without cavalry, could not follow up his success and rout the retreating columns. So bravely did the young conscripts fight that they elicited the praise of their commanders, who encouraged them by declaring that Lützen was a second Jena. The allies had lost in killed and wounded 10,000 men and the French loss was about as great.

A few weeks later another battle was fought

at Bautzen, with about the same results. The engagement began on the afternoon of May 20th by the seizure of the town, where the allies had taken up a strong position. Back of the town was an amphitheatre of wooded hills, to which the Russian-Prussian lines retired. Napoleon had a superior force, but the allies had the stronger position. On the following day the French commander opened fire with musketry and artillery on the allies' line, which was about six miles in length. Suddenly Ney made an attack on the enemies' right wing, rolled it up, and getting in their rear cut off their communications. Driven back, temporarily, he received re-enforcements, and then once more pressing forward with irresistible force encircled the wing and threatened to intercept the line of retreat. Marmont and Bertrand bitterly assailed the centre, which was under the command of Blücher, and forced it after desperate hand-to-hand fighting to fall back. The battle from this point was lost to the allies and although Oudinot's attack on the left had been repulsed, the Russian-Prussian army gave way at all points. Their rear was covered by a large force of cavalry, consisting of Cossacks and Uhlans, which kept at bay by desperate charges the pursuing French and enabled the allies to retreat in comparatively good order. They left no prisoners behind and retained their cannon. The losses in both armies were heavy, from twelve to fifteen thousand killed and wounded on each side. Duroc, the Duke de Friuli, was mortally wounded by a

cannon ball, and the death of this faithful friend deeply grieved the emperor.

After pursuing the allied armies into Silesia, Napoleon agreed on the 4th of June to an armistice. Taking advantage of this cessation of arms he put forth all his efforts to strengthen his army with men and horses. He brought 25,000 seasoned troops from Spain, and increased the conscriptions in France.

CHAPTER XXV

BATTLE OF DRESDEN—BATTLE OF LEIPSIC

During the suspension of hostilities news came of disasters in Spain and Wellington's decisive victory at Vittoria. Joseph's throne was tottering and it was not long before he abandoned it and hastened to Paris.

The armistice was continued and resulted in the calling of a peace congress at Prague and at this juncture Austria put forth her efforts ostensibly to secure, as mediator, the peace of Europe, but in reality under the deft manipulation of Metternich to compel Napoleon under the usual threat of Austria's joining the coalition to bend to her behests. This wily minister ever since the Russian disaster had determined to take advantage of Napoleon's discomfiture and to restore if possible the prestige of Austria.

Metternich was born at Coblentz in 1773. The family was one of influence, his father having been a diplomat of some renown; the son was carefully trained and developed talents of a high order. He was cool, shrewd, resourceful, and far-seeing as a politician, plausible in manner, accomplished in the arts of duplicity, and had the reputation of being the most winsome liar in all Europe. Napoleon had formed a high regard

for him when he first came as Austrian envoy to the court of France, but soon discovered that he was a master of intrigue and perfidious to a degree.

Although unscrupulous as a politician, Metternich was loyal to Austria and his royal master Emperor Francis. His cleverness he devoted to the interests of his country. "What rascals we would be," exclaimed Cavour upon one occasion, when deeply involved in a political intrigue, "if we would do for ourselves what we do for our states."

After adroitly holding the allies at bay during the continuance of the armistice and thus gaining time to put Austria on a war footing, Metternich finally submitted to Napoleon the following conditions of peace: The dissolution of the Confederation of the Rhine, the destruction of the Duchy of Warsaw, the restoration of the boundaries of 1795 to Prussia and the return of certain territory to Austria. This left Napoleon France, Belgium, Holland and Italy, a pretty extensive empire, but he was loath to relinquish his hold on any portion of his conquests. He felt, and truthfully so, no doubt, that if he once yielded there would be no end to the demands and he might as well fight for it all as to surrender it piecemeal.

After numerous interviews and consultations, which only revealed the insincerity of both parties who were playing for time, the negotiations came to an end on August 10th and hostilities were straightway resumed. Austria

gave her adhesion to the allies, and at once put in the field an army of two hundred thousand men. Napoleon now faced all Europe, Russia, Austria Prussia, England and Sweden, for Bernadotte had induced the last named state to join the coalition, and he was in command of her troops.

During the peace conference the marshals, who were tired of war, pleaded with Napoleon to accept reasonable terms. Even Murat, believing that the tide was rising against Napoleon and anxious to save his own kingdom from being swept away in the flood, entered into negotiations with Austria. France having given her best blood to gratify Napoleon's ambitions, now longed for a cessation of hostilities, but the great captain still had confidence in his ability to restore his prestige and save his empire in its integrity.

While the armistice continued he had taken advantage of the opportunity to equip, train, and drill his new levies and to organize a corps of cavalry, the one arm of the service in which his army had been sadly lacking, and for want of which his victories of Lützen and Bautzen had been incomplete, comparatively fruitless. Murat had ceased his vacillating course, and joined the army in the latter part of August. When the emperor heard of his arrival he exclaimed: "As long as I am successful Murat will follow my fortune."

Napoleon's position, with Dresden as its centre, was strong strategetically, while his enemies were stretched out in a vast semicircle from Prague

to Berlin. The allied forces numbered half a million men, with 1,500 cannon, a far larger force than Napoleon imagined, but the armies were, as we have seen, widely separated and not under the direction of one master mind. Napoleon decided to adopt his old tactics and by rapid movements attack the separate detachments one after the other. But never before in his career had he been confronted by numbers so overwhelming.

Assuming boldly the offensive, he started in pursuit of Blücher, but the Prussian general refused to give battle and attempted to lure Napoleon towards Silesia to afford an opportunity to Schwarzenberg to seize Dresden. Receiving a dispatch from St. Cyr that the allies were massing their forces in anticipation of assaulting Dresden, Napoleon hurried back, through mud and rain, and reached the city just in the nick of time. His appearance as he came in sight on the brow of the hill with the Imperial Guard created the greatest reaction. The troops welcomed him with every demonstration of joy and along the lines that before his arrival had been wavering and murmuring rang the inspiring cry: "*Vive l' empereur.*" The gray overcoat and the black cocked hat were equal to 40,000 men upon that field. It was wonderful the enthusiasm his presence could produce. He possessed to a superlative degree a mystic, indefinable power that inspired confidence, courage, devotion and even a spirit of self-sacrifice in the hearts of his followers. The cry: "The emperor's eye is upon us," made cowards perform prodigies of valor.

Men were willing to die in his presence, and they cheered him wildly on their way to death. *"Ave Cæsar imperator, morituri te salutant."*

On the morning of August 26th the fight opened. The weather was dark and cloudy, the rain falling in torrents. As usual Napoleon had the stronger position, with his troops well massed. The enemy, on the other hand, although much superior in numbers, were stretched out in a long thin line, their left wing separated from the centre by the river and valley of Plauen. It was against this wing that Napoleon directed his attack, and while Victor was assailing it in front Murat with ten thousand horsemen charged it on the flank and rear and, after dreadful slaughter, 10,000 men laid down their arms. The rest were put to flight, and cut down by the pursuing cavalry. The right and centre were still intact, but much shattered by the heavy and continuous fire of artillery, and during the night the whole army fled, pursued by the cavalry of Murat. The allies lost 35,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among the killed was General Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, who had left America to join the army of the czar. A cannon ball tore off both his legs.

The battle of Dresden was the last of Napoleon's great victories; but it was barren in results. It did not discomfit his foes; instead of inducing a treaty as did Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland and Wagram, it incited the allies to greater effort. But nothing so testifies to the greatness of Napoleon as the fact that it required a com-

bination of all Europe to beat him down with overpowering forces. Never did he display his fighting qualities and his marvelous resourcefulness in a higher degree or his great superiority as a soldier over the commanders who opposed him than when the future was dark and the outlook foreboded disaster.

The victory of Dresden was almost immediately dimmed by the destruction of Vandamme's army of 40,000 men at Kulm on the 29th. Vandamme had been sent to Pirna on the 26th to cut off the retreat of the allies, when he was attacked and surrounded by greatly superior numbers, and his force fighting to the death and refusing to surrender, was cut to pieces.

Some one blundered, but who it was is and always will be a mooted question. Military critics have discussed the matter from every point of view, but without reaching a satisfactory or definite conclusion. Whether it was a false movement of Vandamme or a failure on the part of Napoleon to support him it is hard to say. The facts seem to be that for some reason or other Napoleon failed to follow with his old-time vigor the retreating army of the allies. If he had done so they doubtless would have been caught between his forces and those of Vandamme and annihilated with the chance of capturing the czar of Russia and the king of Prussia. But the story goes that Napoleon was taken ill suddenly so that, instead of pushing on to Pirna to direct the attack, he was carried back to Dresden and the pursuit was virtually discontin-

ued, thus leaving Vandamme to be overwhelmed by the vastly superior forces of the allies.

Napoleon's marshals had within a period of two weeks been defeated in five engagements; Ney notably at Dennewitz, where he lost 10,000 in killed and wounded, 15,000 prisoners and eighty cannon. To add to the disasters Bavaria had deserted and gone over to the allies.

After days of hesitation, Napoleon decided at last to fall back towards Leipsic. On this point all the allied armies immediately converged. The French at most, for their ranks had been greatly depleted, numbered one hundred and fifty thousand, while the allies, who had received large reinforcements, had more than twice that many. After leaving Dresden Napoleon divided his army into two parts; one was commanded by him and the other by Murat. Napoleon marched north in hopes of bringing Blücher or Bernadotte to an engagement, while Murat was to hold Schwarzenberg in check to prevent a union of the allied forces. Napoleon failing in his purpose to engage either Blücher or Bernadotte, marched at once on Leipsic, where he found Murat already in a struggle with Schwarzenberg, who was in command of a greatly superior force. Hoping to crush the Austrians before the arrival of the Prussians and Swedes, the emperor prepared for battle, and on the morning of the 16th of October the engagement opened with heavy cannonading. The union of Napoleon's and Murat's forces gave the French a slight advantage in numbers over Schwarzenberg's army. Ney and Marmont had

been posted on the north to keep Blücher and Bernadotte at bay, but the emperor, anxious to crush Schwarzenberg with overwhelming numbers, ordered the two marshals to his aid. Ney answered at once, but Marmont, who was already engaged with Blücher when the emperor's dispatch arrived, could not respond, and while attempting to hold the enemy at bay was completely overpowered by superior numbers and his corps almost destroyed. The timely arrival of Macdonald's corps to Napoleon's assistance saved the day from utter defeat. Its attack upon Schwarzenberg's flank, while 12,000 cavalry under the command of Murat assailed the centre, shook the Austrian line, but could not break it, and after desperate fighting the night closed in without an advantage on either side.

Napoleon clearly saw, however, that the odds were against him, and sent a messenger to the Austrian general asking an armistice; but his note received no reply. The king of Würtemberg gave notice that he would join the allies; even the king of Saxony renounced his allegiance and Bavaria was making preparations to attack the French in the rear.

There was no fighting on the 17th, but on the night of that day, rockets in the heavens announced the arrival of the Russians, Prussians, and Swedes. Blücher, Bernadotte, and Bennigsen had united their forces with Schwarzenberg, and the allied army numbered nearly if not quite 400,000 men.

On the morning of the 18th of October, 1813,

the " Battle of the Nations " opened, " the greatest battle in all authentic history," in which upwards of half a million men fought with desperate fury. The French were on the defensive, and although confronted by overwhelming numbers, two to one, held their ground most valiantly. In the heat of the engagement the Saxon infantry deserted Napoleon and went over to the enemy. Their example was followed by the Würtemberg cavalry. At nightfall the armies still stood facing each other, notwithstanding the desertions, but when the news was brought to Napoleon that the ammunition was well nigh exhausted, there being, according to Marbot, only 16,000 rounds left, enough for two hours' fighting, he gave the order to withdraw. He refused to burn the suburbs of Leipsic to cover the retreat of his army.

To take the road to Mayence necessitated the crossing of a bridge over the Elster. Through some oversight no preparations had been made to meet the conditions in case of defeat and the existing bridge was too narrow to accommodate the retreating army without crowding. Suddenly a terrific explosion occurred, which shook the country for miles around. The French officer whose duty it was to destroy the bridge after the army had crossed, set the mine off too soon and left 30,000 men on the further bank. Marshal Macdonald plunged into the stream and swam across, but the brave and noble-hearted Prince Pouiatowski was drowned. The rear guard laid down their arms.

The Grand Army, dwindling day after day, stricken by typhus fever, and assailed on the flanks and rear by the allied horse, were in dire straits; but when the Bavarians with a force of 40,000 men attempted to intercept the march they were swept ruthlessly aside. When the Rhine was reached the army numbered only 70,000 men.

Murat took his departure at Erfurt and hurried home to Naples to strengthen if possible the foundations of his own throne, which was tottering, and after some negotiations with Austria, signed a treaty with the House of Hapsburg on January 11, 1814.

Napoleon was so confident of victory at Leipsic, although confronted by a force numbering twice his own, that he had made no adequate preparations for a retreat, and this neglect added greatly to the losses. It was his over-confidence that wrought his ruin. Marbot in his Memoirs says: "The emperor's chief of staff was Berthier, a man of great capacity and devotion to duty, but he had so often felt the effects of the imperial wrath and had acquired such a dread of Napoleon's outbreaks that he had vowed under no circumstances to take the initiative or ask any question, but to confine himself to executing orders which he received in writing. This system, while keeping the chief of staff on good terms with his master, was injurious to the interests of the army; for, great as were the emperor's activity and talents, it was physically impossible for him to see to everything, and thus if he over-

looked any important matter it did not get attended to.

"So it seems to have been at Leipsic. Nearly all the marshals and generals commanding army corps pointed out to Berthier over and over again the necessity of providing many passages to secure the retreat in the event of a reverse, but he always answered: 'The emperor has given no orders!' So that when, on the night of the 18th, the emperor gave the order to retreat on Weissenfels and the Salle there was not a beam or a plank across a single brook."

Napoleon had at least 200,000 men in the fortresses and garrisons of Germany, which he could easily have called to his assistance, but for some unaccountable reason he made no effort to reinforce his army from these nearby sources of supply.

In the three days' fight at Leipsic the French lost 40,000 killed and wounded and 30,000 prisoners. The allies' total loss was about 55,000.

CHAPTER XXVI

NAPOLEON RETURNS TO PARIS—THE FRANKFORT PROPOSALS—INVASION OF THE ALLIES

When Napoleon reached Paris he saw that a decided change since his departure for the seat of war had come over the people. It was not that they were tired of the empire, for it was the best form of government France had ever enjoyed, but they wanted repose. In the past eighteen months the defeats had been so many and the disasters so great that there was a universal demand for peace. France was exhausted; her life blood had been sapped, and an army of half a million men pressed upon her borders. "All Europe marched with us a year ago," said Napoleon; "to-day all Europe marches against us."

Virtually the empire had already been dismembered, shorn of its territory, and could be restored only by the same force and conquest that had created it. Germany had declared its emancipation from Napoleon's domination. Spain had been wrested from his grasp, and Italy through the defection and treachery of Murat was all but lost. Still with obstinate tenacity Napoleon refused to yield.

On November 8th and 9th, Metternich met the French envoy and after some negotiations the

Austrian minister submitted what are known as the Frankfort Proposals. The allies demanded that France should give up Spain, Italy, and Germany, and retire within her own borders, the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Rhine. This meant a virtual destruction of the empire.

Napoleon, although defeated, spurned with indignation the propositions, and was still loath to relinquish his grasp on any portion of his conquests. His adversaries, however, now that he was driven to bay, were determined not only to disintegrate his empire but to destroy his power and if possible restore the Bourbons. "So long as he lives," remarked the czar, "there can be no security." With parties so antagonistic in purpose it was all but impossible to effect a compromise.

Napoleon did everything in his power to detach his father-in-law, the emperor of Austria, from the coalition, but without avail. It was known that the allies were jealous of each other, and Napoleon endeavored to profit by this condition of affairs. The czar himself had no high regard for the Bourbons, and really had a personal dislike for the count of Provence, who as next in the line of succession was Louis XVIII. All these facts were known to Napoleon, and through his ministers he tried to take advantage of them. But no matter how much the allies might differ among themselves, they were all of one mind when it came to the question of Napoleon's destruction. Berthier urged him to agree upon terms of peace. "Peace!" he cried, "do you

not think I want peace? But the more I yield the more they demand."

The negotiations dragged their slow length along, Napoleon all the while playing for time, and hoping by a change of fortune to release himself from his predicament. The allies urged a speedy settlement; they had driven the tiger to his lair, and they feared that delay would enable him to renew his strength. The time to force him to terms, they declared, is when he is unprepared to offer battle.

When the allies insisted upon the independence of Holland, thus leaving France smaller than Napoleon found her, he could no longer restrain his wrath, and declared he would rather risk by battle the loss of Paris than agree to terms so humiliating. But when the dispatch came from Caulaincourt, the French envoy, announcing as an ultimatum that the allies insist upon France returning to the limits of 1791, the French people denounced such a treaty and were seized with a patriotic fervor. The Frankfort Proposals and the ultimatum were rejected, and once more France girded for the fray. The whole nation rang with the noise of preparation. The seat of war now was not on the Rhine, the Elbe, the Danube, or the Vistula, but on the Seine.

The allies throughout the negotiations had affected a spirit of moderation to win the favor of the people and before their invasion issued the following proclamation: "We do not make war on France, but we are casting off the yoke your government imposed on our countries. We

hoped to find peace before touching your soil; we now go to find it there."

Early in 1814 the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians crossed the Rhine without resistance and in three divisions converged on Paris. Napoleon, with his old-time energy, now quickly organized an army of 50,000 raw recruits, a beardless legion, many of them from the peasant districts, marching into camp without knapsacks, wearing blouses and sabots and carrying shotguns. Money was needed, and Napoleon contributed out of his own private funds 50,000,000 francs. The rich men of the nation were appealed to, taxes were increased and paper money was issued. To his wavering marshals the emperor said: "Pull on the boots and the resolution of 1793." The invasion of foreign hosts, the demands of the allies to reduce France to the limits of 1791, thus depriving her of even the conquests of the Revolution, had aroused a spirit of patriotism throughout the country of which Napoleon was quick to take advantage. His troubles, however, were accumulating; his marshals were tired of war, and were anxious for peace on almost any terms.

The legislative body under the leadership of a royalist, M. Lainé, considered the advisability of accepting the Frankfort Proposals. Word was received that Murat had entered into a treaty with Austria, and had promised an army of thirty thousand men to co-operate with the allies. Joseph and Jerome, driven from their thrones, had returned to France.

On January 23d, the emperor left Paris to take command of the army. Before his departure he addressed the officers of the legions of the National guard: "Gentlemen, officers! I put under your protection what next to France are dearest to me in all the world — my wife and my son." Little did he believe that this was the last time he was ever to see them.

The emperor at once put himself at the head of his troops, and marching up the valley of the Marne struck Blücher an unexpected blow at St. Dizier on January 27, 1814, and scattered the forces of that doughty old German soldier. Napoleon followed him up, and again came upon him suddenly at Brienne on the 29th, almost capturing him personally.

Blücher was one of the interesting characters of those times. He had fought under Frederick the Great and had been seasoned in many a campaign. Defeats did not chill his ardor or weaken his determination; routed one day he came back to fight on the next. A braver soldier never sat in a saddle, but he was no match for Napoleon when it came to military skill and strategy. He was simply a fighter; although at least seventy years of age he was as tough as oak and able to endure hardships with the resolution and the fortitude of a man with half his years. He was a severe, brusque old captain, but the idol of his troops.

After his defeats Blücher joined Schwarzenberg, and together they advanced with greatly superior forces against Napoleon, who made a

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BLÜCHER

From an original drawing in colors by an unknown artist

stand at La Rothiere on February 1st. He held his own through a long day's fight, but during the night he fell back to Nogent. Here Napoleon became greatly depressed, and sank into a state of utter despondency. Within comparatively a few months all his misfortunes had come upon him. At the beginning of that time he was the autocrat of Europe, with an empire of his own creation, greater in extent than even that of Charlemagne. Now, hunted down and driven at bay, he was fighting in France with a shadowy remnant of his once Grand Army to save a remnant of his once great empire. It was at this time that he instructed Caulaincourt to secure peace on the most favorable terms. But while in his despondent mood, he suddenly saw a chance to retrieve the defeat he suffered at La Rothiere.

Blücher and Schwarzenberg had resumed their march to Paris, the former following the valley of the Marne and the latter the valley of the Seine. So confident were the Austrian and Prussian officers of reaching the French capital without further interruption that in a bantering spirit they were inviting each other to dinner in the Palais Royal a week hence.

Napoleon saw the mistake made in dividing the armies of invasion and was quick to take advantage of it. Leaving a force to hold in check the advance of Schwarzenberg, he marched across country to the valley of the Marne, along which Blücher's army was trailing, stretched out to a great length, there being a several days' march between his front and rear divisions. Na-

poleon to the great surprise of Blücher suddenly struck this attenuated line in the centre with solid masses of infantry, bent it like a bow, and then at the breaking point assailed it with cavalry, and scattered it to the four winds; by rapid marching he struck in turn both flanks, and Blücher's army was sent flying in a wild rout. These engagements took place at Champaubert, Montmirail, and Vauchamps, and for skillful strategy were never surpassed by Napoleon in his best days. His brilliant victories revived the hopes of France, and elicited the astonishment and admiration of the world. With 30,000 men, many of them raw recruits, making forced marches over snow and icy roads, he had beaten and scattered an army of 50,000 men confident of victory.

Having intercepted and defeated one division of the invading army on its way to the capital, Napoleon started in pursuit of Schwarzenberg in the valley of the Seine to inflict like punishment upon him; but that prudent and wily commander thought it better to retreat. Napoleon, however, overtook him and administered a series of crushing blows.

But these victories, great as they were from a military viewpoint, only temporarily held the allies in check. The battles diminished the forces of Napoleon, who had no power of recuperation, whereas the allies were receiving daily reinforcements.

With his handful of an army, however, Napoleon fought on, giving way step by step; never did he display to a higher degree his qualities as

a soldier; but the odds were too many, the vast host of invaders with overwhelming numbers swept on like a tidal wave. The allies now had an army in France of 400,000 men.

Napoleon again attacked Blücher and defeated him at Craonne, but at Laon on March 7th the French were beaten and had to retire. On the 20th Napoleon attacked Schwarzenberg, believing at first it was only a corps of the Austrian forces; but he soon discovered it was the entire army and before numbers so superior he was compelled to retreat.

Abandoning the defence of Paris, Napoleon marched to the Rhine as if to threaten the enemies' lines of communication, a defensible piece of strategy if there had been an army in front of the invaders sufficient to defend the capital. Napoleon by his counter-movement could not divert the attention of the invaders from their purpose and they continued their march on Paris. It was his last move in the game; the ruse was not successful, and leaving his army to follow, he hastened his steps towards the capital and reached Fontainebleau on the evening of March 30th. He intended to continue further, but he was persuaded by his friends to remain where he was. The long struggle was over. Still his proud spirit could not bend, and at times he threatened to raise another army. But France wanted peace at any cost. Napoleon tried to induce the allies to agree to a regency for his son, but that proposition was rejected. A provisional government was organized in Paris under the

direction of Talleyrand, and it was alone with this government that the allies treated.

Marmont, one of Napoleon's early friends and trusted marshals, abandoned at this juncture his master and traitorously with 12,000 men went over to the enemy. Crushed and mortified by this blow, Napoleon at last signed his abdication on April 4th. It was couched in these words: "The allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oaths, declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no sacrifice, not even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interest of France."

The allies decided that he was to retire to Elba, a little island off the coast of Tuscany in the Mediterranean sea, not far from the island on which he had been born, and to receive annually two million francs, to be paid out of the French treasury and to be divided equally between him and the empress. Napoleon and his consort were to retain their titles, but their son was to bear the name the Duke of Parma. To the emperor's wife and heir the duchies of Parma, Placentia and Guastalla were allotted. It was further provided that several hundred soldiers might accompany the exile to Elba.

There was nothing now to do but to make preparations for his departure. Abandoned by many of his friends and marshals and even by his wife; deprived of crown, throne and empire, he

DUKE OF REICHSTADT

From a portrait made in Vienna. Proof before letters

was truly an object of sympathy. He made an attempt to take his life, which having failed, he declared that Fate had decided that he must live and await all that Providence had in store for him.

He railed against the Austrians for keeping his wife away from him, not knowing, fortunately for his peace of mind, that she had shown no special desire to see him or to accompany him into exile. Shortly after her husband's departure she was easily persuaded to go to Vienna, where she lived the rest of her life. But Napoleon's great cause of complaint was that his enemies purposely and cruelly deprived him of the society of his child, upon whom he had centred the hopes and affection of his heart. When Maria Louisa went to Austria she took the boy with her and he never afterwards saw his father. He developed into a feeble manhood, physically, and gave no evidences of possessing the genius of his illustrious parent. He was named Duke of Reichstadt in 1818, entered the Austrian army in early youth, reached the rank of lieutenant colonel, and died near Schönbrunn in 1832. He never ceased, notwithstanding his associations, to have the deepest affection for his father.

The deprivation of the society of his boy was the heaviest cross the emperor had to bear in all his exile.

Did any man ever stand so high as Napoleon and fall so low? If he had wintered in Moscow and had brought Alexander to terms, or if his Russian invasion had been successful, and he

had held his empire intact, and had died in the zenith of his power, his career would not be so interesting a study, or the story of his life so fascinating and instructive; it is its lights and shades, its contrasts, that make it so picturesque, so dramatic, so human and at times so pathetic.

On April 20th Napoleon left the palace to take a carriage in waiting that was to bear him towards the coast. A large body of the Imperial Guard, wearing their tall bearskins, was drawn up in the courtyard, and as he approached they lowered their flags and presented arms. Old grenadiers were in the ranks who had been with him at Lodi, who had fought at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland and Wagram. They had toiled across the deserts of Egypt, climbed the Alps, and marched over the frozen steppes of Russia. They had followed his star of destiny and with sorrow had watched its decline. Napoleon, turning towards them, said in a voice full of emotion: "Soldiers of my old guard, I bid you farewell. For twenty years we have been together, and I have ever found you on the path of honor and of glory. In these last days as in those of our prosperity you have always been models of bravery and of fidelity. With men such as you our cause was not lost but the war would have been endless; it would have been a civil war and France would have suffered. I have sacrificed all our interests for the welfare of our country. I go forth; you my friends must continue to serve France. Her happiness was my only thought; it will always be the object of my

wishes. Bemoan not my fate. I might have chosen death. If I have decided to live it is to enhance your fame. I will write of the great deeds we have done together. Farewell, my children, my good wishes will ever follow you. Bear me in your memories. I wish I could press you all to my heart, but I will, at least, embrace your colors." At these words General Petit advanced with the eagle, and Napoleon taking the officer in his arms kissed the standard. "Once more farewell, my old companions; may this last kiss ever linger in your hearts." Then taking in his hands one of the soiled and battle-rent banners, he buried his face in its folds and sobbed.

CHAPTER XXVII

NAPOLEON'S DEPARTURE FOR ELBA—HIS RESIDENCE IN ELBA—HIS RETURN TO FRANCE—NEW CONSTITUTION—CHAMP DE MAI

Napoleon's disasters had befallen him in the short space of eighteen months. His retreat from Moscow began on October 18, 1812; he suffered defeat at Leipsic, October 18, 1813; and his abdication took place April 4, 1814. He was in the zenith of his power at Dresden, when all Europe paid him homage and when he reviewed his Grand Army just before the invasion of Russia, and nothing seemed so remote as the destruction of his dynasty. But now his vast realm had crumbled to pieces, and was about to be parceled out among his foes. This Cæsar, who had chained Victory to the chariot wheels of the Republic, had seized the consulate and established an empire, had fought and defeated all Europe combined, had overturned the thrones of his enemies, and tossed the crowns to his friends, was now stripped of his power, ordered into exile, and pensioned by the restored Bourbons.

After bidding farewell to the old guard, Napoleon entered his carriage, accompanied by Bertrand, and fell back on the cushions, his face buried in his hands.

His journey through France revealed the sentiment of the people. In the north he was greeted with cheers and tears, but, after passing Lyons and reaching the lower districts and such royalist towns as Orgon and Avignon, he was hissed and denounced; great crowds gathered around the carriage and threatened him with personal violence. The Provençals had been taught to believe that his mother was a loose woman, his father a butcher, and that he was a bastard, his baptismal name being Nicholas, and while shaking their fists in his face they hissed into his ears their vile slanders and imprecations. The Austrian and Russian hussars that accompanied the cortége kept the assailants at bay and frequently had to draw their sabres, spur their horses and ride into the crowd to keep them from dragging the emperor out into the road. It is said that Napoleon's face grew pale under these assaults and he cowered in the corner of his carriage, showing every sign of terror. A man who braves the dangers of the battlefield may tremble in the presence of an infuriated mob threatening to tear him to pieces, for in its aspect there is nothing more terrifying.

Towards the end of the journey the emperor wore the uniform of a postilion and mounted one of the post horses; subsequently he rode in the carriage of the Austrian commissioners and thus escaped recognition. After the excitement was over and the danger had passed, he felt much humiliated at what he called his pusillanimity.

At last reaching the coast, Napoleon boarded

an English frigate, the *Undaunted,* under the command of Captain Usher. It was the town of Frejus from which he set sail, the very town in which he had landed on his return from Egypt in 1799. Then his career of glory was but opening, now it was rapidly drawing to a close.

The voyage to Elba was uneventful. Napoleon was not accorded the honors due his rank as emperor, but was treated simply as an ordinary citizen. The British sailors who expected to see a monster, for he had been so described and pictured in the English papers, were surprised to meet a short, stout, quiet gentleman of middle age, plainly dressed, easy in manner, most agreeable and fascinating in conversation. Before reaching their destination the sailors with but one exception grew to have great respect for "Boney," as they called him; the exception was a bluff old tar named Hinton, who would not change his views, but in answer to every word of approbation spoken of the distinguished passenger would simply reply by saying, "humbug."

On the 4th of May the vessel arrived in the harbor of Porto Ferrajo and while Napoleon is disembarking we will return to Paris.

The allies had entered the city on March 31, 1814. The provisional government that had been organized by Talleyrand invited the Bourbons to return. To show the allies, especially the czar, who personally disliked the count of Provence, that there was an apparent public demand for that prince's enthronement, crowds of young aristocrats, wearing the white cockade,

paraded through the streets at the instance of the wily minister, shouting and cheering for Louis XVIII.

It had been twenty years since the Bourbons had been dethroned, when Louis and Marie Antoinette had gone to the scaffold, and the great body of the people feared a return of the detested ancient *régime*. France had escaped from misrule and privilege and had experienced the joy of living under a government of equality. The absolutism of the past with its doctrine of the divine right of kings, feudalism with all its iniquitous burdens, the privileges and exactions of the church and the nobility which had cost such an effusion of blood to destroy, were now to be restored at the dictation of foreign potentates, whose armies were encamped in the Bois de Boulogne. How much fairer it would have been to the French people if the allies had treated directly with Napoleon, who was the lawfully constituted ruler of France, and exacted from him, for they were in a position to enforce their demands, a peace on their own terms, and then had left him to settle the final account with his people. But these allies, foreign princes, took upon themselves the responsibility of changing the government of France.

After the return of peace, soldiers came pouring into the country, released from the garrisons and fortresses of Germany and Italy and discharged from the prisons of Russia, Austria, and Great Britain, and when they found their occupation gone became a disturbing ele-

ment. The Old Guard, which had brought such glory to the French army, was disbanded, and in its stead was organized a body of 6,000 nobles called the "Maison du Roi." Nothing could have been more tactless; but, as some wiseacre of that period declared (the saying is attributed to Talleyrand), "The Bourbons had learned nothing and forgotten nothing." The family of Georges Cadoudal, the leader in the celebrated conspiracy to assassinate Napoleon, was ennobled by special decree.

Among the old soldiers the feeling was most bitter against the Bourbons, and they longed for the return of "*Le Pére Violette,*" as they called the emperor, the violet being his favorite flower.

The Congress of Vienna met September 20, 1814, and by its dissensions brought the nations almost to the brink of war. Russia's demands were so arbitrary that to thwart her threatened aggressions a secret compact was made by Austria, England, and France on January 3, 1815.

At this international feast Europe was carved up anew and dainty bits distributed. Belgium was annexed to the Netherlands, much to the disgust of both states. Germany was made a confederation, Spain was once more saddled with the Bourbons. Italy again was broken into fragments and parceled out among her former rulers, Austria in the general distribution seizing Venice and Milan, while Ferdinand was assigned the Kingdom of Naples. France lost besides Italy the Rhineland and the Netherlands.

At Elba Napoleon was watching with a furtive

eye the events happening in Europe, and waiting for an opportunity to take advantage of the conditions. Upon his arrival on the island, in order to occupy his active mind, he had inaugurated a system of internal improvements; he busied himself in the developing of mines, the construction of roads and the building of bridges. He also effected a fair distribution of the taxes and greatly increased the revenues.

He had a small country seat to which he occasionally repaired for rest and seclusion, and here he could be seen feeding chickens and playing the rôle of a gentleman farmer. According to the testimony of a Scotch visitor Napoleon drove around the island in an old, dilapidated carriage drawn by horses that were in keeping with the vehicle. Out of mere curiosity thousands of tourists visited the island, and among them many lewd women, who hoped to win the favor of the emperor. His mother and his sister Pauline joined him to relieve the tedium and the loneliness of his exile. Some base creatures circulated a story that the emperor and his sister Pauline, who had separated from her husband, the Prince Borghese, had illicit relations, but there is no foundation whatever for so cruel a scandal. The princess was loose in her conduct and had many lovers, as is proved by her intercepted letters, but there is not a shadow of proof that she and her brother were guilty of conduct so vile. The rumor was industriously circulated at the court of Louis XVIII, and in many quarters seriously affected the reputation of the emperor.

It is said that the Countess Walewski, with one of the two sons she bore Napoleon, paid him a visit and after a few days disappeared as mysteriously as she came.

Napoleon had many just causes of complaint, for the agreement under the abdication was violated in nearly all of its provisions. The authorities in Paris neglected to send him any portion of his allowance, and when the British envoy, Castlereagh, called Talleyrand's attention to this matter the latter gave as a reason for the neglect that it was not safe to supply Napoleon with money. The island was filled with Bourbon spies who dogged his footsteps night and day. Further than this, his wife and son were purposely kept away from him. Maria Louisa was in Vienna receiving the attentions of a dashing soldier, General Count Neipperg, whom she subsequently married, and by whom she had several children. Even though she had no desire to see her husband, she should at least have sent his son to comfort him in his banishment. There could not have been treatment more heartless and for it the father of Maria Louisa and his minister Metternich were responsible. The emperor Francis deliberately placed his daughter in the way of Neipperg in order to obliterate all recollection of her husband.

Napoleon had been allowed to take with him seven hundred soldiers of the old guard, but the Bourbon government had made no provision for their maintenance, and had it not been for the money, five million francs, which Napoleon had

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original portrait drawn and engraved on the Island of Elba by D'Albon in 1814

brought with him, it is likely they would have been disbanded.

During the sessions of the Congress of Vienna the papers were filled with rumors that Napoleon was to be removed further from the shores of Europe, to the Azores or the island of St. Helena. It was subsequently denied by the Duke of Wellington that any such suggestion was made at any conference he attended, but at the time there was every reason for Napoleon to believe the reports were true.

Agitated by such rumors and embittered by the many provocations he had suffered, Napoleon at last decided to risk all on another cast of the die, and at once made preparations to depart the island and return to France. Ascertaining that the British war vessel that guarded the island, the *Partridge,* commanded by Captain Adye, would be absent on a run to Leghorn from the 24th to the 26th, Napoleon decided to take advantage of that opportunity. On Sunday night, February 25, 1815, the emperor embarked at Porto Ferrajo on the brig *Inconstant,* which had been painted by his order to resemble an English ship, and accompanied by seven other vessels, altogether carrying 1,050 officers and men, set sail for France. The little fleet was favored by fair winds and eluded the French guard ship *Fleur de Lys.* Napoleon, after this fortunate escape, ordered his vessels to scatter. A French cruiser hailed the little brig off the island of Corsica and asked after the health of the emperor; the answer sent back,

suggested by Napoleon himself, was: "Marvelously well." On the afternoon of the first of March, 1815, the ships sailed into the Gulf de Jouan near Cannes, where a successful landing was effected.

"I shall reach Paris without firing a shot," was the emperor's prediction as he approached the shores of France. Turning aside from the royalist towns of Provence, he took the road to the north into the mountains towards Savoy. When a short distance from Grenoble a body of troops under the command of General Marchand, who had threatened to scatter the invading brigands, barred the way. Without hesitation, Napoleon, accompanied by forty of his old guard wearing their tall bearskins and carrying their arms reversed, came forward. The very moment the royalist troops saw the old familiar figure in gray coat and little cocked hat, their ranks began to swerve. The order by their officers to fire was not obeyed. Then Napoleon addressing them said: "Soldiers, if there is one among you who wishes to kill his emperor, he can do so. Here I am." Then throwing open his coat, showing his well-known uniform and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, he stood facing the opposing lines. It was too much for the soldiers to resist, and immediately the cry rang out, "*Vive l'empereur.*" The next moment the ranks were broken, the white cockades torn from their hats were trampled in the dust, and the enthusiastic soldiers were crowding around their idol.

At Grenoble the garrison troops stood by and

laughed while the Bonapartists battered down the gates of the town. "Before reaching Grenoble," said Napoleon, "I was an adventurer. At Grenoble I was a prince." Everywhere on the road to Paris officers were defied and deserted and armies melted away. Colonel Labédoyère, a former aide-de-camp of the emperor, ordered the drums to be broken open and the regimental flags and tri-color cockades were brought forth from their place of concealment; the standards were thrown to the breeze amidst the wild cheers of the troops, and the cockades distributed. At Lyons the count d'Artois and Marshal Macdonald fled, and the soldiers welcomed Napoleon with every demonstration of joy, crying out, "Down with the Bourbons." Napoleon, now at the head of 14,000 men, pressed on to Paris. Marshal Ney with a force of 6,000 men was marching from Besançon to oppose his progress with a wild boast upon his lips that he would bring back the Corsican in an iron cage. The soldiers under Ney were sullen, and at every step of the way evinced signs of dissatisfaction. When the town of Bourg was reached one regiment deserted in a body. Ney, having received assurances from his old commander that he would be fairly treated, gathered his troops about him and in the midst of their acclamations renounced his allegiance to Louis XVIII and avowed his loyalty to the emperor.

So great were the desertions that a wag hung a placard on the railing of the column Vendome in Paris purporting to be a copy of a letter ad-

dressed by Napoleon to Louis XVIII. It read: "My dear Brother: It is useless to send me any more troops; I have enough."

As the triumphant army advanced, the whole countryside turned out to greet Napoleon; the roads were lined with cheering peasants, many of whom joined in the march. Hearing of the desertion of his troops and the cordial reception given to the returning hero, Louis XVIII gathered his effects and left Paris with his court in great haste. As the capital was approached the emperor entered a carriage with his devoted friend Caulaincourt, and together, leaving his followers in the rear, they rode after nightfall into the city, accompanied only by a few Polish lancers. The silence seemed ominous. The citizens as yet did not realize what was taking place, but when the Tuileries was reached the officers and soldiers set up an exultant shout; stout and loving arms seized the emperor and carried him up the staircase to his old apartments on the second floor. Soon the enthusiasm spread through the city like wild fire and the streets were crowded with citizens hastening to the palace to do homage to the returned emperor.

According to Bourrienne, one of the Paris newspapers announced the arrival and advance of Napoleon as follows: "The Corsican brigand has landed at Cannes;" the next day: "The rash usurper has been received at Grenoble;" then the tone changed: "General Bonaparte has entered Lyons;" a few days after: "Napoleon is at Fontainebleau;" and finally:

"His majesty the emperor alighted this evening at his palace of the Tuileries."

To show how sentiment was affected by the return of Napoleon, the following from the Memoirs of General Thiébault is a good illustration. He had been a soldier through the wars of the republic and the empire and after the abdication of Napoleon had given his allegiance to the Bourbons. While the emperor was on his way to the capital after his return from Elba, Thiébault's troops deserted him in a body, and espoused Napoleon's cause. The general, being without a command, withdrew to his home to await events. After dinner he took a stroll, purposely going in a direction other than towards the Tuileries, but finding throngs of people hurrying through the streets on the way to the palace, he joined them, drawn by an impulse he could not resist, and suddenly carried away by the general enthusiasm, found himself, although he had never been a zealous Bonapartist, with hat in air cheering as lustily as the others.

It was just as Napoleon predicted in his proclamation written on board the brig that brought him from Elba. "Victory," he said, "will advance at the full gallop, the eagle with the national colors will fly from steeple to steeple, even to the towers of Notre Dame." For days thousands of people gathered around the Tuileries to catch a glimpse of the emperor and whenever he appeared at the windows a great shout went up which he answered with a smile and a bow.

Napoleon acted with prudence, declared that

France needed peace and that it could only be disturbed by the action of the allies. He announced that the rule of the Bourbons was at an end, disbanded the hated corps known as the "Maison du Roi," which had supplanted the Imperial Guard, sequestered the estates of the Bourbon princes and abolished all feudal titles. His ministry was composed of men representing every shade of political opinion: Maret was named secretary of state, Decrès was appointed to the navy, Davoust became head of the war department, Mollein took the treasury, Carnot and Fouché the departments of home affairs and police respectively.

The Congress of Vienna was still in session, reconstructing the map of Europe, when Napoleon arrived in Paris. The news at first stunned that group of astute diplomats, but immediately recovering from their surprise they greeted it with a roar of laughter. They at once placed Napoleon beyond the protection of the law by declaring him an outcast, which was virtually an incitement to assassination.

Instead of execrating him and putting a premium upon his head the allies should have dealt fairly with Napoleon. The Bourbons had shown their utter incapacity to rule and they had deliberately broken every stipulation of the agreement made with Napoleon at the time of his abdication. Austria, too, had violated her part of the compact by the detention of his wife and child. Besides this, the enthusiastic and spontaneous reception to the emperor upon his return was a fair

indication of public sentiment, and it should have been left to the French people to choose their ruler and not to the potentates and ministers of foreign powers. The conduct of the allies was controlled alone by their fears.

Napoleon, seeing the attitude of the coalition, endeavored to sow dissension in their ranks. Among the papers left behind by the Bourbons in their hasty flight he found the secret compact signed by Austria, Great Britain, and France against Russia and Prussia and dispatched it forthwith to the czar; but that monarch, sending for Metternich, with whom he had not for some months been on speaking terms, consigned in the Austrian minister's presence the paper to the flames, stating at the same time that all past dissensions and differences must be forgotten in a united effort to overthrow a common foe.

Murat in a final effort to save his kingdom of Naples raised an army of 40,000 men, but was disastrously defeated by the Austrians at Tolentino, May 3, 1815, and fled to France. Here he opened a correspondence with the emperor who, however, declined to be reconciled. After Napoleon's downfall Murat wandered about for some months as a fugitive. In October, 1815, in a final effort to recover his kingdom, he landed on the shores of Naples with a handful of men, but was captured, summarily tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. When led out to execution he would not accept a chair nor suffer his eyes to be blindfolded. He stood upright, kissed a cornelian ring upon which the likeness of his

wife was engraved, and turning to the soldiers, said: "Save my face — aim at my heart — fire."

It was unfortunate for Napoleon that Murat, the greatest cavalry officer in the French army, was not at Waterloo, for his presence on that field might have saved the day.

When Napoleon reached Lyons after his escape from Elba he promised in a public proclamation to give a liberal constitution to France. This great instrument was drawn up by Benjamin Constant under the immediate direction of the emperor. It established an hereditary Chamber of Peers, the members to be nominated by the emperor and a lower Chamber to be elected by popular vote. The jury system was to be maintained and the liberty of the press secured. The power of appointment of the judges was to reside in the emperor.

On the first of June a great ceremony was held called the *Champ de Mai.* Why it was so designated it is hard to tell, but it resembled in many of its features the Festival of the Federation. Detachments from every corps in the army passed in review. Napoleon instead of appearing in his familiar military uniform was dressed in a very unbecoming theatrical costume. Amidst cheers and the booming of cannon, he took a solemn oath to maintain the new constitution. One of the most imposing features of the pageant was the presentation of the eagles. As the emperor handed the standards to the different commands he addressed to them a few well chosen remarks

in which he appealed to their sentiments of patriotism.

It was vitally necessary to arouse the enthusiasm of his troops, for all Europe was now marching towards the borders of France. An Anglo-Prussian army under Wellington and Blücher was massed near Brussels, Schwarzenberg was leading a large Austrian army to the Rhine, while Germany and Russia were hastening their columns forward towards the French frontier.

CHAPTER XXVIII

LIGNY—QUATRE BRAS

Napoleon knew he could expect no quarter from the allies. They had refused to treat with him as the actual ruler of France at the time of his abdication, and now they had declared him an outlaw. They had arbitrarily deposed him as emperor, and had saddled upon France a government which the vast majority of the people did not want. They had nullified all the results of the Revolution and by the restoration of the Bourbons had turned back the hands of the clock twenty years.

The allies in dealing with Napoleon, now that he had returned to France, did not take into consideration the fact that they had willfully broken every covenant in the agreement made with him. In truth what right had they as foreign potentates to say who should be the ruler of France? That was a question for her people to decide.

Napoleon might have organized an army and awaited an invasion of the allies, but he well knew that such a plan would result in a long-drawn-out war and bring him no personal renown. Besides he had not the patience to stand simply on the defensive; his purpose was to restore by conquest as much of his empire as was

possible. His ambition was not yet circumscribed by the frontiers of France. To deal a blow that would shatter the Anglo-Prussian armies before they were reinforced would terrify his enemies, restore his prestige, and enable him to dictate terms of peace. Accordingly he gave orders to mass his army on the frontiers of Belgium, and on the 11th of June, 1815, left Paris. He reached Beaumont, and was in the midst of his troops on the 14th.

He was not the man he had been; his intellect was as bright, his conceptions were as great and his skill as a strategist was not in the least impaired; but he lacked, as we shall see, that decision, promptitude and energy, that indefatigable activity that once so signally characterized him. Nor could he stand the strain and exposure as in his earlier years; his urinary and hemorrhoidal complaints gave him much pain and annoyance, and he could no longer keep the saddle for eighteen or twenty hours at a stretch without exhaustion. Besides he was greatly handicapped in that he had not all his old marshals around him. Murat, as we have seen, was out of favor. Oudinot, Victor, St. Cyr, Macdonald, Augereau, and Marmont remained loyal to Louis XVIII. Junot was in a mad house, and Berthier, his chief of staff, had retired to Germany and in a fit of frenzy had thrown himself from a window of a house in Bamberg. Massena was too old to enter upon the hardships of a campaign. Davoust, the hero of Auerstadt, one of the greatest of Napoleon's marshals, had been named secre-

tary of war, and although he begged to be given a command, the emperor refused to listen to his appeal. "I must have some one in Paris whom I can implicitly trust to protect my interests while I am absent," argued Napoleon. "O! Sire," replied Davoust, "if victory comes to your standard anybody can protect your interests here, but if defeat should be your lot, I nor no one else can be of use to your Majesty." Still Napoleon could not be persuaded to take his marshal along, whose presence on the field of Waterloo might have saved the day. Another grave mistake Napoleon made was in selecting Soult as his chief of staff; he had been a division commander of skill and experience and could have been appointed to a much more important position, while a younger man could easily and perhaps more efficiently have performed the duties to which he was assigned.

Napoleon's sudden appearance at the head of his troops took by complete surprise both Wellington and Blücher. The emperor issued one of his stirring appeals, and forthwith gave an order to advance, the vanguard of his army reaching Charleroi on the fifteenth. The Prussian outposts were driven in and the main body fell back on Ligny.

When news of the French advance was carried to Wellington on the night of the 15th, he was at the Duchess of Richmond's ball in Brussels. He at once dispatched the Prince of Orange to command the troops at Quatre Bras, so called from two roads crossing at that point, one running

north by west from Charleroi to Brussels and the other west by north from Namur to Nivelles and beyond. Wellington quietly withdrew from the ball and taking the Duke of Richmond into a private room remarked: "That d—— rascal Bonaparte has humbugged me." Placing his hand upon a map lying upon a table, he marked with his thumb nail Waterloo as the place where the battle would be fought. Officers were hastily sent from the ball-room to their commands, orderlies and aides were soon flying in every direction with dispatches to the different corps commanders to concentrate their troops.

Napoleon's army consisted of 125,000 men, while Wellington and Blücher had each one hundred thousand. Together the English and Prussians were in numbers greatly superior to the French, but Napoleon's army was somewhat stronger numerically than either. The English army stretched from Antwerp, its base, to Brussels and beyond, until its left wing joined the Prussian right between Quatre Bras and Ligny. The Prussian line extended as far east as Liége, which was its base. It will thus be seen that the same conditions confronted Napoleon in Belgium as in his first campaign in Italy. The strategy he adopted in 1815 was the same as in 1796. His plan was to strike these two armies in the centre and after dividing them throw each back on its base, thus driving them away from each other in diverging directions.

On the morning of the 16th, Napoleon began making preparations to attack the Prussians un-

der Blücher at Ligny, directing Ney to engage at the same time the English at Quatre Bras, thus keeping them at bay while Napoleon was handling Blücher. There seems to have been some misunderstanding in relation to the order given to Ney, as to whether he was to attack or seize Quatre Bras, and that there should have been a misunderstanding is not surprising in view of the fact that it was not until the eleventh that Ney was ordered to the battlefield and he assumed command on the afternoon of the fifteenth without any knowledge of the plan of campaign.

For some reason never explained Napoleon delayed until half-past eleven o'clock his attack on the Prussians, thus giving them time to mass their troops and to strengthen their position.

The battle opened with a severe artillery fire and then the corps of Vandamme and Gérard simultaneously assailed at different points the Prussian line. Charge after charge was made by Gérard with varying success, but at last the French heavy guns concentrated their fire on Ligny. Roofs were torn away, buildings toppled and fell, and flames burst forth in different quarters of the town. Under a pall of smoke the French made a furious onset and after a hand-to-hand scuffle the Prussians were slowly driven back and compelled to give ground. At St. Amand, Vandamme fought with desperate courage but made no serious impression on the Prussian lines, for after hours of the bitterest fighting the combatants still stood face to face. Blücher

had weakened his centre to reinforce his left in order to repel the fierce onslaughts of Vandamme, and Napoleon, quickly taking advantage of this condition, massed his troops ready to deliver the finishing blow, and at 5.30 the Imperial Guard was brought up to strengthen the attack.

When on the point of giving the word to the batteries to open fire before the final charge, Napoleon, sweeping the field with his glass, saw to the northwest a large body of troops marching to the southeast as if to attack the French left wing. Whether it meant that Ney had been defeated and the English were coming to the assistance of the Prussians or whether they were German troops reinforcing Blücher, was the question.

Light-horse cavalry were sent out at once to reconnoitre, but before they returned the whole body of advancing troops began a counter-movement and turned in an opposite direction. Word was soon brought to Napoleon that it was d'Erlon's corps.

It appears that an aide, Colonel de Forsin Janson, had been dispatched to Ney with an order to release d'Erlon's corps in order that it might strike the Prussians on the right flank while Napoleon pounded the centre. Of course this order was not to be carried out unless Ney could afford to do without d'Erlon. Although Napoleon sent the order to Ney the courier stopped at the headquarters of d'Erlon, who commanded but a corps in the army of Ney, and read to him the dispatch. Without waiting for further orders from Ney,

d'Erlon with his force of 30,000 men started to carry out the instructions as he supposed of the commander in chief, and while groping around for the Prussian flank an order from Ney brought him back, and it was at that moment that he relieved Napoleon's anxiety by counter-marching. Thus the whole corps like a pendulum swung between the armies of Napoleon and Ney without being of use to either of them. It was a lost force. If the 30,000 men had been in either battle, at Quatre Bras or Ligny, the result would have been decisive. If it had not been for the blunder of the stupid aide, Wellington as well as Blücher doubtless would have suffered a severe defeat.

In the meantime the artillery had been working dreadful havoc among the Prussian troops who occupied an exposed position on an opposite slope. Suddenly a terrific thunder storm broke over the heads of the combatants, the rain fell in torrents and amidst the crashing of thunder bolts and the roar of artillery the French troops, consisting of Gérard's corps and the Imperial Guard, charged on the run the Prussian centre, the army was cut in twain, the line shattered and the whole body began a retreat. Blücher tried to rally his forces, but in vain, and in the confusion the stubborn old fighter was unhorsed and stunned by the fall, while a troop of cavalry charged over him. It was through the courage of Nostitz, his faithful aide, that he was sheltered and saved from capture. The command fell upon Gneisenau, his chief of staff, a very able soldier.

The Prussians never fought better, but because of their exposed position, they were terribly battered by the terrific discharge of artillery and the repeated assaults of infantry and cavalry during eight hours of continuous fighting. About 14,000 Prussians and 11,000 French lay dead and wounded on that blood-soaked field.

Never did Napoleon need Murat's services more than at this moment. If he could have sent that peerless officer with a body of cavalry after the fleeing Prussians, he would have turned the retreat into a rout and doubtless the great victory of Jena would have been repeated. As it was, the Prussians withdrew in comparatively good order. Why Napoleon did not follow up his success and make it decisive it is hard to tell. "He is not the man he was in Italy," remarked Vandamme. After eighteen hours of continuous riding he left the saddle and sought rest, and it was not until the next day that he sent Grouchy with a corps of 33,000 men to follow Blücher.

The Prussians, instead of falling back on Liége, their base of supplies, as it was reasonable to suppose they would do, abandoned their line of communication and retreated north towards Wavre. If they had fallen back to the east on Namur or Liége every step would have taken them further away from the English, but going to Wavre brought them closer to their ally.

At Quatre Bras a terrible conflict had been waged while the battle was on at Ligny. Ney had delayed his attack upon the enemy until two o'clock in the afternoon and by that time the Eng-

lish troops had been greatly reinforced. Wellington was in command, his army amounting to 30,000 men, while the French had but 20,000. Ney fought with skill and desperate courage, but at nightfall retired to Frasnes, where he was joined by the wandering corps of d'Erlon.

The English loss was about 5,000 killed and wounded; the French loss was not so great.

Taken altogether the events of the 16th were favorable to Napoleon. Blücher had suffered defeat and although his retreat was not a rout the victory was complete and had greatly inspirited the French troops. Ney after desperate fighting had not succeeded in occupying Quatre Bras, but he had kept Wellington so warmly engaged that the duke was unable to send any reinforcements to Blücher, even though he knew the Prussian general was being sorely pressed.

Late in the night of the 16th Napoleon organized a corps of 33,000 men and placed Grouchy in command to follow the retreating Prussians, but the French did not start on their errand until the dawn of the 17th.

CHAPTER XXIX

WATERLOO

Napoleon, after giving his army a rest, united with Ney on the 17th and began operating against Wellington. Why he was so prodigal of time was no doubt due to the fact that he believed Blücher had fallen back towards his base, and was quite removed from the present sphere of operations. As a prudent general the emperor ought to have known what was Blücher's line of retreat, and if Davoust had been in Grouchy's place he would have known. But Grouchy moved slowly and with hesitation, whereas the Prussian general had a well-defined plan and acted with promptitude.

Wellington and Blücher had a meeting in a windmill on the 17th, and the Prussian general promised to reinforce the duke with three corps; upon this guarantee of assistance Wellington decided to give battle.

As Napoleon advanced, Wellington fell back, but on the night of the 17th the British general reached Mont St. Jean. It began raining early in the afternoon of the 17th, which greatly retarded the movements of both armies. The position chosen by Wellington for a stand was a strong, defensive one. The country was undulat-

ing. Directly in front of the English was a slope which ran up to a crest, upon which their artillery was posted, while the infantry and cavalry were sheltered by the rising ground. Back of the English army was the forest of Soignes, on their front to the left was the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, which was strongly fortified. The left was further protected by a ravine that ran transversely and which was the so-called sunken ditch or fallen road into which, according to tradition, plunged Dubois's brigade of cavalry, men and horses rolling in horrid confusion and trampling each other to death in the pit. Opposite the centre of their right wing was another farmhouse called Hougomont, which had been converted into a veritable fortress. Mont St. Jean was Wellington's centre. The English army was deployed in three lines. The first was in full view of the French, the second partially concealed by the crest and the third entirely so.

When Napoleon reached Belle Alliance on the evening of the 17th he was surprised and rejoiced to see the English army drawn up in line of battle, for he had feared that it was Wellington's intention to retreat behind the forest of Soignes and there await reinforcements from Blücher.

Napoleon prepared at once for battle. His army was formed in three lines. The first composed of infantry, with cavalry on each wing; the second was shorter, but of the same formation as the first, that is, infantry flanked by cavalry; the third was the Imperial Guard, acting as reserves. Belle Alliance, a farmhouse, was the

French centre and in the rear of the army was an elevation called Rossomme, where Napoleon had his headquarters, and from which elevation he had a full view of the field. He wore his familiar uniform, long gray surtout and black cocked hat.

The original assignments were as follows: General Drouet d'Erlon the first corps, General Reille the second, General Vandamme the third, General Gérard the fourth, and Count Lobau the sixth and the Imperial Guard. Marshal Ney commanded the left wing, consisting of the first and second corps; General Grouchy the right wing, comprising the third and fourth corps, while the sixth corps and the Imperial Guard forming the centre were under the immediate command of Napoleon.

The rain had continued to fall all afternoon and far into the night, and the lanes and roads were converted into quagmires, entirely too heavy for rapid military movements. During the night of the 17th and morning of the 18th the French troops were rushed forward and reaching their position in line slept on their arms on the wet ground in sight of the bivouac fires of the British.

Napoleon was up several times during the night reconnoitring the enemy's position. The ground was so heavy that he had to receive assistance frequently to drag his boots out of the mud. When morning dawned the rain ceased, but it was nearly noon before Napoleon gave the command to open the battle. In the meantime the armies stood facing each other in grim de-

termination. It was Sunday morning; the air was misty and sultry, the sky was dark with overhanging clouds, there was no sun to usher in the day as on the glorious field of Austerlitz. The standing grain was yellow, almost ripe for the sickle, the wide landscape lay not only in the quiet of a Sabbath day, but in the awful hush that precedes the opening of a battle and the clash of arms.

Suddenly one hundred and twenty cannon roared out in defiance and covered the field with smoke. Reille, leading the second corps, made an attack upon Hougomont, but the English were so strongly entrenched and their fire was so terrific that the French recoiled. Four Englishmen by sheer physical strength closed the heavy gate against the foes; a few grenadiers scaled the wall that surrounded the garden of the chateau, but were killed when on the other side. The orchard and part of the garden at last were carried, but the English retained the chateau and were not dislodged at any time during the battle.

The assault on Hougomont was not successful and Napoleon immediately ordered an attack on the English left. Infantry and artillery advanced to the charge. General Picton, one of the bravest officers in the British army, who had rendered signal service in Spain, led a countercharge with the bayonet, and drove back the assaulting columns of the French, but lost his life in the fray. Picton's charge was supported by the "Scotch Grays," who rushed into battle, shouting, "Scotland forever," and they were closely fol-

WELLINGTON

From a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence

lowed by the Inniskilling dragoons. The headlong charge of the British cavalry carried them almost within the French lines, but in turn they were assailed and driven back.

Ney now made charge after charge, leading squadron after squadron against the British squares; five horses were shot under him, but the cavalry could not break the English formation; the plunging steeds though urged by spur until their flanks ran blood could not penetrate the bristling breastwork of steel. It was like the waves of a storm-driven sea, dashing against a rock in mid-ocean; rushing on, they strike with tremendous force, break into foam and then seething and hissing fall back in all directions, only to gather their strength and renew the attack.

The second charge was one of the most famous that ever took place on a European battlefield. Twelve thousand horsemen, light and heavy cavalry, were engaged. The English artillery tore great gaps in their massed ranks and checked their advance even before the squares were reached, but rallying their forces they dashed down the slope with a cheer, only to meet with a final repulse and to reel back in disorder.

The English squares were four deep, the first line kneeling, the second at the charge and the third and the fourth firing over their heads. As the cavalry came on the foremost riders were swept from their saddles by volleys of musketry and in desperation those horsemen who reached the squares would discharge their pistols in the

faces of the kneeling soldiers and then lean over and sabre them in an effort to force an opening into the solid ranks, but all such attempts were futile. The squares stood fast.

As the French cavalry rode up the slope, the artillery on the crest would open fire, the gunners after the last volley abandoning the cannon and seeking refuge in the British lines. For some unaccountable reason, perhaps owing to the excitement of battle, the French failed to spike or disable the English guns and every charge of horse had to meet the same deadly artillery fire.

For two hours these attacks continued in quick succession. The soldiers in the squares, subjected to constant volleys from heavy guns and the incessant fusillade of musketry from skirmishers, could not lie down or break their formation for fear the cavalry would again suddenly assail them and in consequence they suffered great losses.

Ney fought like a madman; at times he assumed supreme command and made requisitions on troops that were not in his division, without even consulting with his chief. Napoleon, no longer able to keep his saddle, had dismounted, and was seated at a table with his maps spread out before him. Occasionally he was seen to nod, so worn out was he by the terrific strain of the past three days. No one can study the details of this famous battle and get into its atmosphere without being convinced that Napoleon was not the man he had been. His apathy was in sad

contrast to the zeal, activity and energy of Wellington.

Towards five o'clock one more desperate effort was made to capture the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte. The attack was opened with a furious cannonading; then a headlong charge with infantry led by Ney on foot with a broken sword put the garrison to flight, and following in hot pursuit the French broke through the English centre. Ney, in order to hold his ground, sent hurriedly to Napoleon for more men.

"Where am I to get them?" cried Napoleon petulantly; "does he think I can make them?" If Napoleon had possessed the spirit and courage he displayed at Lodi and Arcola he would personally have headed the Guard and led them to the assistance of his marshal and won the day. This was the last chance he had to retrieve his fortune.

There was no sign nor word from Grouchy, but over the hills to the northeast could be seen approaching the army of Blücher, and their advance columns under Bülow soon began to press upon the right wing of the French. Napoleon had ordered Count Lobau to hold Planchenoit and keep the Prussians at bay, while he prepared to make one supreme and final effort to break the English lines. The Imperial Guard was massed and marched with its usual confidence and courage to the attack, but by this time the English line had been strengthened by Prussian reinforcements to the number of nearly fifty thousand. Under a terrific fire from mus-

ketry and artillery the Guard began to recoil. Wellington, with the eye of an experienced soldier, saw the decisive moment had arrived. "Up, men, and at them," he cried. In the sight of his army he took off his hat and waving it towards the enemy ordered an advance of the whole line. Bugles and bagpipes, fifes and drums, aroused the spirit of the soldiers. Under so vast a host the Guard was overwhelmed. Napoleon deployed them so as to form rallying points, but when the Guard was seen to wince under the galling fire, consternation seized the common soldiers, discipline and order were lost, and the cry rang through the ranks: "The Guard gives way." D'Erlon's corps, overpowered by superior numbers, broke and fled, and the defeat became a rout. Ney, foaming with rage, ran among the troops brandishing a broken sword and attempted to rally them for one more stand; but they swept on without heeding his appeals. "Cowards," he cried, "have you forgotten how to die?"

The Old Guard stubbornly fell back from position to position, its ranks torn and riddled by shot and shell. Cambronne, its commander, hatless, blackened with powder and smoke, defiant to the last, with sword in hand, when summoned to surrender, made a nasty reply which fortunately has gone down into the romance of history as "The Old Guard dies but never surrenders." Immediately the valiant soldier was shot in the face and fell seriously wounded, but his command desperately fought on and doggedly

held their ground until encompassed on all sides by an overwhelming host; then, seeing that further resistance was useless, the few that were left, one hundred and fifty in number, filed sadly and dejectedly to the rear of the English lines. So closed the glorious career of the Imperial Guard.

Wellington had prudently reserved for the final stroke some brigades of cavalry and at the decisive moment they were let loose and sent in to make the disaster complete. Anxious to have a share in the glory, they responded with a will.

As night came on the rising moon shed light enough to enable the Prussian horse to follow the fleeing, panic-stricken host. The carnage was dreadful; there was no mercy shown as the sabres rose and fell, keeping time with the exultant and vengeful cry: "Remember Jena!" When the horses became exhausted or the soldiers grew tired of the slaughter, the officers ordered the bugles to ring out the charge to revive the energy of the men and through all the night and far into the next day the chase continued.

When he realized the army was in full retreat Napoleon seemed dazed, his looks grew dark, he called out to the fleeing troops to halt, but they were deaf even to his appeal. Soult took him by the arm and led him away. With a small command he hastened from the field, Bertrand and Monthyon supporting him on his horse as they rode along. Charleroi was reached about daybreak on the morning of the 19th. Here

Napoleon left the saddle and continued his flight in a carriage.

So ended the famous battle of Waterloo, so called because it was from that village that Wellington dated his dispatch announcing his victory. It has become the synonym for utter defeat. To say that a man has met his Waterloo means that he has suffered ruin beyond repair, and yet the battle was lost by the greatest captain in all history. The allies had from eighteen to twenty thousand killed and wounded and the French twenty-five thousand.

Taking all things into consideration Napoleon should have won the field. At the start he was over-confident; he was careless of details and too prodigal of time. On the morning of the 16th he began the battle at Ligny too late in the day, thus giving Blücher an opportunity to mass his troops and strengthen his position, and even after the battle was won he did not follow up the retreating army and make his victory complete. "Napoleon is the only man in Europe," declared Czartoryski, "that knows the value of time," and yet it was not until the morning of the 17th that he sent Grouchy in pursuit of the retreating Prussians. Everything depended upon knowing the direction Blücher had gone, whether to Liége or Wavre. It was presumed that he had fallen back on his base of supplies, but that was a mere presumption, for the truth was he had abandoned his line of communication and was marching north in the direction of Wavre with the intention of reinforcing the

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MARSHAL GROUCHY

From an original drawing in colors by Biard

English army. No matter what orders may have been given to Grouchy, he was told by Soult to keep in touch with Napoleon's army and he knew or ought to have known that he was to prevent at all hazards the junction of the allies, or failing in that to hasten to Napoleon's aid, and especially should he have done the latter when he heard the roar of the guns on the morning of the 18th. Gérard, one of his officers, bluntly told him it was his duty to follow the sound and no longer to trail in the rear of the retreating army.

Even on the morning of the 18th, at the opening of the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon did not positively know the whereabouts of Blücher's army, and this was owing to the incompetency of Grouchy. Even the famous Bertrand order dictated by Napoleon, which Grouchy for a long time denied ever having received, would not have misled a good, clear-headed soldier. "It is important to find out," the paper read, "what the enemy [meaning Blücher] is intending to do; whether he is separating himself from the English, or whether he is intending still to unite to cover Brussels or Liége in trying the fate of another battle." The gist of this order is in the first sentence: the instructions are to find out the intentions of the enemy. This left authority in Grouchy as an independent commander to act accordingly. On arriving at Gembloux on the evening of the 17th Grouchy wrote the following dispatch, which proves he knew what was required of him: "If the mass of the Prussians

retire on Wavre, I shall follow it in that direction in order that they may not be able to gain Brussels, and to separate them from Wellington." This dispatch reached Napoleon at midnight on the 17th when he was personally reconnoitring the British lines and it must have assured him that Grouchy knew at least what should be done. Later in the night Grouchy sent another dispatch announcing he had ascertained that the Prussians were on the march to Wavre, and that he was going to Sart à Walhain, which is in the direction of Wavre, but off the main turnpike. By this time he must have been convinced that he was too far in the rear of Blücher's army to intercept it or to prevent its junction with the English, and that his only duty was by forced marches across country to reinforce the emperor, but in place of doing that he proceeded on his way to Wavre; and, instead of separating the Prussians from the English, the Prussians separated him from Napoleon. If he had possessed the zeal, skill, and energy of Blücher, or had acted with the precision that characterized the conduct of Desaix at Marengo, the battle of Waterloo doubtless would have been another story.

Two dispatches sent by Soult to Grouchy on the 18th have no bearing in so far as Grouchy's conduct is concerned, for they reached him too late, but it has been contended in some quarters that they show that Napoleon himself was somewhat at sea and approved of Grouchy's movements. The first dispatch says that the emperor

is about to engage the English army at Waterloo and then adds: "His Majesty desires that you will direct your movements on Wavre in order to approach us, to put yourself in the sphere of our operations and keep up your communication with us; pushing before you those troops of the Prussian army which have taken this direction and which may have stopped at Wavre, where you ought to arrive as soon as possible." This dispatch was not received by Grouchy till four o'clock in the afternoon, when he was fighting the rear guard of Blücher's army at Wavre, and too late in the day for him to render any assistance to Napoleon.

The second dispatch dated at one o'clock in the afternoon on the 18th, reads: "Your intention is to go to Corbaix and Wavre. This movement is conformable to his Majesty's arrangements which have been communicated to you. Nevertheless, the emperor orders me to tell you that you ought always to manœuvre in our direction and to seek to come near to our army, in order that you may join us before any corps can put itself between us. I do not indicate to you the direction you should take; it is for you to see the place where we are, to govern yourself accordingly, and to connect our communication, so as to be always prepared to fall upon any of the enemy's troops which may endeavor to annoy our right and to destroy them. At this moment the battle is in progress on the line of Waterloo in front of the forest of Soignes. The enemy's centre is at Mont St. Jean; ma-

nœuvre, therefore, to join our right." A postscript states that Bülow's corps is seen on the heights of St. Lambert and then adds: "So lose not an instant in drawing near and joining us in order to crush Bülow, whom you will take in the very act." This dispatch reached Grouchy at seven o'clock in the evening, when the battle of Waterloo was about decided.

These dispatches, even if they had been received in time to influence the movements of Grouchy, ought not to have misled him, nor do they indicate that Napoleon had any doubt in his mind as to what Grouchy should do. To be sure, the first dispatch reads that Grouchy ought to arrive as soon as possible at Wavre, and the second that Grouchy's intention to go to Corbaix and Wavre is conformable to his Majesty's communications, but these expressions must be taken in connection with the dispatches as a whole, which direct that Grouchy "must approach us," must put himself "in the sphere of our operations," "always manœuvre in our direction and seek to come near to our army," and above all without indicating the direction Grouchy should take he is told "to see the place where we are" and to govern himself accordingly. Surely there is nothing dim in these dispatches, the instructions are almost explicit and reveal no ignorance on the part of Napoleon as to what was required of Grouchy.

CHAPTER XXX

NAPOLEON'S SECOND ABDICATION—BOARDS THE "BELLEROPHON"—SAILS FOR ST. HELENA

Upon reaching Philippeville on the day after the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon's spirits seemed to revive. On arriving in Paris on the 21st of June he went at once to the Elysée palace, and at times became much depressed, walking up and down the room, excitedly exclaiming at intervals: "O my God! is it possible, is it possible!" The manner of his reception when he reached Paris convinced him that Waterloo had eclipsed his prestige and past glory.

The Chamber of Deputies on motion of La-Fayette decided to sit in permanent session, declared that any attempt at dissolution would be considered an act of treason, and directed the ministers to report to the Chamber. This was virtually depriving Napoleon of power. He was urged by his brother Lucien to resort to a *coup d'etat,* but failing to strike at once, the opportunity soon passed away. While Napoleon was hesitating the Chamber was acting with vigor. News reached Paris that Grouchy had escaped from the Prussians, after a masterly retreat, and that the army was rallying at Laon. This gave the emperor a faint gleam of hope, but it soon

disappeared, for the Chamber demanded an immediate abdication, which after some reluctance he consented to give. At first he agreed to make it in favor of his son, but at last on the 22nd of June, 1815, he surrendered unconditionally. "My son," he cried, "what a chimera! No, it is for the Bourbons that I abdicate. They, at least, are not prisoners at Vienna." So ended the famous reign of "The Hundred Days."

The Chamber, whose energy was in marked contrast to the indecision and supineness of Napoleon, organized without delay a provisional government, and Fouché, the political weather vane and despicable time-server, was made president of the Executive Commission. The other members were Carnot, Caulaincourt, Grenier and Quinotte.

On the 25th Fouché sent an order to Napoleon to leave Paris. The ex-emperor retired to Malmaison, an abode sad with recollections and associations, for it was here that Josephine had but a few months before breathed her last. At this retreat he was joined by Hortense Beauharnais and a few faithful friends.

The allies were pressing on and the provisional government pleaded earnestly for an armistice, to which Blücher replied that he would consider the matter if Napoleon were handed over to him, dead or alive. If alive he would see that he was executed conformably to the declaration of the Congress of Vienna. Wellington refused under any consideration to agree to an armistice and the march of invasion was continued. On the 29th

the Prussian vanguard had reached Argenteuil and Blücher made an effort to capture the emperor, but fortunately was thwarted in his design by the devoted Davoust, who burned or barricaded the bridges crossing the Seine in the vicinity of Malmaison.

It was at this point that Napoleon offered his services to the government simply as general and submitted a plan of campaign to repel the invaders from France, but the Executive Commission declined his proffer.

Dethroned, shorn of his power, an outcast, hunted to death like a wild beast by the savage Blücher, and ordered by the government in Paris to move on, Napoleon drank the bitter cup of humiliation to its dregs. He who had brought such glory to France had not an abiding spot, a place of refuge within her borders, for on the 29th he received an order from Fouché to quit the country forthwith. About six o'clock in the evening of that day he set out for Rochefort, accompanied by Bertrand, Savary, Gourgaud and Becker. The last named was a commissioner of the provisional government, whose duty it was to see that the orders were complied with.

The party reached Rochefort on the third of July. The next day Paris fell into the hands of the allies.

While at Rochefort Napoleon considered a number of plans of escape. One was to be concealed in a hogshead in the hold of a Dutch frigate; another was to go to America in a light sailing vessel, but none was feasible in view of

the fact that the bay was closely guarded by British cruisers. The government in Paris sent another order and imperatively insisted upon his leaving France at once, that his presence in the country only hindered effecting negotiations with the allies. Under this command he boarded a French vessel, lying in the harbor, named the *Saale.* The next day he sent Savary and Las Casas to interview Captain Maitland of H. M. S. *Bellerophon,* asking if his departure would be prevented. The British captain replied that his orders were strict and specific to intercept Napoleon, and that if an attempt should be made to escape he would oppose with force the frigate upon which the emperor sailed.

In the meantime Louis XVIII had entered Paris, the provisional government had collapsed, and the Bourbon restoration was complete.

The second downfall of Napoleon aroused all the latent energies of the Bourbons, and they evinced a determination to create a reaction against the further progress of liberal ideas and to restore in all its vigor the ancient *régime.* They, too, returned to France in a vindictive temper, and at once, that is, so soon as the French army evacuated the capital, instituted proceedings against those officers who had upon his return from Elba espoused Napoleon's cause. Soult and Grouchy sought safety in flight, finding refuge in America, but Ney was arrested, charged with treason, court-martialed and shot. This was in direct violation of the twelfth article of the convention of Paris of July 3rd,

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MARSHAL NEY

From an original drawing by Guerin

which provided that no one should be called to account for his conduct during the hundred days. Ney and many other officers accepted this amnesty in good faith, but were deceived by the treachery of the Bourbons. Wellington, who had been a party to the convention, should have insisted upon the king's respecting to the letter the articles of this agreement, but he stood idly by, witnessed the flagrant violation of its terms, and instead of protesting, made a flimsy excuse for the conduct of the king. He had witnessed at Quatre Bras and Waterloo the incomparable bravery of Ney, and his every instinct as a soldier should have been to save the life of the marshal by making the government maintain the inviolability of its parole.

On the 12th Napoleon dictated the following letter to the prince regent of England: "Exposed to the factions which distract my country and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have closed my political career, and I come like Themistocles to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most constant and the most generous of my enemies."

The emperor intrusted this letter to Gourgaud and Las Casas, who requested Captain Maitland to afford them facilities to present it to the prince regent. The captain provided Gourgaud with passage to England on a cruiser named the *Slaney* in order that the French messenger might convey personally the letter to his royal

highness the prince regent. This vessel, at once, set sail for Torbay.

Bertrand, at the instance of the emperor, wrote to Maitland that they would come on board the *Bellerophon* the next day and further stated that "If the admiral of the port in consequence of the demand that you have addressed to him sends you the passports for the United States, his Majesty will go there with pleasure; but in default of them he will go voluntarily to England as a private individual to enjoy the protection of the laws of your country."

A long and unsatisfactory controversy has been waged by partisans on both sides over the question as to whether or not Napoleon was deceived by assurances of protection from Captain Maitland at the time he went on board the *Bellerophon.* There may have been a misunderstanding between Las Casas and the captain, but Napoleon was wise enough to know that Maitland could not bind his government unless he was authorized expressly so to do, and really there is nothing to show that the British officer acted beyond the scope of his authority, practiced any deception, or held out any false hopes to the emperor.

When Napoleon boarded the English ship he was received with respect, but without a salute. He was accompanied by General and Mme. Bertrand, General and Mme. Montholon and their little son, Count Las Casas and his son, Maingaud the physician, Marchand the head valet, and a group of servants.

Las Casas had at one time been a sailor, and no sooner was he on board than he donned his naval uniform and strutted around the deck with the air of an experienced navigator, but the voyage becoming rather rough he got so sick that he moved the mirth of the English crew and while making somewhat of a spectacle of himself, Napoleon told him sharply to go below, change his suit and not disgrace the French navy.

While passing Ushant early in the morning Napoleon came on deck and so long as the land was in sight stood alone with his hands behind his back, watching with sorrow the receding shores of France which he never was again to see.

On reaching Torbay, Gourgaud rejoined the party and informed the emperor that he had not been permitted to land, and that in consequence he had been unable to deliver Napoleon's letter to the prince regent.

The *Bellerophon* on the 26th received orders to proceed forthwith to Plymouth. After reaching this port on July 31st, Sir Henry Bunbury, secretary to the Admiralty, and Lord Keith, admiral in command of Plymouth, came aboard and informed the captive, breaking the news gently, that the government had decided to send him to St. Helena. Napoleon, when the truth was made known, drew back in horror from the very thought of spending the remainder of his days on a barren, cheerless rock in mid-ocean.

It does seem cruel to have passed so severe

a judgment upon a man who had held so lofty a position in the world's politics, but we must transport ourselves to that period and breathe the atmosphere of those times to appreciate the public feeling and sentiment in England. To her national debt Napoleon had added £600,000,000, he had been her inveterate and uncompromising foe, he had banded all Europe in opposition to her in his war to destroy her manufactures and commerce, closing almost every port in Christendom against the entrance of her goods. An army of two hundred thousand men had been marshaled by him upon the plains of Boulogne to invade her shores, till she trembled in fear and apprehension. Her people were taught to believe him a monster, and looked upon him as a public enemy, as a disturber of the world's peace; his very name to them was a terror. "I know full well," was his contemptuous comparison, "that London is a corner of the world and that Paris is its centre." Yet in view of all these facts England dealt more leniently with him than any other power would have done. Blücher, as we have seen, openly threatened to shoot him if he captured him, and, no doubt, if they had dared, the Bourbons would have dealt with him in the same way; he could not, without suffering the greatest humiliation, have sought a sanctuary at the hearthstone of his father-in-law, and as for Russia he himself cried out: "Oh, God! keep me from that."

If he had been allowed, as he requested, to settle down in one of the middle counties of

England far from the sea, as a quiet, retired citizen, it would have kept him in the public eye and made his home the centre for conspiracy, and a rallying point for the political malcontents of all Europe. Further than this, his life doubtless would have been in daily peril from the attacks of assassins.

Even if it had been his honest wish to remain secluded and to spend his years in literary work, he himself with his active temperament could not have resisted the temptations. Rest and retirement would have renewed the vigor of his exhausted frame — for he was yet in the prime of life, only forty-six years of age — and with his returning strength his ambitions would have revived.

But England with her allies having unfairly compelled him to abdicate in 1814, she had now the unpleasant task of sending him into exile.

While Napoleon was on board the *Bellerophon* in the harbor of Plymouth several efforts were made by his friends to get him ashore in order to test the efficacy of a writ of *habeas corpus,* but every such attempt was frustrated by the vigilance of the naval authorities. One man came down from London with a subpœna for Admiral Keith and Captain Maitland, commanding them to produce the person of Napoleon as a witness in the court of King's Bench to testify in a pending libel suit. The messenger from the court in a hired boat chased Keith all over the bay to get service of the writ, and the admiral had to depend upon the lusty rowers

of his barge to escape him, while Maitland to avoid him had to hoist sail and put out to sea.

During the time the *Bellerophon* lay at anchor in Plymouth harbor with Napoleon on board, shoals of river craft of all descriptions crowded with people came out every day to catch a glimpse of the great captive. It was as much as the guard boats could do to keep the motley fleet from crossing the line. In the excitement several persons were drowned. So great was the enthusiasm among the people whenever Napoleon appeared that the authorities feared an attempt would be made at rescue.

At last the day of departure arrived. Napoleon bade his friends farewell, and in the admiral's barge was transferred from the *Bellerophon* to the *Northumberland,* which vessel under the command of Admiral Sir George Cockburn was to bear him to his new home far across the seas. As he reached the deck of the vessel the crew which was drawn up to receive him gave a salute to which he replied, and then turning to the commanding officer said, in a firm voice: "Here I am, sir, at your orders."

The voyage was uneventful, but lasted sixty-seven days. Napoleon won the regard and respect of the sailors as well as of the officers. There was some little friction as to the observance of conventionalities, but except for this everything passed off agreeably. Napoleon occupied his time in reading and conversation. Occasionally he indulged in games of cards; one of his favorite amusements was chess, which he

played badly and at which he cheated, as he did at all games.

At last St. Helena appeared in view like "a black wart rising out of the sea," grim, gaunt and desolate — a dungeon in mid-ocean — it gave no sign nor sound of welcome to the stranger.

CHAPTER XXXI

ST. HELENA—SIR HUDSON LOWE—DEATH OF NAPOLEON

On the 17th of October, 1815, Napoleon landed at Jamestown, and shortly afterwards, under cover of the night so as to elude the observation of the people, went to a house in the town prepared for his reception. Here he remained until he took up his residence temporarily at a little bungalow called "The Briars," owned and occupied by an elderly English gentleman named Balcombe. He lived in this abode for seven weeks while his permanent home at Longwood was being enlarged and improved for his accommodation; which work was being done by the carpenters of the *Northumberland*. Mr. Balcombe and his wife treated the great captive most hospitably, and their two daughters, fourteen and fifteen years of age, amused his evening hours with games of whist. Upon one occasion he indulged with them in a play of blindman's buff and entered into the spirit of it with all the zest and enthusiasm of a boy.

On the 9th of December, 1815, Longwood was ready for occupation, and Napoleon and his suite moved in at once. "The magician's wand was broken, and his magnificent theatre of action had

sunk into a little house and garden far out in the tropic sea."

St. Helena is an island in the South Atlantic rising to the height of 2,700 feet above the ocean and contains forty-five square miles of territory. It is frequently covered by mist and fog and although in the tropics its climate is equable and healthful, but at times enervating; its heat is to a considerable degree assuaged by the southeast trade winds. Its shores are deep and precipitous. Its port of entry is Jamestown and it has a mixed population, whites and negroes, of about two thousand. Longwood, situated in the centre of this great rock, was a substantial farmhouse and stood upon an elevated plateau, two thousand feet above the sea. In this habitation five rooms were reserved for Napoleon, three for the Montholons, two for Las Casas, and one for Gourgaud. The Bertrands lived about a mile away, at a place called Hutt's Gate.

Admiral Cockburn retained charge of the distinguished prisoner until the arrival of the newly appointed governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, on April 14, 1816. This officer was about Napoleon's age. He was an intelligent man, had had considerable experience in the world and spoke several languages fluently, among them French and Italian. He carried the news of Napoleon's first abdication to England and was knighted by the prince regent for his services. He was five feet seven inches in height, spare in figure, abrupt in manner, of great firmness and decision and punctilious to a degree. He was not facile nor tact-

ful, nor did he possess those social qualities that make men agreeable; he was altogether wanting in that urbanity that under the circumstances would have counted for so much. He was a trained soldier, a martinet, and carried out his instructions to the letter and in a manner that at times was offensive. He was a mere bureaucrat, a commonplace man who had no real appreciation of the greatness of Napoleon. He was no match in skill, strategy, and intrigue with his distinguished prisoner, and often was put to his wits' ends to circumvent his plans. It would have been hard to find two men better calculated to annoy and worry each other; the friction between them was irritating and constant.

Lowe had an English prejudice against his prisoner to begin with, and besides this having served as a British *attaché* on Blücher's staff had imbibed under the influence of that old soldier his hatred of Napoleon. He was not the man to have been named as governor of the island and custodian of the emperor, for in addition to his prejudice he possessed too much of the spirit of the gaoler. It must be borne in mind, however, that the position imposed upon him a great responsibility, for if his prisoner had escaped there is no telling what his punishment or degradation would have been.

The restrictions placed upon Napoleon in his island home were many, and to a man of his temperament were of course most annoying and irritating. In the first place, in mere spleen, without any reason, England ignored his title of

emperor and addressed and recognized him only as General Bonaparte. This was a very foolish and most unchivalrous thing to do, in that it wounded without accomplishing any good. He unquestionably had been the emperor of France; that fact was proved and admitted by the allies themselves when in 1814 they insisted upon his act of abdication. Sir Hudson Lowe, upon all occasions and under all circumstances was particular to address him by his military title. In fact, letters or parcels addressed to Napoleon as emperor were not delivered to him by the exacting governor. One day Napoleon, ascertaining that a book had been sent to him under his imperial title, asked the governor why it had been detained. The reply was because it was addressed to the emperor. "Who gave you the right," cried Napoleon, "to dispute that title?" and then launching forth in a tirade, he exclaimed: "In a few years your Lord Castlereagh and you yourself will be buried in the dust of oblivion; or if your names be remembered at all it will be only on account of the indignity with which you have treated me; but the Emperor Napoleon will continue forever the subject, the ornament of history and the star of civilized nations. Your libels are of no avail against me. You have expended millions on them; what have they produced? Truth pierces through the clouds; it shines like the sun, and like the sun it cannot perish!" To which outburst Sir Hudson Lowe merely replied, "You make me smile, sir."

Napoleon was restricted in his walks and rides

to within a space of about twelve miles in circumference; beyond these bounds if he desired to go he had to be accompanied by a British officer and if a strange ship hove in sight he was required to return at once within the prescribed limits.

Sentinels were posted in the daytime six hundred paces from Longwood, at night the cordon was drawn closer, and the officer on guard had to be convinced twice in every twenty-four hours by actual observation of the presence of the prisoner.

The governor had the right to open and read all letters and communications.

Four ships of war guarded the island, and no vessels were allowed to touch except the merchantmen of the East India Company, to which company the island belonged. The exceptions were in case a ship was overtaken by stress of weather or was in need of water.

Napoleon of course chafed under these restrictions, limitations and regulations. He was not in temperament an amiable philosopher, and he could not reconcile himself to such conditions.

His life had become a monotonous routine. Suddenly deprived of power and transported as a prisoner of war to a dreary and barren island in mid-ocean, living in a house that was commodious enough but in sad contrast to the luxurious palaces of the Elysée and the Tuileries, it is no wonder that he complained of his lot. Like a wild beast he chafed at times against the

bars of his cage, and longed for the power and freedom he once enjoyed.

We perhaps may take it for granted that many of his complaints were trivial and unfounded, but it goes without saying that Longwood was far from being a suitable abode for such a man; it was at best only a patched-up house without the comforts and conveniences to which the inmates had been accustomed and if the accounts be true was infested with rats. Lord Roseberry says: "It was a collection of huts which had been constructed as a cattle shed. It was swept by an eternal wind; it was shadeless and it was damp. Lowe himself can say no good of it and may have felt the strange play of fortune by which he was allotted the one delightful residence on the island with twelve thousand a year, while Napoleon was living in an old cow house on eight." From a throne and the luxury of a palace to so humble a habitation was a wide step.

Napoleon at times derived some little satisfaction from his banishment, for in a conversation he once said to O'Meara: "Our situation here may even have its attractions. The universe is looking at us. We remain the martyrs of an immortal cause; millions of men weep for us; the fatherland sighs and Glory is in mourning. We struggle here against the oppression of the gods and the longings of the nations are for us. . . . Adversity was wanting to my career. If I had died on the throne amidst the clouds of my omnipotence, I should have remained a problem for many men: to-day, thanks

to my misfortune, they can judge me naked as I am."

The mornings were devoted to literature and conversations with O'Meara and Gourgaud, who were writing those memoirs that were yet to create such contention and contradiction. It is fortunate for the world that the sayings of Napoleon are embalmed in these memoirs, for they reveal his thoughts, his views and opinions on the men and public questions of that day. In describing his battles and the events of his career he no doubt made many mistakes and has been charged by bitter partisans with absolute mendacity and willful perversion of the facts. But when we consider that in recalling the innumerable incidents of his active life he had to depend alone upon his memory without an opportunity to refresh it by an examination of records and official documents or even by conversation with his officers, the ungenerous charge of falsehood falls to the ground. Take a common street occurrence, and the testimony is so varied and contradictory that at times it is almost impossible to ascertain the real facts, and yet the witnesses giving their impressions and recollections may have no purpose to do aught but to tell the truth.

He wrote monographs on Elba, the Hundred Days and Waterloo, on the "Art and History of War," on "Fortification," on "Army Organization," and analyses on the wars waged by Cæsar, Turenne and Frederick the Great.

The afternoons were given to exercise and amusements; the games indulged in were cards,

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an original water color by Coquette, made at St. Helena in 1816
Came into possession of owner through Pierre Morand, a well-known
French resident of Philadelphia

chess, and billiards; in the last named Napoleon used his hands instead of a cue.

In the evening the hours were spent in reading aloud, the favorite authors being Voltaire, Corneille and Ossian; chapters from the Bible were occasionally read. If any one dozed while the emperor gave a reading he would administer a sharp rebuke, but he would at times slumber most contentedly while some one else edified the company.

In his later years Napoleon took an interest in gardening, and often could be seen lightly clad and wearing a broad-brimmed hat, digging up the ground with a spade. He also constructed a fish pond in which he seemed to take special delight. As time wore on, however, he indulged but little in outdoor exercise, even abandoning in a great measure horseback-riding, and in consequence he grew sluggish and corpulent. He ate sparingly at the table and his sleep was disturbed, and irregular; he often complained of the nights being "so long."

His health was fairly good for about four years after he landed on the island, but then symptoms that gave warning of his approaching end began to appear.

Las Casas intrusted to a negro servant two letters, sewn up in a waistcoat, which he desired transmitted to Europe. The matter was brought to the attention of the governor and Las Casas was shipped forthwith to the Cape. The next to leave the little colony was Gourgaud, and in turn he was followed by O'Meara, who was dismissed

by Lowe in the autumn of 1819 for facilitating the secret correspondence of Napoleon.

Shortly after the departure of Surgeon O'Meara, Dr. Antommarchi arrived at Jamestown, accompanied by two priests.

Napoleon's strength gradually diminished. He knew the end was close at hand, but he faced death with courage. His pains at times were very acute and it took all of Antommarchi's skill to assuage them. The sufferer thought his trouble came from a disordered liver, and frequently placing his hand on his abdomen would cry out in anguish, "*Le foie, le foie.*" It was not until Dr. Arnott, an English physician, was called in that the true nature of the malady was known. After a careful diagnosis he pronounced it cancer of the stomach, the same disease which had caused the death of Napoleon's father.

The emperor had already drawn his will, and generously remembered in its provisions all those who had befriended him in the past, especially in his youth and days of adversity. France under the Bourbons had confiscated the imperial estate and the executors were not able in final settlement to collect more than three and a half million of francs with which to pay bequests amounting to nine and a half millions. In his will he spoke in the tenderest terms of his wife, who, he must have known, had utterly abandoned him. He did this doubtless for the sake of his son, whom he devotedly loved.

In the codicil Napoleon remembered a man

named Cautillon, who was tried for an attempt to assassinate Wellington. It was unfortunate that in his last will and testament he should have shown so vindictive a spirit, but he believed that Wellington, if he had spoken a word, could have saved him from his banishment, or at least from being sent to so desolate a spot. Indeed, the Iron Duke had not much sentiment nor generosity in his soul, and he did not treat Napoleon with that consideration and compassion that a brave man should show to a fallen foe.

Napoleon's last request in his will was to be buried on the banks of the Seine among the French people he had loved so well.

On the 5th of May, 1821, early in the evening, while a terrific thunder storm was raging and while a furious gale of wind was tearing up the trees he had planted, even his favorite willow, the patient passed away. The last words on his lips were, *"France — armée — téte d'armée — Josephine."*

Clad in his familiar gray uniform, the coffin covered with the cloak he had worn at Marengo and surmounted by his sword, the body was borne to the grave, and laid to rest in the spot where had stood his favorite willow. The English soldiers lowered their flags in honor, salvos of artillery and musketry were fired, awakening the echoes of the desolate rock, and announcing to the world, to the uttermost ends of the earth, that the greatest warrior and administrator of all the ages had at last surrendered to the arch king.

Twenty years afterwards, in compliance with the wish expressed in his will, France under a Bourbon king opened her arms once more to receive him. His body was disinterred at St. Helena, brought across the sea to Cherbourg, and then floated along the Seine in a pompous barge with every mark of honor and respect. The nation he loved so well turned out in great hosts to greet him, and when Paris was reached, sixteen black horses, sable plumed and richly caparisoned, conveyed on a tall funeral car the coffin to the church, at the great doors of which a herald called out, "The Emperor." The vast congregation rose at the announcement and stood in deep silence as the pallbearers approached the altar. After a requiem mass for the repose of the soul the body was at last deposited in the Invalides in a tomb fit for a Cæsar.

CHAPTER XXXII

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

It is hard to delineate truthfully, accurately, the character of Napoleon. Possessing attributes that were generous, noble, chivalrous, humane and patriotic, he on the other hand displayed, at times, a spirit that was mean, vulgar, selfish, cruel and tyrannical; it may be said, however, that in this matter of inconsistency he did not differ from the vast majority of mankind. In mere wantonness, while stationed at Tenda, simply to show a lady companion an actual phase of warfare, he ordered the advance guard of the French to charge the Austrian pickets, a little by-play which resulted in bloodshed. Yet at another time he severely reprimanded an officer on his staff for negligently allowing his horse's hoof to strike a wounded Russian soldier. One day at St. Helena while strolling with Mrs. Balcombe and some friends, a number of slaves came toiling up the hill with heavy loads upon their backs. Mrs. Balcombe in rather an angry tone ordered the negroes to step aside, but Napoleon, making room for them, softly said to the lady: "Respect the burden, madame!"

He could most unchivalrously smirch the character of the lovely Queen Louisa of Prussia, and

then when they met charm her with his fascinating manner. He could freeze with his cold, penetrating look or bewitch with his smile. Few men could pass under the spell of his power without yielding to its influence. He intoxicated, fascinated, persuaded, insinuated, ingratiated, dominated. His unbending will would brook no contradiction; it broke down all opposition. His temper was despotic and he was given to sudden and violent ebullitions of rage. He scolded, he wept, he commanded, he resorted to every artifice to gain his point. In his great schemes men to him were but puppets. In the language of Madame de Stael: *"Il regarde une creature humaine comme un fait ou une chose, et non comme un semblable."* "Soldiers," he cried, "I need your lives and you owe them to me," and so positive was he in his assertion that he impressed it as a truth upon his troops, and they were willing to make every sacrifice, going into battle with the exultant cry upon their lips of *"Vive l'empereur."*

"A being like him, wholly unlike anybody else," observes a well-known author, "neither feels nor excites sympathy; he was both more and less than a man." "He was an experiment under the most favorable conditions," says Emerson, "of the powers of intellect without conscience," or as has been tersely said: "He was as great as any man could be without virtue." His ambition was boundless, overwhelming, and it is true he was not particular in his choice of means in reaching his ends; but the Cæsars never

have been scrupulous or restrained by moral considerations; if they had been they would not have accomplished what they did. In other words, they would not have been Cæsars.

One of the most remarkable features of Napoleon was his versatility. He had the instincts not only of a soldier but of a statesman as well, an unusual combination; besides, he was a politician, a diplomat, a public administrator, and an orator of great power. If the purpose of oratory is to persuade, to convince, to arouse the emotions, then it may be said that his eloquence was superb, notably in the addresses to his army. In fact, all his talents were of the highest order. Charles James Fox referred to him as "the beau ideal of greatness." "I am no panegyrist of Bonaparte," said Canning, "but I cannot shut my eyes to the superiority of his talents, to the amazing ascendancy of his genius."

As a soldier the records of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne and Charles the Fifth pale before the glare of his marvelous achievements. "Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns," observes Sir Walter Scott, "no one could claim with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers." He was a born leader; his supreme audacity and his abounding confidence in himself gave him courage to attempt even what apparently was impossible. Obstacles to him were but means to an end. Time and space were mere items in his calculations. Deserts, mountains, floods that threatened destruction to enterprise were but highways to success. He planned

his battles in his head before he fought them in the field. Victory did not come to him by chance; he won it by energy, attention to details and skill. He seemed intuitively, instinctively to detect the weak spot in the enemy's line of battle and upon this point he hurled squadron after squadron until he overwhelmed it by superior numbers and repeated blows. In the days of his prime he was never late; punctuality was an element in his plans. The enemy might potter, but he never did, and he seldom struck a blow until he was ready to deliver it. He knew the value of a strategic position before he took it, and he massed his troops while the enemy were guessing. He was a master of strategy and was both ingenious and original in his conceptions. No soldier of his day, in fact few if any of the world's famous captains, equaled him in this particular. His one great defect was to neglect to provide for retreat in case of defeat, so confident was he of victory.

Lord Brougham in his interesting sketch of Napoleon describes him during the progress of a battle as sitting on the ground with his maps spread out before him, his face sometimes buried in his hands, sending aides and orderlies with dispatches in every direction, but uttering barely a word except in the way of instruction. With watch in hand he waits for their return, occasionally taking a pinch of snuff. One by one the messengers report, but at last the all important information is brought in that a certain position is occupied. Further explicit instructions

are given, and sent as how to follow up the advantage, Napoleon rises from the ground, rubbing his hands gleefully; the fight is virtually over, the victory is won. War seemed to be his element and on the battlefield he was cool and impassive.

No commander ever knew better than he how to win the regard and affection of his troops. He shared with them his glory and the humblest soldier could obtain from him a hearing. The following incident is in point: A sentry had been placed on guard at the entrance of a recently paved road with instructions to let no one pass over it on horseback. General Vandamme, a brave but a rough, coarse soldier, came riding along and was about to trespass on the guarded road when he was halted by the sentinel. "I am General Vandamme, and I go everywhere," was the reply to the challenge, but the soldier kept him at bay at the point of the bayonet, when Vandamme in anger brutally slashed him over the face with a whip. The captain, Jollivet by name, in whose company the sentry was a private, sprang forward, seized the musket from the soldier and aiming it at the breast of Vandamme said: "General, if you advance another step I will shoot you down like a dog." Vandamme, seeing the captain meant what he said, without further ado rode away. Instead of complimenting the captain and the sentry for their soldierly and courageous conduct, Vandamme sought an opportunity publicly to upbraid and insult the captain, telling him in the presence of

his company that instead of commanding troops he was not even fit to herd hogs. Language so brutal aroused all the anger in the soldier's nature and Captain Jollivet at once asked permission of his commanding officer, General Oudinot, to challenge Vandamme, but his request was turned down without ceremony. Knowing how accessible Napoleon was, the captain at once sought an audience at headquarters and laid the whole matter before him. Napoleon told the captain to attend a meeting of officers, which was to be held the next day at a certain hour; that in the meantime he would investigate the facts, and if Vandamme were in the wrong he would insist upon his making a public apology. On the morning of the meeting the captain was present, but because of his inferior rank he kept in the background. When the conference was over and the officers were about to disperse, the captain stepped forward and reminded Napoleon of his promise. Napoleon at once addressing Vandamme said: "General, I have looked into the facts of a complaint made to me by Captain Jollivet and I find that without reason you publicly insulted a brave and worthy officer and I insist that you make an apology to the captain for your conduct."

Vandamme immediately replied, saying:

"Sire, I admit with much regret that, carried away with anger, I spoke rudely to the captain, but these gentlemen —"

Before the general could speak another word the captain interrupted him by saying: "Sire,

SPANISH

After du Geoffroy portrait engraved in Madrid

DANISH

Portrait by Baerentzen, Copenhagen

ENGLISH

Engraved by Hepple

GERMAN

A. Grauvok. Strasburg

DUTCH

National Conceptions of Napoleon

that is all I ask; I am satisfied. I thank you," and with a voice full of emotion added, "I am yours for life."

News of this incident, and it was not the only one of its kind, spread through the army, and conduct so fair endeared Napoleon to the common soldiers. He endured with them the rigors and hardships of a bitter campaign without complaint, he gave up his horse for the transportation of the sick and wounded and marched side by side with his troops over the sands of burning deserts and the frozen passes of the Alps. He who in times of peace had his hat padded, his boots lined with silk and his garments of the softest material, and who could sleep only on down in a room without light, could patiently submit to the inconveniences and discomforts of a camp life, eat a soldier's ration of bread and cheese with relish, and sleep soundly on a pallet of straw close to a bivouac fire.

A grenadier, stepping out of the ranks one day and saluting the emperor, said: "Sire, I shared my loaf of bread with you in the last campaign and you promised me promotion, and you told me that if you forgot it I should remind you of the fact."

"I will see," said Napoleon, smiling kindly, "that the promise is kept."

One day when Napoleon and a group of friends and guests were amusing themselves playing barriers in the garden at St. Cloud, two rough-looking men stood at the railing and closely watched the party, apparently out of mere curi-

osity, much to the displeasure of the ladies present. Some young gallants were about ordering them away, when Napoleon was informed that one of the men was a wounded soldier and that without any intention of giving annoyance, he stopped with his brother at the railing simply to get a glimpse of his old commander. Napoleon immediately put his arm around the waist of Josephine and together they went over to greet the veteran. Kindly the consul spoke to him, introduced the two men to Josephine, and then put them under the care of Eugéne, with instructions to take them into the house and have them drink his health in a glass of wine.

He knew well how to reprimand, and a rebuke to his soldiers would send consternation into their ranks. During the first Italian campaign the 39th and 85th demi-brigades had while under fire fled in a panic and he resolved to give them a lesson and to make an example of them in the presence of the whole corps. "You have displeased me," he said. "You have shown neither discipline, nor constancy nor bravery. You have been driven from positions where a handful of brave men might have held in check a large army. You are no longer French soldiers." Then turning to one of his aides he said: "Let the words be written on their colors: They are not of the army of Italy!" Groans and supplications filled the air. "We have been misrepresented," they cried. "We were overwhelmed by a superior force, three to one. Place us in the vanguard in the very brunt of the battle and we will show

our valor." Bonaparte, changing his tone and evincing a conciliatory spirit, left them, after relieving, in a measure, their mortification, and in the next engagement they fought with amazing courage and covered themselves with glory.

On the other hand, a word of commendation from him was equivalent to the bestowal of a medal of honor. He described one regiment because of its desperate fighting as "the Terrible 42nd," and straightway it inscribed the words on its banners. "I was not afraid, I knew the 45th was there," he said addressing a regiment after a battle, and his praise created at once a spirit of emulation in the whole army.

By his troops he was affectionately called "the little corporal," "the little monk," and "General Violette." He was the idol of his army, and his presence on the field of battle was an inspiration.

Even when his reverses came thick and fast after the disastrous invasion of Russia, the love of his soldiers turned into a tender sympathy. In a hospital filled with wounded soldiers a visitor remarked in the hearing of a lad who lay in a cot close by, that it was a blessing that Napoleon had at last been overthrown.

"Of whom do you speak," said the boy, "of our emperor? If you do you are wrong," and mustering all his strength, he cried out at the top of his feeble voice, for he was sorely wounded, "*Vive l'empereur,*" and instantly the whole ward rang with *vivats* for Napoleon, and it was some time before the nurses could calm the patients and restore quiet.

The armies of Continental Europe were composed of hirelings; there was nothing in common between them and their aristocratic officers; but the soldiers of Napoleon had by the Revolution been made patriotic citizens of the Republic and like their warlike Gallic ancestors had raised upon their bucklers their leader. It was their victories that had exalted him and created the empire and with him they enjoyed the honor in common. Their glory was reflected in him and his glory in them.

Yet, strange to say, great soldier as Napoleon was, he made no improvement of any kind in the arms of war. A Prussian inventor submitted to him a model of the needle gun, but after an inspection was made the emperor abandoned all idea of its introduction, and from the beginning to the end of his military career he used the old-time cannon and the flint lock muzzle-loading musket. When at Boulogne while making preparations to invade England he remarked: "We must have shells that will shiver the wooden sides of ships." Yet he took no steps to put his suggestion into practical effect. With his great skill as a soldier if he had made the implements of war more effective he would have been invincible.

CHAPTER XXXIII

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—CONTINUED

The French Revolution in its violence had rocked every throne in Europe. It had inculcated principles that menaced the absolute supremacy of kings, and as its force subsided every crowned head was anxious to destroy its influence by the restoration of the Bourbons. When Napoleon therefore as the heir of the Revolution aspired to imperial degree the royal potentates claiming to rule by divine right looked upon him as an upstart, as an intruder into sacred precincts, as one of plebeian strain without the sanction of heredity, and consequently in the estimation of those monarchs he was unfit to wear a crown. In answer to their boast of royal blood he proudly declared: You are but descendants, whereas I am an ancestor, the builder of an empire, the founder of a dynasty. He was of the people, the common people, without a drop of royal blood in his veins. "Emperor, consul, soldier," he exclaimed. "I owe everything to the people. My title of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte." This was a strange, an unusual, an anomalous admission coming from the lips of a sovereign. It was a distinct echo of the Revolution, an enunciation of the principle of popular

sovereignty against the doctrine of the divine right of kings.

"They seek to destroy the Revolution by attacking my person," he declared. "I will defend it, for I am the Revolution." He was in truth its sequel, its embodiment, its culmination. That great social and political upheaval after destroying abuses and effecting many reforms left France in a chaotic condition, bleeding at every pore, and to save from this mighty wreck the benefits that this colossal struggle had accomplished required a man of almost superhuman energy, of constructive intellect and of organizing ability. Like Athena, full armed, Napoleon sprang forth to meet the occasion. France in the reaction that was setting in was rapidly drifting towards the reefs of a Bourbon restoration. The people, tired of the confusion and disgusted with the cruelty of the "Reign of Terror," were ready to accept any change that promised peace, repose. A pilot was needed who could steer the ship of state once more into smooth waters. Napoleon was the man of the hour. Despot he may have been, but it required a despot to save liberty by temporarily suspending it. He curbed the wild spirit of the Revolution, remoulded the government of France and gave to the people a freer and better system of rule than they had ever enjoyed. "Compare," said Canning, "the situation in which he found France with that to which he has raised her." The privileges, the unequal taxation, the inequality before the law, the burdens, exactions and abuses of the ancient

régime were done away with, the claims of mere heredity were ignored, merit was made the stepping stone to promotion. "It is not liberty," said Napoleon, "that France needs so much as equality," and he handed her the code.

"Democratic France owes much to the emperor," says Guizot. "He gave her two things of immense value: within, civil order, strongly constituted; without, national independence, firmly established."

As a character perhaps he was not what may be termed either great or good in the exalted meaning of those words; that is, he did not rise above self and act alone for the public welfare, nor was he controlled at all times in his conduct by moral or conscientious scruples. No one thinks of classing him with Washington and Lincoln; but considering him from a purely intellectual standpoint as an original and a constructive genius, as a soldier and a civil administrator, he has not in the history of the world had his equal. The social and political conditions needed such a man, and he met the requirements. He may not in the broadest sense have given liberty to France, but by his example and his reforms he made it impossible for the Bourbons upon their return to revive, in their full vigor, the abuses of the ancient system.

Every nation annexed to France or in any way connected with the empire felt the benign influence of his rule; his government was both liberal and enlightened; he laid broad and deep the foundations of a new political life in Italy,

Switzerland and Germany. "To have the right of using nations," he said, "you must begin by using them well." Even in Spain he abolished the Inquisition and doubtless would have accomplished more for the welfare of that mediæval and intolerant state had it not been for the uprising of her people.

As a public administrator he was unexcelled; his plans were broad and comprehensive. In Paris he built sewers and introduced sanitary regulations and improvements, straightened crooked and widened narrow streets, opened new avenues, spanned the highways with triumphal arches, and the rivers with bridges, and constructed an embankment on the Seine long before the great improvement on the Thames was even contemplated. In Venice he enlarged and deepened the Grand Canal and improved the whole system of lagoons, and in Milan completed the magnificent cathedral, that exquisite sample of Gothic art, which for centuries had remained unfinished. Every land that came under his rule felt the impress of his genius. Even in Egypt to this day as well as in Elba remain traces of his great internal improvements and administrative reforms.

The Bourbon princes built sumptuous palaces and laid out magnificent gardens, spending fabulous sums of the people's money for their own selfish purposes, but Napoleon constructed public works for the comfort, convenience, health and happiness of the community. Louis XIV, surnamed the Great, was the model of a Bourbon

king, a monarch of the ancient *régime,* aptly proclaimed by Bolingbroke as "the best actor of majesty that ever filled a throne." It is only necessary to compare such a ruler with Napoleon if one wants to appreciate the real greatness of the latter.

The Bourbons under the old system extravagantly, recklessly, squandered the public funds, but Napoleon economically expended the money of the people and carefully supervised the accounts and woe to the contractor or official who attempted to defraud the government.

The reputation of Napoleon as a soldier is so great and his wars were so frequent and important that one wonders when he found the time to devote to civic administration. A period of twenty years covers his really active and distinguished career, that is, from his first Italian campaign to the date of his second abdication. To the casual observer it may appear as if the greater portion of this time had been spent by him away from Paris, in actual warfare or on the field of battle, whereas most of his campaigns with the exception of the first one in Italy and his expedition to Egypt were comparatively short.

On March 11, 1796, he left Paris to take command of the army in Italy and returned in November, 1797, having been absent from the capital about a year and eight months. He remained in Paris until he sailed for Egypt in May, 1798, and returned to France on October 9, 1799, after an absence of a year and five months. One month after his arrival from the East oc-

curred the *coup d'etat* of the 19th Brumaire, and on the 6th of May, 1800, he left Paris for the army of Italy, fought the battle of Marengo on June 14th, and returned to the capital after an absence of about six weeks. During the remainder of 1800 and during the years of 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, and until he took the saddle in the autumn of 1805, he remained in Paris. On October 20th of this last named year he compelled the surrender of Mack at Ulm; continuing at the head of his army, he fought the battle of Austerlitz December 2nd, which resulted in the treaty of Pressburg December 26th. Returning to Paris he remained there until he put himself at the head of his army in October, 1806, and fought the battle of Jena on October 14th of that year. He kept the saddle until the battle of Friedland on June 14, 1807, and after the treaty of Tilsit, July 7, 1807, he returned to Paris. Here he remained until he joined the army in Spain in November, 1808, and after a short campaign again returned to Paris, reaching that city on the 23rd of January, 1809. In April of that same year he again joined the army, fought the battle of Wagram July 6th, and after conducting a treaty of peace at Schönbrunn, October 14, 1809, returned to Paris, where he remained until he invaded Russia in June, 1812. After his disastrous retreat from Moscow he reached Paris in December of that same year. In April, 1813, he again took the field, fought a number of engagements and finally suffered a defeat at the

UNITED STATES
Engraved in Philadelphia
about 1800

AUSTRIAN
By Jugel

FRENCH
An ideal portrait
from proof of Mazzard's Medallion

SWEDISH
Very early portrait engraved by
Clemens at Stockholm, 1797

ITALIAN
Painter, Falconi. Engraver, Zignani.

NATIONAL CONCEPTIONS OF NAPOLEON

battle of Leipzig on October 18, 1813; retreated to France and continued the war until his abdication on the 4th of April, 1814. On the 20th of that month he left for Elba, where he remained in exile until February 25, 1815, when he set sail for France and reached Paris March 20th. In June he was again at the head of his army and on the 16th defeated Blücher at Ligny and in turn was beaten on the 18th by Wellington at Waterloo, and finally abdicated on the 22nd.

In this brief *résumé* it will be seen that he was personally in actual warfare or in the field at the head of his army six years and six months approximately during the period extending from March, 1796, to June, 1815. Three years and one month were consumed by his first Italian campaign and his expedition to Egypt and this left during the consulate and the empire three years and five months in which he was absent from the capital at the head of his armies. Taking out of consideration the time he spent at Elba this gave him nearly twelve years to devote to civil affairs in Paris after his election as consul.

Immediately subsequent to the downfall of the emperor there was a revival of the notions that had prevailed under the old *régime;* legitimacy and privilege were restored temporarily in their full vigor. The deadening influence of the reactionaries was felt in every direction; the people being deprived of all voice in government, the courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna and Berlin were again dominant. France was ruled by a

Bourbon prince, who had regained the throne after years of banishment, and had returned to it with the rancor and vengeance of an exile who had been embittered but not made wise by his experience. The Holy Alliance was formed to check the advance of liberalism in politics and to destroy toleration in religion. An effort was made to put Europe in the position she would have occupied and the condition she would have been in had there been no Revolution and no Napoleon, but the influence of both could not be destroyed. The years from 1789 to 1815 had been fruitful of change and reform, notwithstanding their violence, strife, abuses and bloodshed.

Stanislas Girardin in his Memoirs relates that Bonaparte on his visit to the tomb of Rousseau said: "'It would have been better for the repose of France that this man had never been born.' 'Why, First Consul?' said I. 'He prepared the French Revolution.' 'I thought it was not for you to complain of the Revolution.' 'Well,' he replied, 'the future will show whether it would not have been better for the repose of the world that neither I nor Rousseau had existed.'" He was right, perhaps, in so far as the mere repose of the world was concerned, but repose may be stagnation.

Time has shown that he saved the salient principles of the Revolution, that he accomplished much for popular government, for religious toleration, for man's emancipation from the tyranny of both church and state, for equality

before the law and for general enlightenment.

His ambition carried him beyond the possibilities and the pathos of St. Helena closes the story of a life that in its features is an epic, heroic and sad. His career was one of the most remarkable in the history of the children of men, a career marked by colossal successes and prodigious failure, but the net result of which was and is for the world's advancement.

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